

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVIII.

MAY, 1884.

NO. 1.

THE SALEM OF HAWTHORNE.

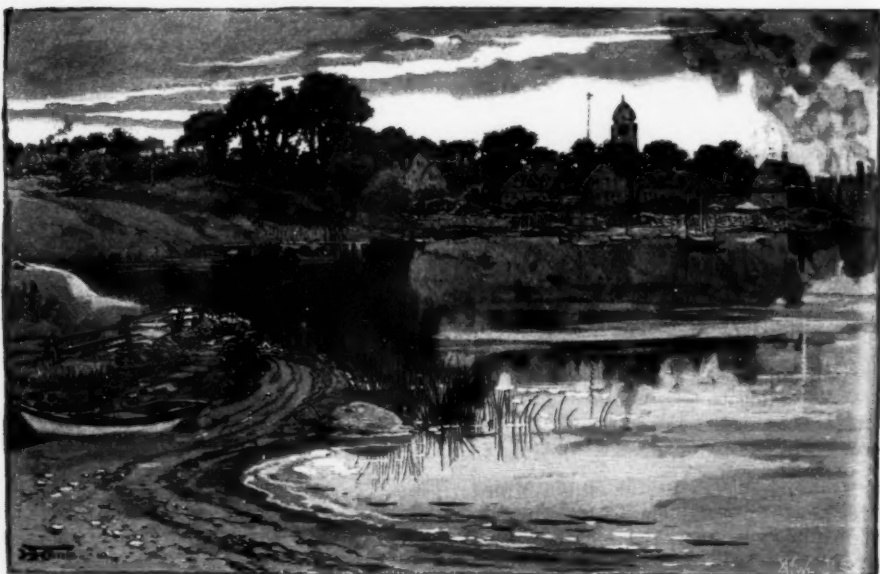
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S instinct for localities was not strongly developed; wherever he walked, in city or country (and he was very fond of walking), he constantly missed his way. This trait, or deficiency, is not without its reflection in his writings. It is of small importance to him what the topography of his story may be, — whether his house faces north or south, whether his street turns to the right or to the left. He is willing to let these and analogous matters take care of themselves; and herein he differs markedly from the great French novelist Balzac, who wrote by the map and the rule, and who always knew precisely the income of all his people, and from what investments it was derived. On the other hand, the American possessed, to quite as great a degree as the Frenchman, the perception of the picturesque; his light and shadow, his color and atmosphere, have never been surpassed. But he shunned rather than sought to make his outlines and directions correspond too closely with palpable reality. The intensity with which he could convey the feeling of a place, a character, or a situation, was almost in inverse ratio to its literal resemblance to any material prototype; he was essentially a romancer, and the world of his imagination was like the material world only as the mind of man is like his body: a spiritual world of types, elements, and harmonies, rather than a physical world of accidents, individuals, and technicalities. When I was lately visiting the scenes of his stories, I was impressed by nothing more than by the manner in which he had contrived to escape from the rigid flesh and blood of his scenes, and to make everything plastic and significant, while fully preserving and indeed intensifying the spirit and sentiment which the scenes embodied. The subtle, artistic bal-

ance and structure of his compositions would have been distorted by the intrusion of photographic facts. His characters and his scenery bore an organic relation to the theme or plot in which they appeared and acted. It has been surmised that what is technically termed construction was Hawthorne's weak point; and, in the Wilkie Collins sense of construction, this is true. But the author of "The Scarlet Letter" took a view of artistic proportion — the answering of part to part, the culmination and the catastrophe — indefinitely deeper than Mr. Collins's, because moral and spiritual. His episodes are of the mind and heart, not of the body; and on this plane the construction of his romances is as nearly perfect as, on another plane, is that of "Tom Jones" or "The Moonstone."

What has been said suggests the conclusion that there is comparatively little to be gained by the most conscientious consideration of the localities in which, for lack of better, the characters of Hawthorne's stories are seen and developed. The true localities of the stories are in the characters themselves, who, secondarily, are reflected in their surroundings. In the case of Dickens it was quite otherwise; and that curious sort of entertainment which is found by many people in the autographs, the birthplaces, the old hats and snuff-boxes, the inns and the graves of great or notorious personages, may receive a similar gratification in hunting out the houses and the streets of Dickens's fictitious society, and noticing how closely the fiction coincides with the reality. This pleasure has, I believe, already been tasted by the readers of this magazine; but they must not anticipate anything quite comparable to it in the present instance. What I have to report may augment their appreciation of Hawthorne's

power of making bricks without straw, and even without clay upon occasion, but will do little to enhance his reputation as a Chinese copyist. Some people will not regard this as a defect; but there is some ground for believing that Hawthorne himself aimed rather to increase than to diminish the external verisimilitude of his pictures. It would otherwise be difficult to account for the existence of his journals and note-books, from which imagination is, as much as possible, excluded, and a constant effort is made to give an accurate and dispassionate record and representation of things as they are. The impression produced by the note-books is oddly different from that of the romances — a difference comparable in kind and degree to that between the voice in ordinary speech and in singing. The descriptions in the books are conscientious and laborious, and strike one, perhaps, as having been written coldly and somewhat against the grain — written not for their own sake, but as auxiliary to an ulterior purpose. It is often edifying to observe how a passage from these records has been transmuted from commonplace metal into fine gold on being incorporated with the living organism of the romance. The specific accuracy has become less, but the fidelity to essential truth has become greater. On the whole, however, the illusion of reality is doubtless greater in Hawthorne's later works than in the "Twice-told Tales" and the "Mosses from an Old Manse." The substance of the later works is wrought

out of a wider experience and observation of actualities than is the case with the earlier ones. Yet the imagination has gained power proportionate to the increased observation and experience, and is as far as ever from being dominated by them. The work is richer and more minute, but it is just as truly creative as before; the fusion of the elements is no less complete. "The Marble Faun" is as thoroughly Hawthorne, to the outermost particle, as is "The Gray Champion" or "Feathertop." So that, after all, the result of the note-books was different from their apparent aim (as I have supposed it), and much better worth the pains bestowed on producing them. I doubt if my father ever realized how searchingly powerful his imagination was. He did not perceive the ardor of his own fire; the magic of his own atmosphere was hidden from him. He fancied he was telling his story in quite a plain and obvious way, and was rather amused at the depths and splendors which other people thought they saw in it. Of course I do not mean to imply that he did not know what he was about. The "Grimshawe" studies, lately published in this magazine, show that no one comprehended the methods and art of fiction better than he. He was never careless, and he had the unmitigable conscience of a Puritan. He was not of that order of genius that yields itself up to vague, hysteric deliriums of inspiration, and in that condition evolves something which as often turns out silly as sublime. When he



HEAD OF SALEM HARBOR.



THE END OF DERY WHARF.

was warmed to his work, he was more himself—more in command of every faculty he possessed—than at any other time. He never wrote a sentence that he did not himself thoroughly understand. He could criticise his own processes, aims, and results as justly as the most dispassionate reviewer. But there was one quality, one faculty in himself that he could never estimate or criticise—the most important quality or faculty of all. It was the quality that no one else ever possessed, the faculty that no one else ever exercised, the thing, whatever it was, that makes him Hawthorne. Some years ago one of our magazines published a story, a translation from the German, entitled “The Face in the Rock” (or something of that kind). It was a literary curiosity, for it was neither more nor less than Hawthorne’s “Great Stone Face,” which had been translated into German and afterward turned back into English by some one who had never heard of the original. Here was the story, sentence for sentence the same, and yet as different from it as is a cabbage from a rose. I have often wondered what my father would have thought of it; whether he would have perceived as distinctly as another person the immeasurable superiority imparted by touches too fine and subtle to be described—the touches which no one else could give, and which even he gave, as it were, unconsciously, because it was the natural expression of his temperament and organization. I may return to this matter another time, for it is full of suggestion; but for the present it is enough to observe that the faculty of self-appreciation (not altogether strange to our later writers) is not precisely the most valuable element of the literary organization, inasmuch

as it stands in the way of that genial unconsciousness, of that freedom from the sense of being overlooked and criticised, which is indispensable to the production of original and harmonious work. Though Hawthorne was humility itself in his estimate of his own powers, yet when once he was under the influence of his muse, not all the criticism of ancient and modern times could have made him swerve by so much as a hair’s breadth



THE DESERTED WHARVES OF SALEM.

from the path along which she led him. When he was at work he was in a region by himself,—alone with his art,—into which the voices of the exterior world could never penetrate, nor its presence intrude. The work being done, however, and sent forth, the worker would return to a colder and more skeptical state, in which he took, as it were, the part of the world against himself, and led the attack. So little is known of the man that it has always been the custom to paint his portrait from the same palette which he himself used for his pictures. But it is important to remember that the man and the writer were, in Hawthorne's case, as different as a mountain from a cloud. It was not until after his death that I read any of his romances; he had always told me that they were not suited to my age and requirements; and I remember, as I read on, being constantly unable to comprehend how a man such as I knew my father to be could have written such books. He did not talk in that way; his moods had not seemed to be of that color. The books gave me an enlarged though not a more powerful impression of him. He was a very strong man, in every application of the word. I have seen him in company with many of the great men of his time, and I was always made to feel that his was the loftier and dominant spirit—that he was to other men what Augustus Cæsar is said to have been to Marc Antony. It is true that I was but a child; but I apprehend that the perceptions of a child in such matters, being mainly intuitive, are at least as apt to be just as those of mature persons. At all events, subsequent meditation and experience have served rather to augment than to lessen my estimate of his personal power and weight. As regards the books, it is difficult to state exactly the relation they bore to the general manifestation of his character; perhaps it might be said that they resulted from the immediate action of his spirit, in a spiritual plane; whereas in other matters it acted through his material part, in the physical plane. But there is more vanity than profit in such distinctions, and the topic is, moreover, not essential to the present inquiry, indefinite and vagabond though that be.

HAWTHORNE was born in Salem; it was mostly the scene of such of his earlier tales as pretend to any definite location at all; the "House of the Seven Gables" was erected there; and finally, at the close of his literary career, he returned to Salem to find the scene of "Doctor Grimshawe's Secret." Salem, consequently, might reasonably be presumed to be a singularly picturesque and interesting old

town. In the matter of age, no doubt, it can court comparison with any settlement in New England; the place bore the name of Salem as long ago as 1629, after having been called Bastable in 1614, and Naum-Keag by the aboriginal Indians. Concerning this latter appellation, Cotton Mather, with that fondness for the miraculous which characterized his epoch, writes as follows in his "Magnalia":

"Of which place I have somewhere met with an odd observation, that the name of it is rather Hebrew than Indian; for Nahum signifies comfort, and Keik signifies an haven; and our English not only found it an haven of comfort, but happened also to put an Hebrew name upon it; for they called it Salem, for the peace which they had hoped in it."

The "odd observation" was probably met with in a publication called "The Planter's Plea," printed in London in 1630, in which it is written:

"It falls out, that the name of the place, which one late colony hath chosen for their seat, proves to be perfect Hebrew, being called Nahum Keike; by interpretation, the bosom of consolation; which it were pity that those which observed it not, should change into the name of Salem, though upon a fair ground, in remembrance of a peace settled upon a conference at a general meeting betweene them and their neighbors, after expectance of some dangerous jarre."

This fanciful etymology, though never formally recognized or adopted by the body corporate of the citizens, is informally and sentimentally used by them to this day. I remember that my maternal grandmother, at the time she was living in Boston, used affectionately to speak of her native Salem by the title of "Old Naum-Keag."

Hawthorne himself, in his "Main Street," an article printed in the "Snow-Image" volume, has given the best antiquarian picture of the growth of his native town that is likely to be met with anywhere. He begins at the period when the site of the Main street (now called Essex street) was a tract of forest land, over which the dusty pavement of the thoroughfare was hereafter to extend. This tract, about a mile and a half in length by half a mile in breadth, and bounded on three sides by water, is hardly definable nowadays. Two hundred and seventy years ago, however, along through the vista of impending boughs, might have been seen a faintly-traced path, running nearly east and west, "as if a prophecy or foreboding of the future street had stolen into the heart of the solemn old wood." The great Squaw Sachem and the red Chief Wappacowet pass on beneath the tangled shade, imagining, doubtless, that their own system of affairs will endure forever; the squirrel rustles in the trees, the deer leaps in

his covert; we catch the cruel and stealthy eye of a wolf, as he draws back into yonder imperious density of underbrush; a momentary streak of sunlight finds its way down through the gloom of the broad wilderness, and glimmers among the feathers of the In-

it. In the course of time, John Endicott, the first governor of the new settlement, enters upon the scene. "Two venerable trees unite their branches high above his head, thus forming a triumphal arch of living verdure, beneath which he pauses, with his wife leaning



ROOM IN WHICH HAWTHORNE WAS BORN.

dian's dusky hair. Can it be that the thronged street of a city will ever pass into this twilight solitude? Casting our eyes again over the scene, we behold a stalwart figure, clad in a leathern jerkin and breeches of the same, striding sturdily onward with his gun over his shoulder, bringing home the choice portions of a deer. This is Roger Conant, the first settler of Naum-Keag, "a man of thoughtful strength." There stands his habitation, "showing in its rough architecture some features of the Indian wigwam, and some of the log-cabin, and somewhat, too, of the straw-thatched cottage in Old England, where this good yeoman had his birth and breeding." A few years more, and "the forest track, trodden more and more by the hob-nailed shoes of these sturdy and ponderous Englishmen, has now a distinctness which it never would have acquired from the light tread of a hundred times as many Indian moccasins. It will be a street anon. It goes onward from one clearing to another, here plunging into a shadowy strip of woods, there open to the sunshine, but everywhere showing a decided line, along which human interests have begun to note their career. Over yonder swampy spot two trees have been felled, and laid side by side to make a causeway." This "swampy spot," by the bye, was at or about the junction of the present Essex and Washington streets, and the track of the Eastern Railway runs through

on his arm, to catch the first impression of their new-found home."

In a copy of Felt's "Annals of Salem" which belonged to my father, I have seen a lithographed portrait of this famous Puritan, with a fac-simile of his signature—"Jo: Endecott"—underneath. He wears a black skull-cap; his head and face are round and full; the hair that curls down on either side his visage is white, and so are his mustache and pointed beard. His expression is grave and resolute, but serene and kindly; scarcely the man, in appearance, to cut the Red Cross out of the banner of England, as is described in the sketch called "Endicott and the Red Cross." He is there described as "a man of stern and resolute countenance, the effect of which was heightened by a grizzled beard that swept the upper portion of his breast-plate." When in anger, "a wrathful change came over his manly countenance. The blood glowed through it till it seemed to be kindled with an internal heat; nor was it unnatural to suppose that his breast-plate would likewise become red with the angry fire of the bosom which it covered." He brandished his sword, "thrust it through the cloth, and, with his left hand, rent the Red Cross completely out of the banner. He then waved the tattered ensign above his head. . . . With a cry of triumph, the people gave their sanction to one of the boldest exploits which our history

records. And forever honored be the name of Endicott! We look back through the mist of ages, and recognize, in the rending of the Red Cross from New England's banner, the first omen of that deliverance which our fathers consummated, after the bones of the stern Puritan had lain more than a century



HAWTHORNE'S WINDOW IN THE CUSTOM HOUSE—WAREHOUSES ON DERBY WHARF IN THE BACKGROUND.

in the dust." This sketch, which is scarcely more than half a dozen pages in length, is one of Hawthorne's earlier pieces; but it is full of fire and eloquence. Let us, however, return to the main street.

Six or seven years after Roger Conant's appearance, "the street had lost the aromatic odor of the pine-trees, and of the sweet-fern that grew beneath them. Gardens are fenced in, and display pumpkin-beds and rows of cabbages and beans. No wolf, for a year past, has been heard to bark, or known to range among the dwellings, except that single one, whose grizzly head, with a plash of blood beneath it, is now affixed to the portal of the meeting-house." "Still later, the forest track has been converted into a dusty thoroughfare, which, being intersected with lanes and cross-paths, may fairly be designated as Main

street. Houses of quaint architecture have now risen; most of them have one huge chimney in the center, with flues so vast that it must have been easy for the witches to fly out of them. Around this great chimney the wooden house clusters itself, in a whole community of gable-ends, each ascending into its own separate peak; the second story, with its lattice windows, projecting over the first; and the door, which is perhaps arched, provided on the outside with an iron hammer, where-with the visitor's hand may give a thundering rat-a-tat. . . . On the upper corner of that green lane, which shall hereafter be called North street, we see the Curwen House, newly built, with the carpenters still at work on the roof, nailing down the last sheaf of shingles. On the lower corner stands another dwelling,—destined, at some period of its existence, to be the abode of an unsuccessful alchemist,—which shall likewise survive to our generation."

There is a picture of the old Curwen House in Felt's "Annals," and it seems to have at least seven gables. It has gone through many transformations since its first erection in 1642, but the edifice, which is still to be seen on the corner of North and Essex streets, a few rods west of the railway station, is said to be substantially the same building. At the time of the persecution of the witches, several examinations of those unhappy persons were held in one of its apartments. The inquiry has often been made: which of the old Salem houses was the prototype of the "House of the Seven Gables"? and the Curwen House, among several others, has been pointed out as the one. Intelligent inquirers of this kind will probably be disappointed to learn that the old Pyncheon House had no prototype at all. It is itself a type of the kind of houses that were built in the latter half of the seventeenth century. "These edifices," says Hawthorne himself, "were built in one generally accordant style, though with such subordinate variety as keeps the beholder's curiosity excited, and causes each structure, like its owner's character, to produce its own peculiar impression." In the preface to the romance he "trusts not to be considered as unpardonably offending, by laying out a street that infringes upon nobody's private rights, and appropriating a lot of land which had no visible owner, and building a house of materials long used for constructing castles in the air."

No one with any understanding of the nature of Hawthorne's genius could believe it even possible for him to import into his stories true literal portraits, either of houses or persons; but he frequently alluded, with a certain arch lifting of the right eyebrow that

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was characteristic of him when amused, to the perverse determination of his friends and correspondents to believe that Zenobia, for example, was suggested by Margaret Fuller; that he himself was Miles Coverdale; that the Pyncheon House existed in wood and plaster; or that Judge Pyncheon was an enemy whom he had pilloried under that fictitious name. There is not a syllable of truth in any one of these surmises; but this is something which people devoid (as most of us are) of imagination can never be persuaded to credit or comprehend.

We have now arrived, in our review of the history of Main street, at the epoch of the persecutions of the Quakers, and here Hawthorne takes occasion to insert a passage of his own ancestral annals. "There a woman, — it is Ann Coleman, — naked from the waist upward, and bound to the tail of a cart, is dragged through the main street at the pace of a brisk walk, while the constable follows with a whip of knotted cords. He loves his business, faithful officer that he is, and puts his soul into every stroke, zealous to fulfill the injunction of Major Hawthorne's warrant, in the spirit and to the letter. There came down a stroke that has drawn blood! and

with thirty such stripes of blood upon her is she to be driven into the forest. The crimson trail goes wavering along the main street; but Heaven grant that, as the rain of so many years has wept upon it time after time, and washed it all away, so there may have been a dew of mercy to cleanse this cruel blood-stain out of the record of the persecutor's life!" This Major Hawthorne, or Hathorne, as the name was then spelt, was the first American emigrant of our family. It is very characteristic of his descendant to have made this prayer of vicarious penitence for his forefathers' sin. Their blood and temperament were strong in him; he felt the burden of their misdeeds almost as his own; and I have often heard him speak, half fancifully and half in earnest, of the curse invoked by one of the witches upon Colonel John Hawthorne and all his posterity, and of the strange manner in which it had taken effect.

Following the Quakers come the witches. The witches always had a special interest or fascination for my father, as might be inferred from the character and tone of the allusions to them in his published writings. But it is perhaps not generally known that he wrote a number of tales having witches for their subject-matter, that were said by the one or two persons who saw them to be more powerful, as conceptions of weird and fantastic horror, than anything in the printed volumes of short stories. But these tales never emerged from the manuscript state, and were finally burned by their author, because, as my mother told me he had explained to her, he felt that they were not true. That is, I suppose, they embodied no moral truth; they were mere imaginative narratives, founded on history and tradition, and had not the spiritual balance and proportion of what Hawthorne would deem a work of art. But I cannot help regretting that the manuscripts were not accidentally



STENCIL PLATE, NOW IN THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

preserved. His touch acquires a deeper vividness wherever witches come in his way. "While we supposed the old man to be reading the Bible to his old wife,—she meanwhile knitting in the chimney-corner,—the pair of

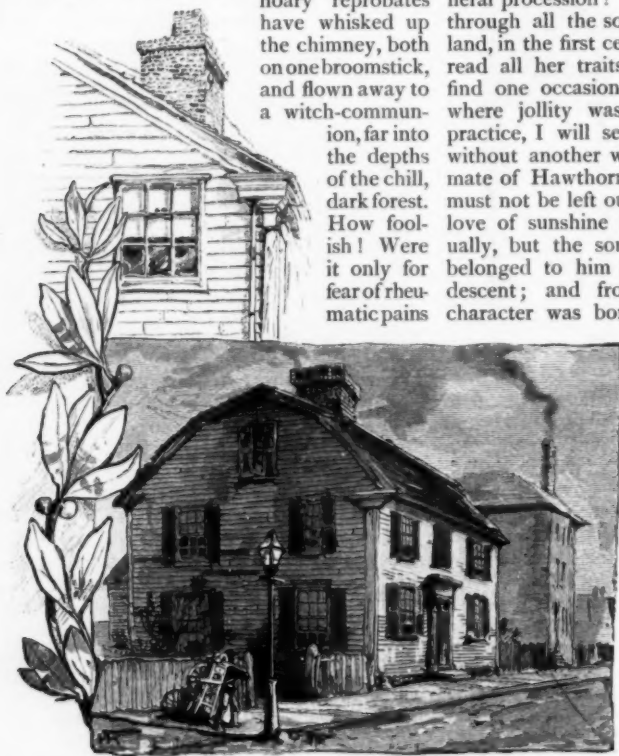
hoary reprobates have whisked up the chimney, both on one broomstick, and flown away to a witch-communion, far into the depths of the chill, dark forest. How foolish! Were it only for fear of rheumatic pains

continues, "I will exhibit one of the only class of scenes in which our ancestors were wont to steep their tough old hearts in wine and strong drink, and indulge in an outbreak of frisky jollity." And he introduces us to a funeral procession! "Even so; but look back through all the social customs of New England, in the first century of her existence, and read all her traits of character; and if you find one occasion, other than a funeral feast, where jollity was sanctioned by universal practice, I will set fire to my puppet-show without another word." In forming an estimate of Hawthorne, such passages as these must not be left out of account. The tropic love of sunshine belonged to him individually, but the somber web of Puritan life belonged to him likewise, by virtue of his descent; and from their marriage in his character was born that half-sportive, half-melancholy humor that glimmers along his pages, like the tender light of morning upon the stern surface of New England granite.

The history of Main street is followed only as far as the great snow of 1717, and we have a parting glimpse of "Goodman Massey taking his last walk,—often pausing,—often leaning over his staff,—and calling to mind whose dwelling stood at such and such a spot, and whose field or garden occupied the site of these more recent houses. He can render a reason for all

the bends and deviations of the thoroughfare, which, in its flexible and plastic infancy, was made to swerve aside from a straight line in order to visit every settler's door. The main street is still youthful; the coeval man is in his latest age. Soon he will be gone, a patriarch of four-score; yet shall retain a sort of infantile life, in our local history, as the first town-born child."

Salem has probably changed as slowly and as little as any town in New England; and yet, when I visited it last winter, it no longer hinted of that New England which "must have been a dismal abode for the man of pleasure, since the only boon-companion was Death." The main street is now quite a lively and progressive-looking thoroughfare, lined with handsome, albeit unpretentious brick and stone buildings, and with a horse-car track



ROOM IN THE HERBERT STREET HOUSE WHERE HAWTHORNE WROTE "TWICE-TOLD TALES." HAWTHORNE'S BIRTHPLACE, ON UNION STREET.

in their old bones, they had better have stayed at home. But away they went; and the laughter of their decayed, cackling voices has been heard at midnight, aloft in the air. Now, in the sunny noontide, as they go tottering to the gallows, it is the devil's turn to laugh."

Next to the witches, the stern, gloomy, self-confident, and sometimes bloodthirsty Puritan character had the strongest attraction for him. "These scenes, you think," he says, "are all too somber. So, indeed, they are; but the blame must rest on the somber spirit of our forefathers, who wove their web of life with hardly a single thread of rose-color or gold,—and not on me, who have a tropic love of sunshine, and would gladly gild all the world with it, if I knew where to find so much. That you may believe me," he con-

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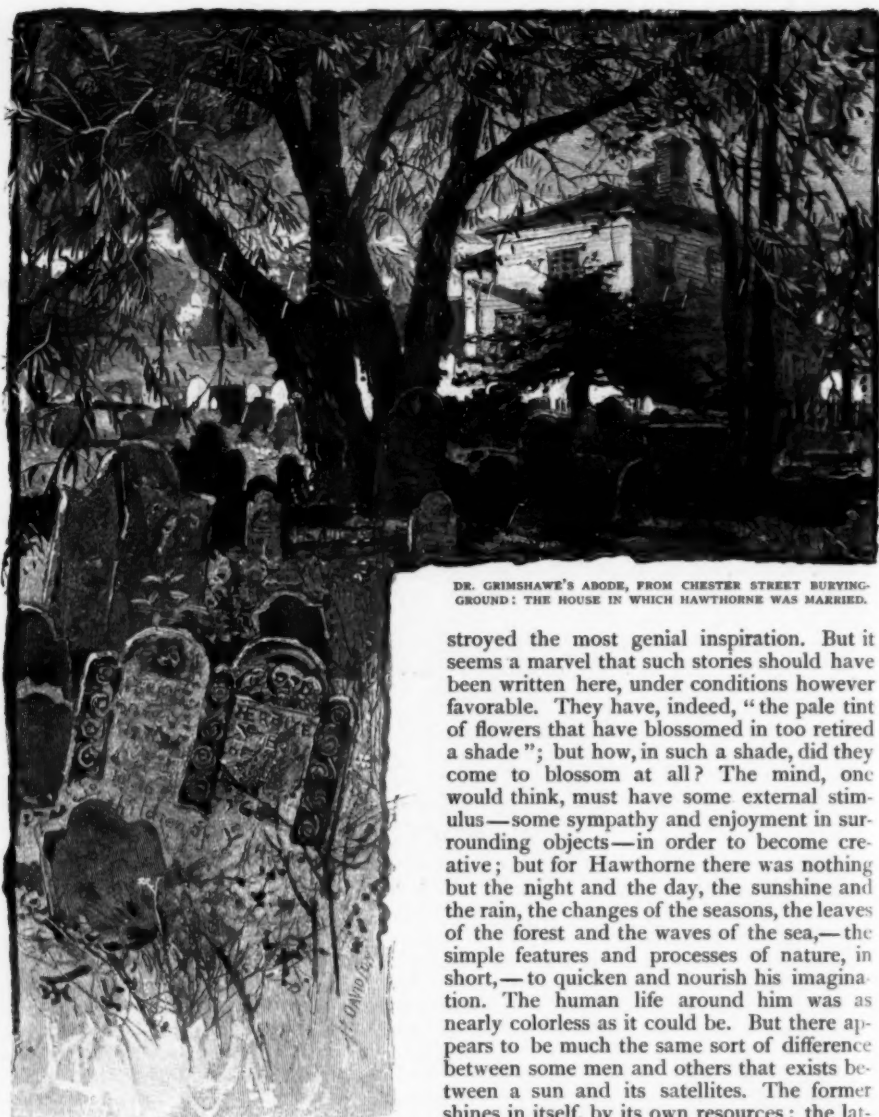
lying complacently along its length, above the forgotten footsteps of Squaw Sachem and the red Chief Wappacowet, and the crimson trail of Ann Coleman. There are town-halls and music-halls, and advertisements of the last new dramatic and operatic celebrities. There were inviting shops, full of Christmas goods and finery, and numbers of young ladies and gentlemen, in quite un-Puritanical garb, tripping gayly along the sidewalks, and not at all afraid of bewitching one another. Elderly persons there were, also, with gray hair and wrinkled faces, and some of them looking unmirthful enough too, but not with the sturdy religious solemnity of their forefathers. The inhabitants of Salem, however, are much more a race apart—their features and demeanor belong much more to a special and recognizable type—than is the case in the neighboring city of Boston, for instance. A few faces I saw that, so far as their physical conformation was concerned, only needed the Puritan doublet and skull-cap to answer very well for the contemporaries of Winthrop and Roger Williams; and I remember a policeman, with a white pointed beard, a conical helmet, and a dark cloak, who might almost have walked out of the seventeenth century just as he was. But, upon the whole, had Salem not been my home in infancy, were I not tolerably familiar with its history and associations, and bound to it by ties of kindred, I doubt whether I should find in it anything more than a rather dull and monotonous town, in which one might live without living, and die almost without being aware of it. With the exception of the houses in Essex street, and a few structures of a public or commercial character scattered here and there, Salem seems principally composed of wooden clapboarded houses, of rather old-fashioned build, with hip roofs, and painted a sober drab or buff color. The larger number of these edifices must date back at least as far as the beginning of this century, and many doubtless much further. The more ancient portion of the town lies eastward from the railway station and southward from Essex street. Parallel with Essex street, and next to it, runs Charter street, on which is the old grave-yard mentioned in "The Dolliver Romance" and in "Doctor Grimshawe." Parallel with this again, and skirting the wharfs, extends Derby street, named after old King Derby, mentioned in "The Custom House," introductory to "The Scarlet Letter"; its eastern extremity is at the Custom House, its western merges at right angles with Centre street, and in the vicinity stands the Town Pump. Numerous cross streets go from Essex street toward two wharfs. One of these



THE TOWN PUMP.

is called Union street, neat, quiet, and narrow, though with a sidewalk on each side. On the western side, within a hundred yards of the corner, stands the house in which Nathaniel Hawthorne was born. It is a plain clapboarded structure of small size, with a three-cornered roof, and a single large chimney in the midst. The front is flush with the sidewalk, and the high stone door-steps jut forth beyond. It has evidently been repaired, and now presents a very well-kept appearance; some additions have perhaps been built on in the rear, but it remains substantially unchanged,—an eight-roomed house, with an attic in the gable, painted a quiet drab hue, with pale-green shutters to the windows. A little yard or garden, about equal in area to the house, adjoins it on the north. There is, I am happy to say, no inscription above the door or elsewhere to arrest the curious attention of the passer-by. This spot was the birthplace of a genius, but the genius itself never had its abiding-place here. It belongs to a world in which there are no places, and no time, but only love and knowledge.

Westward from Union street lies Herbert street; and the house in which Hawthorne lived with his widowed mother and sisters after his return from Bowdoin College stands here, the back yards of the two dwellings communicating. In the old time, Union and Herbert streets seem to have been practically one thoroughfare; for it was in the Herbert street house that the words, "In this dismal chamber FAME was won.—Salem, Union street," were written. The house is of more



DR. GRIMSHAWE'S ABODE, FROM CHESTER STREET BURYING-GROUND: THE HOUSE IN WHICH HAWTHORNE WAS MARRIED.

irregular form than the other, and has probably been subjected to greater alterations. The room in which Hawthorne wrote the "Twice-told Tales" is in the upper story or attic. The place was doubtless quiet enough in those days; but now there are a school and a church or chapel on the opposite side of the street. It was "recess" as I passed by, and forty or fifty boys were creating such a hubbub in the school-yard as would have de-

stroyed the most genial inspiration. But it seems a marvel that such stories should have been written here, under conditions however favorable. They have, indeed, "the pale tint of flowers that have blossomed in too retired a shade"; but how, in such a shade, did they come to blossom at all? The mind, one would think, must have some external stimulus—some sympathy and enjoyment in surrounding objects—in order to become creative; but for Hawthorne there was nothing but the night and the day, the sunshine and the rain, the changes of the seasons, the leaves of the forest and the waves of the sea,—the simple features and processes of nature, in short,—to quicken and nourish his imagination. The human life around him was as nearly colorless as it could be. But there appears to be much the same sort of difference between some men and others that exists between a sun and its satellites. The former shines in itself, by its own resources; the latter are bright only by derivation. Hawthorne evolved his exquisite creations in a social desert, and the physical unresponsiveness and barrenness of his surroundings only served to render what he produced more pure and permanent. There is hardly any attempt at color in them; their beauty is in their form. The enjoyment inspired by form is perhaps loftier and less subject to change, albeit also less intense, than the delight of color, which is mainly dependent on temperament and emo-

tion; but be that as it may, it is well for the artist, whether he work with pen or pencil, profoundly to verse himself in the intellectual laws of form before venturing to admit the passionate license of color. The genius of Hawthorne seems to have been providentially protected and trained, so that it might attain its full growth and strength in an orderly manner, without haste or eccentricity. Those lonely years in Salem were wearisome, no doubt, and often somber; but they wrought a strength and a self-poise in the solitary writer which all the splendor and phantasmagory of the world afterward could enrich and sweeten, but not mislead. In one way or another, all men who are destined to enter deeply into the mysteries of human life are led through a probationary period of solitude and fasting. They must explore the lonely and appalling recesses of the world within themselves before they are admitted to the world without.

Hawthorne, during those ten years, breathed and walked in the Salem of his day, but lived in the Salem of one and two centuries before. There he found a largeness of material, a ruggedness of light and shade, and an atmosphere that played into the hands, so to speak, of his native imagination. The historical scenes that he draws, as in "The Gray Champion," or the "Legends of the Province House," though they are as vivid and broad and full of movement as a picture by Meissonier, manifestly owe their charm and effect not to any realism or literalness of detail, but purely to the imaginative power of the writer. The real scene did not look like this, but this is the essence and purport of the real scene. It has the beauty and it gives the delight of a work of fine art: all the disproportionate elements, the obtrusive accidents, the insignificancies of matter-of-fact, are refined away. And the bulk of the tales belonging to this period have scarcely any foothold upon earth at all. They are not lyrical,—the record of moods; but they are the moral speculations, or rather conclusions, of a mind singularly penetrating, just, and mature,—of a mind so healthy and well-balanced that its lack of practical experience enhanced instead of diminishing its faculty of dispassionate analysis. "In youth," Hawthorne remarks, "men are apt to write more wisely than they really know or feel; and the remainder of life may not be idly spent in realizing and convincing themselves of the wisdom which they uttered long ago." The experience of age should be interpreted by the intuitions of youth; and this is broadly the gist of Hawthorne's literary history, as traced in his literary achievements. The truth which he divined in his youth was

the touchstone of his later knowledge, and gave unity to his career.

From Herbert street it is but a few steps to the Custom House, in the upper apartments of which was made the momentous discovery of Mr. Surveyor Pue's literary remains, and of the original scarlet letter, the history whereof has become more or less familiar to the educated fraction of Christen-



PORCH OF DR. GRIMSHAWE'S HOUSE.

dom. The building is doubtless essentially the same as it was forty years ago. Here is still the spacious edifice of brick, with the banner of the Republic—the thirteen stripes turned vertically instead of horizontally, and thus indicating that a civil and not a military sort of Uncle Sam's government is here established—floating or drooping, in breeze or calm, from the loftiest point of its roof. Over the entrance, moreover, still hovers the enormous specimen of the American eagle, with the thunderbolts and arrows in each claw; she is heavily gilded, and appears to be in a remarkably good state of preservation. Here too is the flight of wide granite steps descending toward the street; and the portico of half a dozen wooden pillars, supporting a balcony. The entrance door was closed at the time of my visit, and the neighborhood quite as deserted as it ever could have been in Hawthorne's day. As for the row of venerable figures, sitting in old-fashioned chairs,

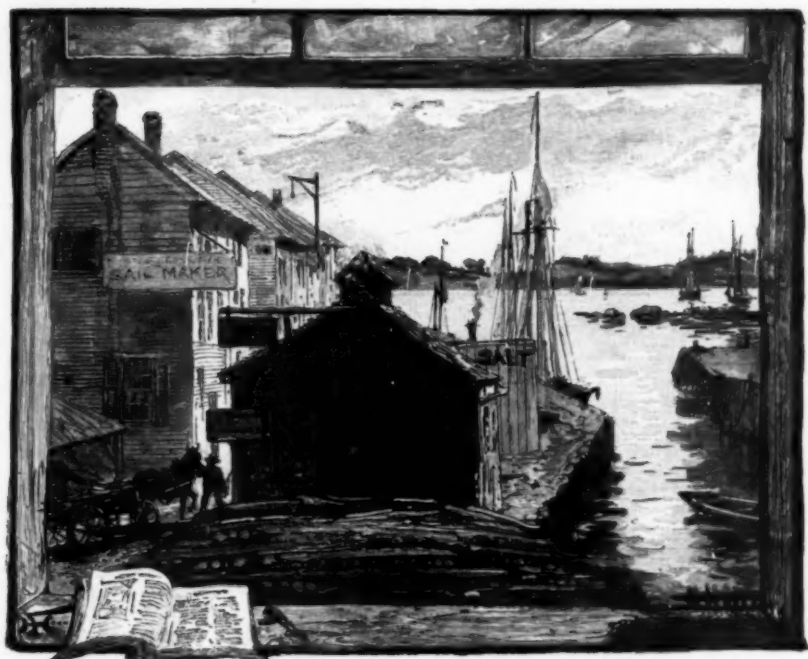
tipped on their hind legs back against the wall, I made no effort to discover them; nor did I attempt to explore a certain room or office, about fifteen feet square, and of a lofty height, decorated with cobwebs and dingy paint, and its floor strewn with gray sand. The room was doubtless there, but in these days of progress and Morris wall-papers, its interior might have been painfully unrecognizable. In truth, I forbore to enter the Custom House at all. A more forlorn, defunct, vacant-looking place I never beheld; and yet it is the scene of one of the most charmingly humorous and picturesque pieces of autobiographical writing in our language. The alchemy of genius never attempted to transmute baser metal than this into gold, or succeeded better. "The Custom House" is a fitting introduction to "The Scarlet Letter." The original depravity of matter in the former, and of the spirit in the latter, are respectively exalted by the magic of imagination into fascination and tragic beauty.

The rambling length of Derby street lay before me, and I traversed its lonely, mean, and uneventful extent as far as its junction with Central street. There is more liveliness here; the houses that surround the little square are less like dwellings of the dead, and the atmosphere is not so much that of a drab-colored Puritan Sunday as in other parts of the town. Here, as aforesaid, is the present town pump; but the original town pump, as appears by the stage direction at the beginning of that famous little monologue, stood at the corner of Essex and Washington streets. In Felt's "Annals" there is a wood engraving of the latter splendid thoroughfare, resembling the streets which children were wont to construct with the German toy houses that came packed in oval wooden boxes: a remarkable coach, foreshortened, with two trunks behind and a horse three or four yards in front, occupies the central foreground; the windows of the houses are five feet in height by eighteen inches in width, and are all furnished with black shutters, closed; eight or nine ladies, gentlemen, and children, in the poke bonnets and high-collared coats of the year 1839, are solemnly posed at different points along either sidewalk. Across the lower middle distance runs Essex street, indicated by two parallel lines; and on the corner at the spectator's right stands the town pump, with two symmetrical handles, and a large trough. "Little was it expected," writes the worthy Mr. Felt, "when this fountain was opened and fitted for use, that locomotives, like some monstrous leviathan, would sweep over the bed of its waters, and pour out fire and smoke, instead of the element designed to subdue

them. . . . A cistern was ordered near the first church, in lieu of 'the old town pump,' which Mr. Hawthorne, one of our city's gifted sons, has given a prominent place among his eloquent and impressive tales." The fact was, that the Eastern Railway ran a tunnel underneath Washington street, and the fountains of the great pump were thus dried up, or at any rate diverted.

From Central street I took my way back along Charter street, and soon came to an open space on the right, some three acres in extent, filled with grave-stones, and known as the Charter street burying-ground. On one corner of the inclosure, fronting the street, but partly infringing on the grave-yard, stands an old house which was once occupied by Doctor Peabody, the father of Mrs. Hawthorne; but which, in the world of romance, was the abode of Doctor Grimshawe and the two mysterious children, Elsie and Ned, and possibly, also, of good old Grandsir Dolliver and little Pansie. The description given in "Grimshawe" is tolerably exact,—quite as nearly so as might be expected of a place which one had not seen for eight or ten years, and which needed a certain picturesque glamour to make it harmonize with the story. "Doctor Grimshawe's residence," we are told, "cornered on a grave-yard, with which the house communicated by a back door. . . . It did not appear to be an ancient structure, nor one that would ever have been the abode of a very wealthy or prominent family—a three-story wooden house, perhaps a century old, low-studded, with a square front, standing right upon the street; and a small inclosed porch, containing the main entrance, affording a glimpse up and down the street through an oval window on each side. Its characteristic was decent respectability, not sinking below the boundary of the genteel. . . . A sufficient number of rooms and chambers, low, ill-lighted, ugly, but not unsusceptible of warmth and comfort, the sunniest and cheerfulest of which were on the side that looked into the grave-yard." All that applies well enough to the present Charter street house. It is of a whitish hue, irregular in plan, and about as commonplace as an old wooden house can well be. It seems, moreover, to have sunk somewhat below that genteel level which it held to in the doctor's day. It looks as if it might be unclean inside, though by no means with the appalling and portentous griminess that characterizes it in the Romance; and I doubt if there be a spider as big as a nickel in the whole building. Dreary the entire spot undeniably is, especially under such conditions as those in which I beheld it,—a

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DERBY WHARF FROM HAWTHORNE'S WINDOW IN THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

cold, gray sky, a harsh, inclement breeze, and a dull whiteness of snow underfoot. The snow, however, did not prevent an examination of the grave-stones, for these were all upright; there were no horizontal ones, such as that which marked the resting-place of him of the Bloody Footstep. I suspect, moreover, that were the sexton to tell all he knows, it would transpire that some of these head-stones are not the bona fide original slabs that were erected at the dates engraved upon them. They are reproductions, more or less accurate; some archaeologist, desirous of preserving the historic records of the town, has perhaps resorted to this somewhat questionable mode of achieving his purpose. Most of the slabs are thin parallelograms of slate, the inscriptions being as fresh as if cut last week. The words, in order to carry out the illusion, are sometimes spelt in the old fashion, and the device of a death's head, or a cherub, is roughly traced on the top of the stone. One of the first graves I came upon was that of Doctor John Swinnerton, the famous quack physician, and predecessor of Grandsir Dolliver,—the man who concocted the drink of immortality, which was to have restored that venerable personage to the vigor and elasticity of his long-vanished youth.

Doctor Swinnerton expired, according to this record, in the year 1690. Undoubtedly, he was a real person. In Felt's "Annals" it is stated that "a Brinsley Accidence, with the name of John Swinnerton, supposed to be the physician, of Salem, written in it in 1652, came into the possession of Rev. Dr. Bentley, who left it to William B. Fowle, Esq., of Boston." And in the chapter about the Salem schools, it appears that on the twenty-fifth of March, 1716, "John Swinnerton began to keep the English school by the town house, at the usual compensation,"—a son, evidently, of the mystic doctor, and, so far as records go, the last of his tribe. The school-teacher's salary, in those days, seems to have been about twenty-five dollars a year.

This use of a real Salem name, by the bye, constantly occurs in Hawthorne's writings. In my strolling about the town, I recognized several over the shop-windows; and others appear in the index of Felt's "Annals." Thus Ethan Brand, Mr. Bullfinch, Clifford, Dixey, Goldthwaite, Gookin, Holgrave, Hollingsworth, Jeffrey, Maule, Pinchion or Pynchon, and others, were all, at one time or another, residents of Salem. But Doctor John Swinnerton seems to have been, for some reason, a favorite personage with my father; mention



SALEM CUSTOM-HOUSE.

of him occurs not only in "The Dolliver Romance," but also in "Grimshawe," in the introductory chapter to "The House of the Seven Gables," and, I think, in one or two of the shorter pieces. It is all of a piece with his predominating love of veracity, which, as he more than once intimates, is by no means inconsistent with the pursuit of fiction. The novel, he says, "is presumed to aim at a very minute fidelity, not merely to the possible, but to the probable and ordinary, course of man's experience." The romance, "while, as a work of art, it must rigidly subject itself to laws, and while it sins unpardonably so far as it may swerve aside from the truth of the human heart, has fairly a right to present that truth under circumstances, to a great extent, of the writer's own choosing or creation. . . . He will be wise, no doubt, to make a very moderate use of the privileges here stated,

and, especially, to mingle the marvelous rather as a slight, delicate, and evanescent flavor, than as a portion of the actual substance of the dish offered to the public." In another place he says that "he designed the story and the characters to bear, of course, a certain relation to human nature and human life, but still to be so artfully and airily removed from our mundane sphere, that some laws and proprieties of their own should be implicitly and insensibly acknowledged." Miss E. P. Peabody, in a letter referring to the "Twice-told Tales," writes: "Nathaniel Hawthorne made a discovery, which was that we might be taken out of the prose of life into the region of the 'perfect good and fair,'—and into the mysteries of the Inferno as well,—without transcending the common boundaries of daily life. He did not waste his imagination in making circumstances; he was

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deficient in invention; but all his imagination was employed in discovering what depths of passion, what agonies of conscience, what exquisite emotions underlie our nature, and witness to the ever-present God. He left the vulgar ground invented by human will, and kept himself in that spiritual region where imagination is native and at home. He would take the most ordinary and probable circumstances imaginable, or an historical fact perhaps, and lift the veil and show and explain the play of eternal laws that made the facts and personages what they were." Some novelists, when in search of fresh and unhackneyed material, make journeys to foreign lands, or to out-of-the-way corners of their own. Hawthorne's journeys were always inward, beneath the surface of things; but, like Jason in his passage through the labyrinth of Crete, he found it well to hold in his hand the silken clew or cord which connected him with the daylight world without, and enabled him to shape his course aright, and not lose himself in vague wanderings and speculations. To bestow the names of actual persons upon his imaginary creations was perhaps one of the means that he adopted to this end,—one of his reminders to himself to keep, as he expresses it, "undeviatingly within his immunities."

The Matthew Maule of the "Seven Gables" has perhaps (and perhaps not) a partial prototype in a certain Thomas Maule mentioned in the historic annals of Salem. This Thomas was a Quaker, and in 1669 Samuel Robinson and Samuel Shalocke were fined twenty shillings apiece for "entertayning of him." Maule was warned to depart, but "he persevered, then and subsequently, in retaining his abode here." In 1714, "among claims for common land, Thomas Maule presented one for a place where his two shops were burnt; and in 1724 an order was issued for John Maule to pay eight pounds which his father left as a bequest to the town, three pounds of which were specified for the writing-school." Evidently Thomas Maule's fate was not so tragic as that of the fictitious Matthew; but he seems to have had a touch of the latter's obstinacy. The curse which Matthew is described as having launched against his enemy, the Puritan Colonel Pyncheon, "God will give him blood to drink!" is, however, historical, so far as the words go; but they were uttered by a woman, under circumstances mentioned, I think, in the note-books. Indeed, I am not sure that my own ancestor, Colonel John Hathorne, did not represent the Colonel Pyncheon of the occasion.

In the note-books, under date of 1838,

allusion is made to the grave of this "Colonel John Hathorne, Esq.," and the head-stone is described as being sunk deep into the earth and leaning forward, with the grass growing very long around it; "and on account of the moss it was rather difficult to make out the date." But the stone, as I saw it fifty-four years later, was as upright as if it had been put in place yesterday, and the inscription was quite clear of moss and perfectly legible. The hand of the renovator must have been at work, but it has performed its office with unusual forbearance and discretion. The passage above quoted from goes on to say: "It gives strange ideas to think how convenient to Dr. Peabody's residence the burial-ground is—the monuments standing almost within reach of the side-windows of the parlor, and there being a little gate from the back yard through which we step forth upon those old graves aforesaid." So we read in "Doctor Grimshawe" how the grave-yard communicated with the house by a back door, "so that with a hop, skip, and jump from the threshold, across a flat tombstone, the two children were in the habit of using the dismal cemetery as their play-ground." A couple of old apple-trees are spoken of; but these have disappeared, and the ground is planted with a few young elms. The south side of the inclosure is occupied by a line of low out-houses.

I might have prolonged indefinitely my desultory rambles about Salem, or this description of them; but, as the reader will long ago have perceived, there is really little or nothing to be said very pertinent to the matter ostensibly in hand. To repeat what I began with saying, material objects and associations are but the portals through which entrance is made into the region peopled and enriched by Hawthorne's genius. There is a certain pleasure—to the writer if not to the reader—in putting one's self, so far as may be practicable, in Hawthorne's physical standpoint, and thus testing, as it were, by practical experiment, the penetration of his insight and the creativeness of his imagination. But it is impossible, for me at least, as the foregoing pages abundantly testify, to adhere to the letter of my undertaking in this article, or to avoid taking up and discussing side-issues, and indulging in unpremeditated speculations. Hawthorne existed in Salem, but he lived, to all vital intents and purposes, somewhere else, whither no railway can convey the investigator, and whereof no guide-book hitherto published contains any information. In the paper still to come, I shall follow his footsteps through Concord, Boston, and Brook Farm.

Julian Hawthorne.

LADY BARBERINA.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "An International Episode," etc.

I.

It is well known that there are few sights in the world more brilliant than the main avenues of Hyde Park of a fine afternoon in June. This was quite the opinion of two persons, who, on a beautiful day at the beginning of that month, four years ago, had established themselves under the great trees in a couple of iron chairs (the big ones with arms, for which, if I mistake not, you pay two pence), and sat there with the slow procession of the Drive behind them, while their faces were turned to the more vivid agitation of the Row. They were lost in the multitude of observers, and they belonged, superficially at least, to that class of persons who, wherever they may be, rank rather with the spectators than with the spectacle. They were quiet, simple, elderly, of aspect somewhat neutral; you would have liked them extremely, but you would scarcely have noticed them. Nevertheless, in all that shining host, it is to them, obscure, that we must give our attention. The reader is begged to have confidence; he is not asked to make vain concessions. There was that in the faces of our friends which indicated that they were growing old together, and that they were fond enough of each other's company not to object (if it was a condition) even to that. The reader will have guessed that they were husband and wife; and perhaps while he is about it, he will have guessed that they were of that nationality for which Hyde Park at the height of the season is most completely illustrative. They were familiar strangers, as it were; and people at once so initiated and so detached could only be Americans. This reflection, indeed, you would have made only after some delay; for it must be admitted that they carried few patriotic signs on the surface. They had the American turn of mind, but that was very subtle; and to your eye—if your eye had cared about it—they might have been of English, or even of Continental, parentage. It was as if it suited them to be colorless; their color was all in their talk. They were not in the least verdant; they were gray, rather, of monotonous hue. If they were interested in the riders,

the horses, the walkers, the great exhibition of English wealth and health, beauty, luxury, and leisure, it was because all this referred itself to other impressions, because they had the key to almost everything that needed an answer,—because, in a word, they were able to compare. They had not arrived, they had only returned; and recognition much more than surprise was expressed in their quiet gaze. It may as well be said outright that Dexter Freer and his wife belonged to that class of Americans who are constantly "passing through" London. Possessors of a fortune of which, from any standpoint, the limits were plainly visible, they were unable to command that highest of luxuries,—a habitation in their own country. They found it much more possible to economize at Dresden or Florence than at Buffalo or Minneapolis. The economy was as great, and the inspiration was greater. From Dresden, from Florence, moreover, they constantly made excursions which would not have been possible in those other cities; and it is even to be feared that they had some rather expressive methods of saving. They came to London to buy their portmanteaus, their tooth-brushes, their writing-paper; they occasionally even crossed the Atlantic to assure themselves that prices over there were still the same. They were eminently a social pair; their interests were mainly personal. Their point of view, always, was so distinctly human, that they passed for being fond of gossip; and they certainly knew a good deal about the affairs of other people. They had friends in every country, in every town; and it was not their fault if people told them their secrets. Dexter Freer was a tall, lean man, with an interested eye, and a nose that rather drooped than aspired, yet was salient withal. He brushed his hair, which was streaked with white, forward over his ears, in those locks which are represented in the portraits of clean-shaven gentlemen who flourished fifty years ago, and wore an old-fashioned neck-cloth and gaiters. His wife, a small, plump person, of superficial freshness, with a white face, and hair that was still perfectly black, smiled perpetually, but had never laughed since the death of a son whom she had lost

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ten years after her marriage. Her husband, on the other hand, who was usually quite grave, indulged on great occasions in resounding mirth. People confided in her less than in him; but that mattered little, as she confided sufficiently in herself. Her dress, which was always black or dark gray, was so harmoniously simple, that you could see she was fond of it; it was never smart by accident. She was full of intuitions of the most judicious sort; and though she was perpetually moving about the world, she had the air of being perfectly stationary. She was celebrated for the promptitude with which she made her sitting-room at an inn, where she might be spending a night or two, look like an apartment long inhabited. With books, flowers, photographs, draperies, rapidly distributed,—she had even a way, for the most part, of having a piano,—the place seemed almost hereditary. The pair were just back from America, where they had spent three months, and now were able to face the world with something of the elation which people feel who have been justified in a prevision. They had found their native land quite ruinous.

"There he is again!" said Mr. Freer, following with his eyes a young man who passed along the Row, riding slowly. "That's a beautiful thoroughbred!"

Mrs. Freer asked idle questions only when she wished for time to think. At present she had simply to look and see who it was her husband meant. "The horse is too big," she remarked, in a moment.

"You mean that the rider is too small," her husband rejoined; "he is mounted on his millions."

"Is it really millions?"

"Seven or eight, they tell me."

"How disgusting!" It was in this manner that Mrs. Freer usually spoke of the large fortunes of the day. "I wish he would see us," she added.

"He does see us, but he doesn't like to look at us. He is too conscious; he isn't easy."

"Too conscious of his big horse?"

"Yes, and of his big fortune; he is rather ashamed of it."

"This is an odd place to come, then," said Mrs. Freer.

"I am not sure of that. He will find people here richer than himself, and other big horses in plenty, and that will cheer him up. Perhaps, too, he is looking for that girl."

"The one we heard about? He can't be such a fool."

"He isn't a fool," said Dexter Freer. "If he is thinking of her, he has some good reason."

"I wonder what Mary Lemon would say."

"She would say it was right, if he should

do it. She thinks he can do no wrong. He is exceedingly fond of her."

"I sha'n't be sure of that if he takes home a wife that will despise her."

"Why should the girl despise her? She is a delightful woman."

"The girl will never know it,—and if she should, it would make no difference; she will despise everything."

"I don't believe it, my dear; she will like some things very much. Every one will be very nice to her."

"She will despise them all the more. But we are speaking as if it were all arranged; I don't believe in it at all," said Mrs. Freer.

"Well, something of the sort—in this case or in some other—is sure to happen sooner or later," her husband replied, turning round a little toward the part of the delta which is formed, near the entrance to the Park, by the divergence of the two great vistas of the Drive and the Row.

Our friends had turned their backs, as I have said, to the solemn revolution of wheels and the densely packed mass of spectators who had chosen that part of the show. These spectators were now agitated by a unanimous impulse: the pushing back of chairs, the shuffle of feet, the rustle of garments, and the deepening murmur of voices sufficiently expressed it. Royalty was approaching—royalty was passing—royalty had passed. Freer turned his head and his ear a little; but he failed to alter his position further, and his wife took no notice of the flurry. They had seen royalty pass all over Europe, and they knew that it passed very quickly. Sometimes it came back; sometimes it didn't; for more than once they had seen it pass for the last time. They were veteran tourists, and they knew perfectly when to get up and when to remain seated. Mr. Freer went on with his proposition: "Some young fellow is certain to do it, and one of these girls is certain to take the risk. They must take risks, over here, more and more."

"The girls, I have no doubt, will be glad enough; they have had very little chance as yet. But I don't want Jackson to begin."

"Do you know I rather think I do," said Dexter Freer; "it will be very amusing."

"For us, perhaps, but not for him; he will repent of it, and be wretched. He is too good for that."

"Wretched, never! He has no capacity for wretchedness; and that's why he can afford to risk it."

"He will have to make great concessions,"

Mrs. Freer remarked.

"He won't make one."

"I should like to see."

"You admit, then, that it will be amusing,

which is all I contend for. But, as you say, we are talking as if it were settled, whereas there is probably nothing in it after all. The best stories always turn out false. I shall be sorry in this case."

They relapsed into silence, while people passed and repassed them—continuous, successive, mechanical, with strange sequences of faces. They looked at the people, but no one looked at them, though every one was there so admittedly to see what was to be seen. It was all striking, all pictorial, and it made a great composition. The wide, long area of the Row, its red-brown surface dotted with bounding figures, stretched away into the distance and became suffused and misty in the bright, thick air. The deep, dark English verdure that bordered and overhung it looked rich and old, revived and refreshed though it was by the breath of June. The mild blue of the sky was spotted with great silvery clouds, and the light drizzled down in heavenly shafts over the quieter spaces of the Park, as one saw them beyond the Row. All this, however, was only a background, for the scene was, before everything, personal—superbly so, and full of the gloss and luster, the contrasted tones, of a thousand polished surfaces. Certain things were salient, pervasive,—the shining flanks of the perfect horses, the twinkle of bits and spurs, the smoothness of fine cloth adjusted to shoulders and limbs, the sheen of hats and boots, the freshness of complexions, the expression of smiling, talking faces, the flash and flutter of rapid gallops. Faces were everywhere, and they were the great effect,—above all, the fair faces of women on tall horses, flushed a little under their stiff black hats, with figures stiffened, in spite of much definition of curve, by their tight-fitting habits. Their hard little helmets, their neat, compact heads, their straight necks, their firm, tailor-made armor, their blooming, competent physique, made them look doubly like Amazons about to ride a charge. The men, with their eyes before them, with hats of undulating brim, good profiles, high collars, white flowers on their chests, long legs and long feet, had an air more elaborately decorative, as they jolted beside the ladies, always out of step. These were youthful types; but it was not all youth, for many a saddle was surmounted by a richer rotundity, and ruddy faces, with short white whiskers or with matronly chins, looked down comfortably from an equilibrium which was moral as well as physical. The walkers differed from the riders only in being on foot, and in looking at the riders more than these looked at them; for they would have done as well in the saddle and ridden as the others ride. The women had tight lit-

tle bonnets and still tighter little knots of hair; their round chins rested on a close swathing of lace, or, in some cases, of silver chains and circlets. They had flat backs and small waists, they walked slowly, with their elbows out, carrying vast parasols, and turning their heads very little to the right or the left. They were amazons unmounted, quite ready to spring into the saddle. There was a great deal of beauty and a suffused look of successful development, which came from clear, quiet eyes and from well-cut lips, on which syllables were liquid and sentences brief. Some of the young men, as well as the women, had the happiest proportions and oval faces, in which line and color were pure and fresh, and the idea of the moment was not very intense.

"They are very good-looking," said Mr. Freer, at the end of ten minutes; "they are the finest whites."

"So long as they remain white they do very well; but when they venture upon color!" his wife replied. She sat with her eyes on a level with the skirts of the ladies who passed her; and she had been following the progress of a green velvet robe, enriched with ornaments of steel and much gathered up in the hands of its wearer, who, herself apparently in her teens, was accompanied by a young lady draped in scanty pink muslin, embroidered, æsthetically, with flowers that simulated the iris.

"All the same, in a crowd, they are wonderfully well turned out," Dexter Freer went on; "take the men, and women, and horses together. Look at that big fellow on the light chestnut: what could be more perfect? By the way, it's Lord Canterville," he added in a moment, as if the fact were of some importance.

Mrs. Freer recognized its importance to the degree of raising her glass to look at Lord Canterville. "How do you know it's he?" she asked, with her glass still up.

"I heard him say something the night I went to the House of Lords. It was very few words, but I remember him. A man who was near me told me who he was."

"He is not so handsome as you," said Mrs. Freer, dropping her glass.

"Ah, you're too difficult!" her husband murmured. "What a pity the girl isn't with him," he went on; "we might see something."

It appeared in a moment that the girl was with him. The nobleman designated had ridden slowly forward from the start, but just opposite our friends he pulled up to look behind him, as if he had been waiting for some one. At the same moment a gentleman in the Walk engaged his attention, so that he advanced to the barrier which protects the pedestrians, and halted there, bending a little

from his saddle and talking with his friend, who leaned against the rail. Lord Canterville was indeed perfect, as his American admirer had said. Upward of sixty, and of great stature and great presence, he was really a splendid apparition. In exquisite preservation, he had the freshness of middle life, and would have been young to the eye if the lapse of years were not needed to account for his considerable girth. He was clad from head to foot in garments of a radiant gray, and his fine florid countenance was surmounted with a white hat, of which the majestic curves were a triumph of good form. Over his mighty chest was spread a beard of the richest growth, and of a color, in spite of a few streaks, vaguely grizzled, to which the coat of his admirable horse appeared to be a perfect match. It left no opportunity, in his uppermost button-hole, for the customary gardenia; but this was of comparatively little consequence, as the vegetation of the beard itself was tropical. Astride his great steed, with his big fist, gloved in pearl-gray, on his swelling thigh, his face lighted up with good-humored indifference, and all his magnificent surface reflecting the mild sunshine, he was a very imposing man indeed, and visibly, incontestably, a personage. People almost lingered to look at him as they passed. His halt was brief, however, for he was almost immediately joined by two handsome girls, who were as well turned-out, in Dexter Freer's phrase, as himself. They had been detained a moment at the entrance to the Row, and now advanced side by side, their groom close behind them. One was taller and older than the other, and it was apparent at a glance that they were sisters. Between them, with their charming shoulders, contracted waists, and skirts that hung without a wrinkle, like a plate of zinc, they represented in a singularly complete form the pretty English girl in the position in which she is prettiest.

"Of course they are his daughters," said Dexter Freer, as they rode away with Lord Canterville; "and in that case one of them must be Jackson Lemon's sweetheart. Probably the bigger; they said it was the eldest. She is evidently a fine creature."

"She would hate it over there," Mrs. Freer remarked, for all answer to this cluster of inductions.

"You know I don't admit that. But granting she should, it would do her good to have to accommodate herself."

"She wouldn't accommodate herself."

"She looks so confoundedly fortunate, perched up on that saddle," Dexter Freer pursued, without heeding his wife's rejoinder.

"Aren't they supposed to be very poor?"

"Yes, they look it!" And his eyes followed the distinguished trio, as, with the groom, as distinguished in his way as any of them, they started on a canter.

The air was full of sound, but it was low and diffused; and when, near our friends, it became articulate, the words were simple and few.

"It's as good as the circus, isn't it, Mrs. Freer?" These words correspond to that description, but they pierced the air more effectually than any our friends had lately heard. They were uttered by a young man who had stopped short in the path, absorbed by the sight of his compatriots. He was short and stout, he had a round, kind face, and short, stiff-looking hair, which was reproduced in a small bristling beard. He wore a double-breasted walking-coat, which was not, however, buttoned, and on the summit of his round head was perched a hat of exceeding smallness, and of the so-called "pot" category. It evidently fitted him, but a hatter himself would not have known why. His hands were encased in new gloves, of a dark-brown color, and they hung with an air of unaccustomed inaction at his sides. He sported neither umbrella nor stick. He extended one of his hands, almost with eagerness, to Mrs. Freer, blushing a little as he became aware that he had been eager.

"Oh, Dr. Feeder!" she said, smiling at him. Then she repeated to her husband, "Dr. Feeder, my dear!" and her husband said, "Oh, Doctor, how d'ye do?" I have spoken of the composition of his appearance; but the items were not perceived by these two. They saw only one thing, his delightful face, which was both simple and clever, and unreservedly good. They had lately made the voyage from New York in his company, and it was plain that he would be very genial at sea. After he had stood in front of them a moment, a chair beside Mrs. Freer became vacant, on which he took possession of it, and sat there telling her what he thought of the Park, and how he liked London. As she knew every one, she had known many of his people at home; and while she listened to him she remembered how large their contribution had been to the virtue and culture of Cincinnati. Mrs. Freer's social horizon included even that city; she had been on terms almost familiar with several families from Ohio, and was acquainted with the position of the Feeders there. This family, very numerous, was interwoven into an enormous cousinship. She herself was quite out of such a system, but she could have told you whom Dr. Feeder's great-grandfather had married. Every one, indeed, had heard of the good deeds of the descendants of this worthy, who

were generally physicians, excellent ones, and whose name expressed not inaptly their numerous acts of charity. Sidney Feeder, who had several cousins of this name established in the same line at Cincinnati, had transferred himself and his ambition to New York, where his practice, at the end of three years, had begun to grow. He had studied his profession at Vienna, and was impregnated with German science; indeed, if he had only worn spectacles, he might perfectly, as he sat there watching the riders in Rotten Row as if their proceedings were a successful demonstration, have passed for a young German of distinction. He had come over to London to attend a medical congress which met this year in the British capital; for his interest in the healing art was by no means limited to the cure of his patients, it embraced every form of experiment; and the expression of his honest eyes would almost have reconciled you to vivisection. It was the first time he had come to the Park; for social experiments he had little leisure. Being aware, however, that it was a very typical, and as it were symptomatic, sight, he had conscientiously reserved an afternoon, and had dressed himself carefully for the occasion. "It's quite a brilliant show," he said to Mrs. Freer; "it makes me wish I had a mount." Little as he resembled Lord Canterville, he rode very well.

"Wait till Jackson Lemon passes again, and you can stop him and make him let you take a turn." This was the jocular suggestion of Dexter Freer.

"Why, is he here? I have been looking out for him; I should like to see him."

"Doesn't he go to your medical congress?" asked Mrs. Freer.

"Well, yes, he attends; but he isn't very regular. I guess he goes out a good deal."

"I guess he does," said Mr. Freer; "and if he isn't very regular, I guess he has a good reason. A beautiful reason, a charming reason," he went on, bending forward to look down toward the beginning of the Row. "Dear me, what a lovely reason!"

Dr. Feeder followed the direction of his eyes, and after a moment understood his allusion. Little Jackson Lemon, on his big horse, passed along the avenue again, riding beside one of the young girls who had come that way shortly before in the company of Lord Canterville. His lordship followed, in conversation with the other, his younger daughter. As they advanced, Jackson Lemon turned his eyes toward the multitude under the trees, and it so happened that they rested upon the Dexter Freers. He smiled and raised his hat with all possible friendliness; and his three companions turned to see to

whom he was bowing with so much cordiality. As he settled his hat on his head, he espied the young man from Cincinnati, whom he had at first overlooked; whereupon he smiled still more brightly, and waved Sidney Feeder an airy salutation with his hand, reining in a little at the same time just for an instant, as if he half expected the doctor to come and speak to him. Seeing him with strangers, however, Sidney Feeder hung back, staring a little as he rode away.

It is open to us to know that at this moment the young lady by whose side he was riding said to him familiarly enough:

"Who are those people you bowed to?"

"Some old friends of mine,—Americans," Jackson Lemon answered.

"Of course they are Americans; there is nothing but Americans nowadays."

"Oh, yes, our turn's coming round!" laughed the young man.

"But that doesn't say who they are," his companion continued. "It's so difficult to say who Americans are," she added, before he had time to answer her.

"Dexter Freer and his wife,—there is nothing difficult about that; every one knows them."

"I never heard of them," said the English girl.

"Ah, that's your fault. I assure you everybody knows them."

"And does everybody know the little man with the fat face whom you kissed your hand to?"

"I didn't kiss my hand; but I would if I had thought of it. He is a great chum of mine,—a fellow student at Vienna?"

"And what's his name?"

"Dr. Feeder."

Jackson Lemon's companion was silent a moment.

"Are *all* your friends doctors?" she presently inquired.

"No; some of them are in other businesses."

"Are they all in some business?"

"Most of them; save two or three, like Dexter Freer."

"Dexter Freer? I thought you said Dr. Freer."

The young man gave a laugh. "You heard me wrong. You have got doctors on the brain, Lady Barb."

"I am rather glad," said Lady Barb, giving the rein to her horse, who bounded away.

"Well, yes, she's very handsome, the reason," Dr. Feeder remarked, as he sat under the trees.

"Is he going to marry her?" Mrs. Freer inquired.

"Marry her? I hope not."

"Why do you hope not?"

"Because I know nothing about her. I want to know something about the woman that man marries."

"I suppose you would like him to marry in Cincinnati," Mrs. Freer rejoined, lightly.

"Well, I am not particular where it is; but I want to know her first." Dr. Feeder was very sturdy.

"We were in hopes you would know all about it," said Mr. Freer.

"No; I haven't kept up with him there."

"We have heard from a dozen people that he has been always with her for the last month; and that kind of thing, in England, is supposed to mean something. Hasn't he spoken of her when you have seen him?"

"No; he has only talked about the new treatment of spinal meningitis. He is very much interested in spinal meningitis."

"I wonder if he talks about it to Lady Barb," said Mrs. Freer.

"Who is she, anyway?" the young man inquired.

"Lady Barberina Clement."

"And who is Lady Barberina Clement?"

"The daughter of Lord Canterville."

"And who is Lord Canterville?"

"Dexter must tell you that," said Mrs. Freer.

And Dexter accordingly told him that the Marquis of Canterville had been in his day a great sporting nobleman and an ornament to English society, and had held more than once a high post in her Majesty's household. Dexter Freer knew all these things,—how his lordship had married a daughter of Lord Treherne, a very serious, intelligent, and beautiful woman, who had redeemed him from the extravagance of his youth, and presented him in rapid succession with a dozen little tenants for the nurseries at Pasterns,—this being, as Mr. Freer also knew, the name of the principal seat of the Cantervilles. The Marquis was a Tory, but very liberal for a Tory, and very popular in society at large; good-natured, good-looking, knowing how to be genial, and yet to remain a *grand seigneur*, clever enough to make an occasional speech, and much associated with the fine old English pursuits, as well as with many of the new improvements,—the purification of the Turf, the opening of the museums on Sunday, the propagation of coffee-taverns, the latest ideas on sanitary reform. He disapproved of the extension of the suffrage, but he positively had drainage on the brain. It had been said of him at least once (and I think in print) that he was just the man to convey to the popular mind the impression that the British aristocracy is still a living force. He was not

very rich, unfortunately (for a man who had to exemplify such truths), and of his twelve children, no less than seven were daughters. Lady Barberina, Jackson Lemon's friend, was the second; the eldest had married Lord Beauchemin. Mr. Freer had caught quite the right pronunciation of this name; he called it Bitumen. Lady Lucretia had done very well, for her husband was rich, and she had brought him nothing to speak of; but it was hardly to be expected that the others would do as well. Happily the younger girls were still in the school-room; and before they had come up, Lady Canterville, who was a woman of resources, would have worked off the two that were out. It was Lady Agatha's first season; she was not so pretty as her sister, but she was thought to be cleverer. Half a dozen people had spoken to him of Jackson Lemon's being a great deal at the Cantervilles. He was supposed to be enormously rich.

"Well, so he is," said Sidney Feeder, who had listened to Mr. Freer's little recital with attention, with eagerness even, but with an air of imperfect apprehension.

"Yes, but not so rich as they probably think."

"Do they want his money? Is that what they're after?"

"You go straight to the point," Mrs. Freer murmured.

"I haven't the least idea," said her husband. "He is a very nice fellow in himself."

"Yes, but he's a doctor," Mrs. Freer remarked.

"What have they got against that?" asked Sidney Feeder.

"Why, over here, you know, they only call them in to prescribe," said Dexter Freer; "the profession isn't—a—what you'd call aristocratic."

"Well, I don't know it, and I don't know that I want to know it. How do you mean, aristocratic? What profession is? It would be rather a curious one. Many of the gentlemen at the congress there are quite charming."

"I like doctors very much," said Mrs. Freer; "my father was a doctor. But they don't marry the daughters of marquises."

"I don't believe Jackson wants to marry that one."

"Very possibly not—people are such asses," said Dexter Freer. "But he will have to decide. I wish you would find out, by the way; you can if you will."

"I will ask him—up at the congress; I can do that. I suppose he has got to marry some one," Sidney Feeder added, in a moment, "and she may be a nice girl."

"She is said to be charming."

"Very well, then; it won't hurt him. I

must say, however, I am not sure I like all that about her family."

"What I told you? It's all to their honor and glory."

"Are they quite on the square? It's like those people in Thackeray."

"Oh, if Thackeray could have done this!"

Mrs. Freer exclaimed, with a good deal of expression.

"You mean all this scene?" asked the young man.

"No; the marriage of a British noblewoman and an American doctor. It would have been a subject for Thackeray."

"You see you do want it, my dear," said Dexter Freer, quietly.

"I want it as a story, but I don't want it for Dr. Lemon."

"Does he call himself 'Doctor' still?" Mr. Freer asked of young Feeder.

"I suppose he does; I call him so. Of course he doesn't practice. But once a doctor, always a doctor."

"That's doctrine for Lady Barb!"

"Sidney Feeder stared. "Hasn't she got a title too? What would she expect him to be? President of the United States? He's a man of real ability; he might have stood at the head of his profession. When I think of that, I want to swear. What did his father want to go and make all that money for!"

"It must certainly be odd to them to see a 'medical man' with six or eight millions," Mr. Freer observed.

"They use the same term as the Choc-taws," said his wife.

"Why, some of their own physicians made immense fortunes," Sidney Feeder declared.

"Couldn't he be made a baronet by the Queen?" This suggestion came from Mrs. Freer.

"Yes, then he would be aristocratic," said the young man. "But I don't see why he should want to marry over here; it seems to me to be going out of his way. However, if he is happy, I don't care. I like him very much; he has got lots of ability. If it hadn't been for his father he would have made a splendid doctor. But, as I say, he takes a great interest in medical science, and I guess he means to promote it all he can—with his fortune. He will always be doing something in the way of research. He thinks we *do* know something, and he is bound we shall know more. I hope she won't prevent him, the young marchioness—is that her rank? And I hope they are really good people. He ought to be very useful. I should want to know a good deal about the family I was going to marry into."

"He looked to me, as he rode there, as if

he knew a good deal about the Clements," Dexter Freer said, rising, as his wife suggested that they ought to be going; "and he looked to me pleased with the knowledge. There they come, down on the other side. Will you walk away with us, or will you stay?"

"Stop him and ask him, and then come and tell us—in Jermyn street." This was Mrs. Freer's parting injunction to Sidney Feeder.

"He ought to come himself—tell him that," her husband added.

"Well, I guess I'll stay," said the young man, as his companions merged themselves in the crowd that now was tending toward the gates. He went and stood by the barrier, and saw Dr. Lemon and his friends pull up at the entrance to the Row, where they apparently prepared to separate. The separation took some time, and Sidney Feeder became interested. Lord Canterville and his younger daughter lingered to talk with two gentlemen, also mounted, who looked a good deal at the legs of Lady Agatha's horse. Jackson Lemon and Lady Barberina were face to face, very near each other; and she, leaning forward a little, stroked the overlapping neck of his glossy bay. At a distance he appeared to be talking, and she to be listening and saying nothing. "Oh, yes, he's making love to her," thought Sidney Feeder. Suddenly her father turned away to leave the Park, and she joined him and disappeared, while Dr. Lemon came up on the left again, as if for a final gallop. He had not gone far before he perceived his *confrère*, who awaited him at the rail; and he repeated the gesture which Lady Barberina had spoken of as a kissing of his hand, though it must be added that, to his friend's eyes, it had not quite that significance. When he reached the point where Feeder stood, he pulled up.

"If I had known you were coming here, I would have given you a mount," he said. There was not in his person that irradiation of wealth and distinction which made Lord Canterville glow like a picture; but as he sat there with his little legs stuck out, he looked very bright, and sharp, and happy, wearing in his degree the aspect of one of Fortune's favorites. He had a thin, keen, delicate face, a nose very carefully finished, a rapid eye, a trifle hard in expression, and a small mustache, a good deal cultivated. He was not striking, but he was very positive, and it was easy to see that he was full of purpose.

"How many horses have you got—about forty?" his compatriot inquired, in response to his greeting.

"About five hundred," said Jackson Lemon.

"Did you mount your friends—the three you were riding with?"

"Mount them? They have got the best horses in England."

"Did they sell you this one?" Sidney Feeder continued, in the same humorous strain.

"What do you think of him?" said his friend, not deigning to answer this question.

"He's an awful old screw; I wonder he can carry you."

"Where did you get your hat?" asked Dr. Lemon in return.

"I got it in New York. What's the matter with it?"

"It's very beautiful; I wish I had bought one like it."

"The head's the thing—not the hat. I don't mean yours, but mine. There is something very deep in your question; I must think it over."

"Don't—don't," said Jackson Lemon; "you will never get to the bottom of it. Are you having a good time?"

"A glorious time. Have you been up to-day?"

"Up among the doctors? No; I have had a lot of things to do."

"We had a very interesting discussion. I made a few remarks."

"You ought to have told me. What were they about?"

"About the intermarriage of races, from the point of view——" And Sidney Feeder paused a moment, occupied with the attempt to scratch the nose of his friend's horse.

"From the point of view of the progeny, I suppose?"

"Not at all; from the point of view of the old friends."

"Damn the old friends!" Dr. Lemon exclaimed, with jocular crudity.

"Is it true that you are going to marry a young marchioness?"

The face of the young man in the saddle became just a trifle rigid, and his firm eyes fixed themselves on Dr. Feeder.

"Who has told you that?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Freer whom I met just now."

"Mr. and Mrs. Freer be hanged! And who told them?"

"Ever so many people; I don't know who."

"Gad, how things are tattled!" cried Jackson Lemon, with some asperity.

"I can see it's true, by the way you say that."

"Do Freer and his wife believe it?" Jackson Lemon went on, impatiently.

"They want you to go and see them: you can judge for yourself."

"I will go and see them, and tell them to mind their business."

"In Jermyn street; but I forget the number. I am sorry the marchioness isn't American," Sidney Feeder continued.

"If I should marry her, she would be," said his friend. "But I don't see what difference it can make to you."

"Why, she'll look down on the profession; and I don't like that from your wife."

"That will touch me more than you."

"Then it *is* true?" cried Feeder, more seriously, looking up at his friend.

"She won't look down; I will answer for that."

"You won't care; you are out of it all now."

"No, I am not; I mean to do a great deal of work."

"I will believe that when I see it," said Sidney Feeder, who was by no means perfectly incredulous, but who thought it salutary to take that tone. "I am not sure that you have any right to work,—you oughtn't to have everything; you ought to leave the field to us. You must pay the penalty of being so rich. You would have been celebrated if you had continued to practice,—more celebrated than any one. But you won't be now,—you can't be. Some one else will be, in your place."

Jackson Lemon listened to this, but without meeting the eyes of the speaker; not, however, as if he were avoiding them, but as if the long stretch of the ride, now less and less obstructed, invited him, and made his companion's talk a little retarding. Nevertheless, he answered, deliberately and kindly enough:

"I hope it will be you;" and he bowed to a lady who rode past.

"Very likely it will. I hope I make you feel badly,—that's what I'm trying to do."

"Oh, awfully!" cried Jackson Lemon; "all the more that I am not in the least engaged."

"Well, that's good. Won't you come up to-morrow?" Dr. Feeder went on.

"I'll try, my dear fellow; I can't be sure. By by!"

"Oh, you're lost anyway!" cried Sidney Feeder, as the other started away.

II.

It was Lady Marmaduke, the wife of Sir Henry Marmaduke, who had introduced Jackson Lemon to Lady Beauchemin; after which Lady Beauchemin had made him acquainted with her mother and sisters. Lady Marmaduke was also transatlantic; she had been for her conjugal baronet the most permanent consequence of a tour in the United States.

At present, at the end of ten years, she knew her London as she had never known her New York, so that it had been easy for her to be, as she called herself, Jackson Lemon's social godmother. She had views with regard to his career, and these views fitted into a social scheme which, if our space permitted, I should be glad to lay before the reader in its magnitude. She wished to add an arch or two to the bridge on which she had effected her transit from America; and it was her belief that Jackson Lemon might furnish the materials. This bridge, as yet a somewhat sketchy and rickety structure, she saw (in the future) boldly stretching from one solid pillar to another. It would have to go both ways, for reciprocity was the keynote of Lady Marmaduke's plan. It was her belief that an ultimate fusion was inevitable, and that those who were the first to understand the situation would gain the most. The first time Jackson Lemon had dined with her, he met Lady Beauchemin, who was her intimate friend. Lady Beauchemin was remarkably gracious; she asked him to come and see her as if she really meant it. He presented himself, and in her drawing-room met her mother, who happened to be calling at the same moment. Lady Canterville, not less friendly than her daughter, invited him down to Pasterns for Easter week; and before a month had passed it seemed to him that, though he was not what he would have called intimate at any house in London, the door of the house of Clement opened to him pretty often. This was a considerable good fortune, for it always opened upon a charming picture. The inmates were a blooming and beautiful race, and their interior had an aspect of the ripest comfort. It was not the splendor of New York (as New York had lately began to appear to the young man), but a splendor in which there was an unpurchasable ingredient of age. He himself had a great deal of money, and money was good, even when it was new; but old money was the best. Even after he learned that Lord Canterville's fortune was more ancient than abundant, it was still the mellowness of the golden element that struck him. It was Lady Beauchemin who had told him that her father was not rich; having told him, besides this, many surprising things,—things that were surprising in themselves, or surprising on her lips. This struck him afresh later that evening—the day he met Sidney Feeder in the Park. He dined out in the company of Lady Beauchemin, and afterward, as she was alone,—her husband had gone down to listen to a debate,—she offered to "take him on." She was going to several places, and he must be going to some of them. They compared notes; and it was settled that they

should proceed together to the Trumpington's, whither, also, it appeared at eleven o'clock that all the world was going, the approach to the house being choked for half a mile with carriages. It was a close, muggy night; Lady Beauchemin's chariot, in its place in the rank, stood still for long periods. In his corner beside her, through the open window, Jackson Lemon, rather hot, rather oppressed, looked out on the moist, greasy pavement, over which was flung, a considerable distance up and down, the flare of a public-house. Lady Beauchemin, however, was not impatient, for she had a purpose in her mind, and now she could say what she wished.

"Do you really love her?" That was the first thing she said.

"Well, I guess so," Jackson Lemon answered, as if he did not recognize the obligation to be serious.

Lady Beauchemin looked at him a moment in silence; he felt her gaze, and turning his eyes, saw her face, partly shadowed, with the aid of a street-lamp. She was not so pretty as Lady Barberina; her countenance had a certain sharpness; her hair, very light in color and wonderfully frizzled, almost covered her eyes, the expression of which, however, together with that of her pointed nose, and the glitter of several diamonds, emerged from the gloom.

"You don't seem to know. I never saw a man in such an odd state," she presently remarked.

"You push me a little too much; I must have time to think of it," the young man went on. "You know in my country they allow us plenty of time."

He had several little oddities of expression, of which he was perfectly conscious, and which he found convenient, for they protected him in a society in which a lonely American was rather exposed; they gave him the advantage which corresponded with certain drawbacks. He had very few natural Americanisms, but the occasional use of one, discreetly chosen, made him appear simpler than he really was, and he had his reasons for wishing this result. He was not simple; he was subtle, circumspect, shrewd, and perfectly aware that he might make mistakes. There was a danger of his making a mistake at present,—a mistake which would be immensely grave. He was determined only to succeed. It is true that for a great success he would take a certain risk; but the risk was to be considered, and he gained time while he multiplied his guesses and talked about his country.

"You may take ten years if you like," said Lady Beauchemin. "I am in no hurry whatever to make you my brother-in-law. Only

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you must remember that you spoke to me first."

"What did I say?"

"You told me that Barberina was the finest girl you had seen in England."

"Oh, I am willing to stand by that; I like her type."

"I should think you might!"

"I like her very much—with all her peculiarities."

"What do you mean by her peculiarities?"

"Well, she has some peculiar ideas," said Jackson Lemon, in a tone of the sweetest reasonableness; "and she has a peculiar way of speaking."

"Ah, you can't expect us to speak as well as you!" cried Lady Beauchemin.

"I don't know why not; you do some things much better."

"We have our own ways, at any rate, and we think them the best in the world. One of them is not to let a gentleman devote himself to a girl for three or four months without some sense of responsibility. If you don't wish to marry my sister, you ought to go away."

"I ought never to have come," said Jackson Lemon.

"I can scarcely agree to that; for I should have lost the pleasure of knowing you."

"It would have spared you this duty, which you dislike very much."

"Asking you about your intentions? I don't dislike it at all; it amuses me extremely."

"Should you like your sister to marry me?" asked Jackson Lemon, with great simplicity.

If he expected to take Lady Beauchemin by surprise he was disappointed; for she was perfectly prepared to commit herself.

"I should like it very much. I think English and American society ought to be but one—I mean the best of each—a great whole."

"Will you allow me to ask whether Lady Marmaduke suggested that to you?"

"We have often talked of it."

"Oh, yes, that's her aim."

"Well, it's my aim, too. I think there's a great deal to be done."

"And you would like me to do it?"

"To begin it, precisely. Don't you think we ought to see more of each other—I mean the best in each country?"

Jackson Lemon was silent a moment. "I am afraid I haven't any general ideas. If I should marry an English girl, it wouldn't be for the good of the species."

"Well, we want to be mixed a little; that I am sure of," Lady Beauchemin said.

"You certainly got that from Lady Marmaduke."

"It's too tiresome, your not consenting to be serious! But my father will make you so," Lady Beauchemin went on. "I may as well let you know that he intends in a day or two to ask you your intentions. That's all I wished to say to you. I think you ought to be prepared."

"I am much obliged to you; Lord Canterville will do quite right."

There was, to Lady Beauchemin, something really unfathomable in this little American doctor, whom she had taken up on grounds of large policy, and who, though he was assumed to have sunk the medical character, was neither handsome nor distinguished, but only immensely rich and quite original, for he was not insignificant. It was unfathomable, to begin with, that a medical man should be so rich, or that so rich a man should be a doctor; it was, even to an eye which was always gratified by suitability, rather irritating. Jackson Lemon himself could have explained it better than any one else, but this was an explanation that one could scarcely ask for. There were other things; his cool acceptance of certain situations; his general indisposition to explain; his way of taking refuge in jokes, which at times had not even the merit of being American; his way, too, of appearing to be a suitor without being an aspirant. Lady Beauchemin, however, was, like Jackson Lemon, prepared to run a certain risk. His reserves made him slippery; but that was only when one pressed. She flattered herself that she could handle people lightly. "My father will be sure to act with perfect tact," she said; "of course, if you shouldn't care to be questioned, you can go out of town."

She had the air of really wishing to make everything easy for him.

"I don't want to go out of town; I am enjoying it far too much here," her companion answered. "And wouldn't your father have a right to ask me what I meant by that?"

Lady Beauchemin hesitated; she was slightly perplexed. But in a moment she exclaimed: "He is incapable of saying anything vulgar!"

She had not really answered his inquiry, and he was conscious of that; but he was quite ready to say to her, a little later, as he guided her steps from the brougham to the strip of carpet which, between a somewhat rickety border of striped cloth and a double row of waiting footmen, policemen, and dingy amateurs of both sexes, stretched from the curbstone to the portal of the Trumpingtons:

"Of course I shall not wait for Lord Canterville to speak to me."

He had been expecting some such announcement as this from Lady Beauchemin, and he judged that her father would do no

more than his duty. He knew that he ought to be prepared with an answer to Lord Canterville, and he wondered at himself for not yet having come to the point. Sidney Feeder's question in the Park had made him feel rather pointless; it was the first allusion that had been made to his possible marriage, except on the part of Lady Beauchemin. None of his own people were in London; he was perfectly independent, and even if his mother had been within reach he could not have consulted her on the subject. He loved her dearly, better than any one; but she was not a woman to consult, for she approved of whatever he did: it was her standard. He was careful not to be too serious when he talked with Lady Beauchemin; but he was very serious indeed as he thought over the matter within himself, which he did even among the diversions of the next half hour, while he squeezed obliquely and slowly through the crush in Mrs. Trumpington's drawing-room. At the end of the half hour he came away, and at the door he found Lady Beauchemin, from whom he had separated on entering the house, and who, this time with a companion of her own sex, was awaiting her carriage and still "going on." He gave her his arm into the street, and as she stepped into the vehicle she repeated that she wished he would go out of town for a few days.

"Who, then, would tell me what to do?" he asked, for answer, looking at her through the window.

She might tell him what to do, but he felt free, all the same; and he was determined this should continue. To prove it to himself he jumped into a hansom and drove back to Brook street to his hotel, instead of proceeding to a bright-windowed house in Portland Place, where he knew that after midnight he should find Lady Canterville and her daughters. There had been a reference to the subject between Lady Barberina and himself during their ride, and she would probably expect him; but it made him taste his liberty not to go, and he liked to taste his liberty. He was aware that to taste it to perfection he ought to go to bed; but he did not go to bed, he did not even take off his hat. He walked up and down his sitting-room, with his head surmounted by this ornament, a good deal tipped back, and his hands in his pockets. There were a good many cards stuck into the frame of the mirror over his chimney-piece, and every time he passed the place he seemed to see what was written on one of them,—the name of the mistress of the house in Portland Place, his own name, and, in the lower left-hand corner, the words: "A small Dance." Of course, now, he must

make up his mind; he would make it up the next day: that was what he said to himself as he walked up and down; and according to his decision he would speak to Lord Canterville, or he would take the night-express to Paris. It was better, meanwhile, that he should not see Lady Barberina. It was vivid to him, as he paused occasionally, looking vaguely at that card in the chimney-glass, that he had come pretty far; and he had come so far because he was under the charm,—yes, he was in love with Lady Barb. There was no doubt, whatever, of that; he had a faculty for diagnosis, and he knew perfectly well what was the matter with him. He wasted no time in musing upon the mystery of this passion, in wondering whether he might not have escaped it by a little vigilance at first, or whether it would die out if he should go away. He accepted it frankly, for the sake of the pleasure it gave him,—the girl was the delight of his eyes,—and confined himself to considering whether such a marriage would square with his general situation. This would not at all necessarily follow from the fact that he was in love; too many other things would come in between. The most important of these was the change, not only of the geographical, but of the social, standpoint for his wife, and a certain readjustment that it would involve in his own relation to things. He was not inclined to re-adjustments, and there was no reason why he should be; his own position was in most respects so advantageous. But the girl tempted him almost irresistibly, satisfying his imagination both as a lover and as a student of the human organism; she was so blooming, so complete, of a type so rarely encountered in that degree of perfection. Jackson Lemon was not an Anglo-maniac, but he admired the physical conditions of the English,—their complexion, their temperament, their tissue; and Lady Barberina struck him in flexible, virginal form, as a wonderful compendium of these elements. There was something simple and robust in her beauty; it had the quietness of an old Greek statue, without the vulgarity of the modern simper or of contemporary prettiness. Her head was antique; and though her conversation was quite of the present period, Jackson Lemon had said to himself that there was sure to be in her soul a certain primitive sincerity which would match with the outline of her brow. He saw her as she might be in the future, the beautiful mother of beautiful children, in whom the look of race should be conspicuous. He should like his children to have the look of race, and he was not unaware that he must take his precautions accordingly. A

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great many people had it in England; and it was a pleasure to him to see it, especially as no one had it so unmistakably as the second daughter of Lord Canterville. It would be a great luxury to call such a woman one's own; nothing could be more evident than that, because it made no difference that she was not strikingly clever. Striking cleverness was not a part of harmonious form and the English complexion; it was associated with the modern simper, which was a result of modern nerves. If Jackson Lemon had wanted a nervous wife, of course he could have found her at home; but this tall, fair girl, whose character, like her figure, appeared mainly to have been formed by riding across country, was differently put together. All the same, would it suit his book, as they said in London, to marry her and transport her to New York? He came back to this question; came back to it with a persistency which, had she been admitted to a view of it, would have tried the patience of Lady Beauchemin. She had been irritated, more than once, at his appearing to attach himself so exclusively to this horn of the dilemma,—as if it could possibly fail to be a good thing for a little American doctor to marry the daughter of an English peer. It would have been more becoming, in her ladyship's eyes, that he should take that for granted a little more, and the consent of her ladyship's—of their ladyships'—family a little less. They looked at the matter so differently! Jackson Lemon was conscious that if he should marry Lady Barberina Clement, it would be because it suited him, and not because it suited his possible sisters-in-law. He believed that he acted in all things by his own will,—an organ for which he had the highest respect.

It would have seemed, however, that on this occasion it was not working very regularly, for though he had come home to go to bed, the stroke of half-past twelve saw him jump, not into his couch, but into a hansom which the whistle of the porter had summoned to the door of his hotel, and in which he rattled off to Portland Place. Here he found—in a very large house—an assembly of three hundred people, and a band of music concealed in a bower of azaleas. Lady Canterville had not arrived; he wandered through the rooms and assured himself of that. He also discovered a very good conservatory, where there were banks and pyramids of azaleas. He watched the top of the staircase, but it was a long time before he saw what he was looking for, and his impatience at last was extreme. The reward, however, when it came, was all that he could have desired. It was a little smile from Lady Barberina,

who stood behind her mother while the latter extended her finger-tips to the hostess. The entrance of this charming woman, with her beautiful daughters—always a noticeable incident—was effected with a certain brilliancy, and just now it was agreeable to Jackson Lemon to think that it concerned him more than any one else in the house. Tall, dazzling, indifferent, looking about her as if she saw very little, Lady Barberina was certainly a figure round which a young man's fancy might revolve. She was very quiet and simple, had little manner and little movement; but her detachment was not a vulgar art. She appeared to efface herself, to wait till, in the natural course, she should be attended to; and in this there was evidently no exaggeration, for she was too proud not to have perfect confidence. Her sister, smaller, slighter, with a little surprised smile, which seemed to say that, in her extreme innocence, she was yet prepared for anything, having heard, indirectly, such extraordinary things about society, was much more impatient and more expressive, and projected across a threshold the pretty radiance of her eyes and teeth before her mother's name was announced. Lady Canterville was thought by many persons to be very superior to her daughters; she had kept even more beauty than she had given them; and it was a beauty which had been called intellectual. She had extraordinary sweetness, without any definite professions; her manner was mild almost to tenderness; there was even a kind of pity in it. Moreover, her features were perfect, and nothing could be more gently gracious than a way she had of speaking, or rather of listening to people, with her head inclined a little to one side. Jackson Lemon liked her very much, and she had certainly been most kind to him. He approached Lady Barberina as soon as he could do so without an appearance of precipitation, and said to her that he hoped very much she would not dance. He was a master of the art which flourishes in New York above every other, and he had guided her through a dozen waltzes with a skill which, as she felt, left absolutely nothing to be desired. But dancing was not his business to-night. She smiled a little at the expression of his hope.

"That is what mamma has brought us here for," she said; "she doesn't like it if we don't dance."

"How does she know whether she likes it or not? You have always danced."

"Once I didn't," said Lady Barberina.

He told her that, at any rate, he would settle it with her mother, and persuaded her to wander with him into the conservatory, where there were colored lights suspended among

the plants, and a vault of verdure overhead. In comparison with the other rooms, the conservatory was dusky and remote. But they were not alone; half a dozen other couples were in possession. The gloom was rosy with the slopes of azalea, and suffused with mitigated music, which made it possible to talk without consideration of one's neighbors. Nevertheless, though it was only on looking back on the scene later that Lady Barberina perceived this, these dispersed couples were talking very softly. She did not look at them; it seemed to her that, virtually, she was alone with Jackson Lemon. She said something about the flowers, about the fragrance of the air; for all answer to which he asked her, as he stood there before her, a question by which she might have been exceedingly startled.

"How do people who marry in England ever know each other before marriage? They have no chance."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Lady Barberina; "I never was married."

"It's very different in my country. There a man may see much of a girl; he may come and see her, he may be constantly alone with her. I wish you allowed that over here."

Lady Barberina suddenly examined the less ornamental side of her fan, as if it had never occurred to her before to look at it. "It must be so very odd, America," she murmured at last.

"Well, I guess in that matter we are right; over here it's a leap in the dark."

"I'm sure I don't know," said the girl. She had folded her fan; she stretched out her arm mechanically, and plucked a sprig of azalea.

"I guess it doesn't signify, after all," Jackson Lemon remarked. "They say that love is blind at the best." His keen young face was bent upon hers; his thumbs were in the pockets of his trousers; he smiled a little, showing his fine teeth. She said nothing, but only pulled her azalea to pieces. She was usually so quiet that this small movement looked restless.

"This is the first time I have seen you in the least without a lot of people," he went on.

"Yes, it's very tiresome," she said.

"I have been sick of it; I didn't want to come here to-night."

She had not met his eyes, though she knew they were seeking her own. But now she looked at him a moment. She had never objected to his appearance, and in this respect she had no repugnance to overcome. She liked a man to be tall and handsome, and Jackson Lemon was neither; but when she was sixteen, and as tall herself as she was to be at twenty, she had been in love (for three

weeks) with one of her cousins, a little fellow in the Hussars, who was shorter even than the American, shorter, consequently than herself. This proved that distinction might be independent of stature—not that she ever reasoned it out. Jackson Lemon's facial spareness, his bright little eye, which seemed always to be measuring things, struck her as original, and she thought them very cutting, which would do very well for a husband of hers. As she made this reflection, of course it never occurred to her that she herself might be cut; she was not a sacrificial lamb. She perceived that his features expressed a mind—a mind that would be rather superior. She would never have taken him for a doctor; though, indeed, when all was said, that was very negative, and didn't account for the way he imposed himself.

"Why, then, did you come?" she asked, in answer to his last speech.

"Because it seems to me after all better to see you in this way than not to see you at all; I want to know you better."

"I don't think I ought to stay here," said Lady Barberina, looking round her.

"Don't go till I have told you I love you," murmured the young man.

She made no exclamation, indulged in no start; he could not see even that she changed color. She took his request with a noble simplicity, with her head erect and her eyes lowered.

"I don't think you have a right to tell me that."

"Why not?" Jackson Lemon demanded.

"I wish to claim the right; I wish you to give it to me."

"I can't—I don't know you. You have said it yourself."

"Can't you have a little faith? That will help us to know each other better. It's disgusting, the want of opportunity; even at Pasterns I could scarcely get a walk with you. But I have the greatest faith in you. I feel that I love you, and I couldn't do more than that at the end of six months. I love your beauty—I love you from head to foot. Don't move, please don't move." He lowered his tone; but it went straight to her ear, and it must be believed that it had a certain eloquence. For himself, after he had heard himself say these words, all his being was in a glow. It was a luxury to speak to her of her beauty; it brought him nearer to her than he had ever been. But the color had come into her face, and it seemed to remind him that her beauty was not all. "Everything about you is sweet and noble," he went on; "everything is dear to me. I am sure you are good. I don't know what you think of me; I

asked Lady Beauchemin to tell me, and she told me to judge for myself. Well, then, I judge you like me. Haven't I a right to assume that till the contrary is proved? May I speak to your father? That's what I want to know, I have been waiting; but now what should I wait for longer? I want to be able to tell him that you have given me some hope. I suppose I ought to speak to him first. I meant to, to-morrow, but meanwhile, to-night, I thought I would just put this in. In my country it wouldn't matter particularly. You must see all that over there for yourself. If you should tell me not to speak to your father, I wouldn't. I would wait. But I like better to ask your leave to speak to him than to ask him to speak to you."

His voice had sunk almost to a whisper; but, though it trembled, his emotion gave it peculiar intensity. He had the same attitude, his thumbs in his trousers, his attentive head, his smile, which was a matter of course; no one would have imagined what he was saying. She had listened without moving and at the end she raised her eyes. They rested on his a moment, and he remembered, a good while later, the look which passed her lids.

"You may say anything that you please to my father, but I don't wish to hear any more. You have said too much, considering how little idea you have given me before."

"I was watching you," said Jackson Lemon.

Lady Barberina held her head higher, looking straight at him. Then, quite seriously, "I don't like to be watched," she remarked.

"You shouldn't be so beautiful, then. Wont you give me a word of hope?" he added.

"I have never supposed I should marry a foreigner," said Lady Barberina.

"Do you call me a foreigner?"

"I think your ideas are very different, and your country is different; you have told me so yourself."

"I should like to show it to you; I would make you like it."

"I am not sure what you would make me do," said Lady Barberina, very honestly.

"Nothing that you don't want."

"I am sure you would try," she declared, with a smile.

"Well," said Jackson Lemon, "after all, I am trying now."

To this she simply replied she must go to her mother, and he was obliged to lead her out of the conservatory. Lady Canterville was not immediately found, so that he had

time to murmur as they went, "Now that I have spoken, I am very happy."

"Perhaps you are happy too soon," said the girl.

"Ah, don't say that, Lady Barb."

"Of course I must think of it."

"Of course you must!" said Jackson Lemon; "I will speak to your father to-morrow."

"I can't fancy what he will say."

"How can he dislike me?" the young man asked, in a tone which Lady Beauchemin, if she had heard him, would have been forced to attribute to his general affectation of the jocose. What Lady Beauchemin's sister thought of it is not recorded; but there is perhaps a clew to her opinion in the answer she made him after a moment's silence:

"Really, you know, you *are* a foreigner!"

With this she turned her back upon him, for she was already in her mother's hands. Jackson Lemon said a few words to Lady Canterville; they were chiefly about its being very hot. She gave him her vague, sweet attention, as if he were saying something ingenious, of which she missed the point. He could see that she was thinking of the doings of her daughter Agatha, whose attitude toward the contemporary young man was wanting in the perception of differences,—a madness without method; she was evidently not occupied with Lady Barberina, who was more to be trusted. This young woman never met her suitor's eyes again; she let her own rest, rather ostentatiously, upon other objects. At last he was going away without a glance from her. Lady Canterville had asked him to come to lunch on the morrow, and he had said he would do so if she would promise him he should see his lordship.

"I can't pay you another visit until I have had some talk with him," he said.

"I don't see why not; but if I speak to him, I dare say he will be at home," she answered.

"It will be worth his while!"

Jackson Lemon left the house reflecting that as he had never proposed to a girl before, he could not be expected to know how women demean themselves in this emergency. He had heard, indeed, that Lady Barb. had had no end of offers; and though he thought it probable that the number was exaggerated, as it always is, it was to be supposed that her way of appearing suddenly to have dropped him was but the usual behavior for the occasion.

THE METOPES OF THE PARTHENON.

AND THE LAPITH HEAD IN THE LOUVRE.

THE transition from the round lines of the columns of a Doric temple (see figure), in the shaft and in the echinus of the capital, to the straight lines of the entablature surmounting the pillars, is made by means of a square slab called the abacus (πλίνθος). This abacus seems placed between the weight-sustaining echinus and the heavy mass of the roofing as a kind of intermediate body to relieve the strain upon both main divisions, as it binds together the two systems of lines. Over the capital and the abacus, reaching from pillar to pillar, are oblong blocks of stone which constitute the architrave (ἐπιστύλιον). The architrave is surmounted by the frieze and the frieze by the projecting cornice (γείσον). This cornice is surmounted by a triangular space inclosed by another cornice, and the gable thus formed is the pediment (ἄντρος). The recess created by the inclosing triangular cornice has a wall at the back (τύμπανον, tympanum) which is filled with a group of statues.

In the Ionic and Corinthian orders the frieze forms one continuous band with an uninterrupted ornamentation. In the Doric order the frieze is called τρίγλυφον, because it is subdivided by means of small projecting rectangular pieces (higher than they are broad), one above and one between each two pillars. These projections are subdivided into three parts by means of two grooves cut into the surface, and hence they are called triglyphs (τρίγλυφος). The square space intervening between each two triglyphs is called the metope (μετόπη, metopa). Originally this space between the triglyphs was left open and served as a window; but subsequently it was closed with a marble slab, which was decorated with painting or sculpture in relief.*

In the Parthenon† these metopes were of Pentelic marble, and were decorated with sculpture in high relief. There were ninety-two of them, separated from one another by triglyphs, and running round the whole of the temple, fourteen on either front, and



CORNER OF A DORIC TEMPLE. (PENROSE.)

thirty-two on either side. Each was 441 feet square, but the top contained a projecting seam of 0.45 foot, decorated with a bead ornament (αστράγαλος), which must be deducted from the space left for reliefs. The figures in the reliefs project from the background about ten inches. This projection is never exceeded, and was therefore probably prescribed by the thickness of the slabs. The relief was very bold, and frequently the figures stood forth freely from the ground, in part almost as if in the round. The heads are often finished quite as in the round; for instance, the torso of the southern metope xvi. (Michaelis) was only attached to the background at the shoulder; the torso from metope xiv. has the back entirely finished, thus showing that the whole upper part of the body stood forth freely. The light striking these compositions from all sides, there was no fear that the strong projections in the relief would produce

* The accompanying cut is taken, by kind permission, from Mr. Fergusson's recent work on the Parthenon. It is reduced from Penrose's "True Principles of Athenian Architecture," Plate I.

† See Michaelis, "Der Parthenon," p. 124 seq.

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disturbing shadows.* If in some instances the lower extremities of the figures, such as a foot, stood forth so boldly that the figure might appear to be floating in the air, this effect, as Michaelis has shown, would be counteracted by the fact that the metopes receded slightly more than the architrave below them, and so the feet, which otherwise would not be seen at all, appear to be standing on firm ground.

Though there are at present no traces of color to be found on these metopes, there can hardly be any doubt that originally the reliefs were supported by color. A committee appointed to examine this question in 1836 was unable at that time to come to any definite conclusion. Faraday admitted the possibility of color having been destroyed by the soap-suds in taking molds of the whole series of the Elgin marbles. Penrose believed in slight traces, though he leaves the whole very doubtful; while Beulé and the German sculptor Siegel, who, during a long residence in Athens, has examined numberless fragments found *in situ*, decidedly assert that they have seen distinct traces of color on the metopes. The frequent use of bronze accessories, as well as the flat and smooth blocking of the hair, especially of the Lapiths, without any ridges to indicate its texture, point to the use of color. There can hardly be a doubt that the ground of the relief was colored, and, as the triglyphs decidedly were blue, this ground was most probably dark red. The brightness of the light and the clearness of the atmosphere, while on the one hand calling for pronounced relief and for the support of color to render the designs visible in their distant position, on the other hand counteracted the excessive prominence of color.

The prescribed and limited space offered to the sculptor in the metopes called forth his skill in composing complete groups within each limited space. In many of the metopes this is most successfully accomplished. On the other hand, it has been recognized that the several metopes have a distinct relation among each other, and, though separated by the intervening triglyphs, form groups of larger compositions. These groups, as is generally the case in Greek temples, are again fixed and defined by the different sides of the temple; and so it is clear that on the east front the metopes represent scenes from the battle between the giants and gods, on the west the battle between Greeks and Amazons, and on the north and south the battle be-

tween the Lapiths and Centaurs. Within the compositions on the north and south (being the longer sides of the temple) are introduced two smaller compositions. The subject of that on the north has been made out to be the conquest of Troy, while that on the south is unexplained. With the exception of the metopes from the south side, representing the Kentaumachia, some of which are in perfect preservation, the metopes have suffered so much from the weather and the results of the destruction of the Parthenon in the time of Morosini (1687) and subsequently, that their interpretation and the study of their style become a difficult task.

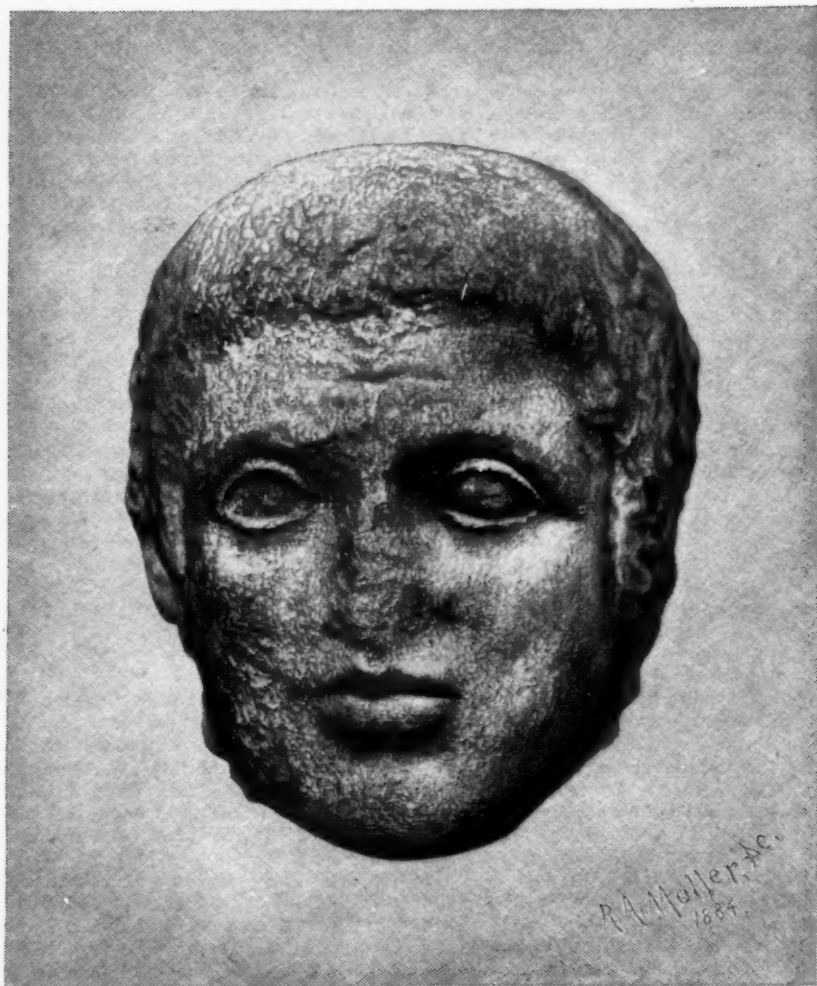
For purposes of the comparative study of style, however, the Centaur metopes present a most interesting series. It has been noticed† that these metopes vary considerably in their artistic conception and execution, and Michaelis has distinguished three noticeable stages: the first (IV., VIII., XXVI., XXX., XXXI.) are still slightly archaic and coarse in character and treatment; the second (VI., X., XXIX., XXXII.) are free from archaism, yet manifest a certain laxity of modeling and line, a wavering weakness of intention, which makes them a kind of neutral transition to the third (I., II., III., V., VII., IX., XII., XXVII., XXVIII.), which are among the finest specimens of high-relief sculpture in existence.

These discrepancies have been noticed by many, and attempts have been made to account for them.‡ Visconti and Quatremère de Quincy believe that various assistants executed the designs. Beulé points to the influence of the older Attic schools, and Brunn definitely shows how in the head of the Centaur in metope IV the Myronian type of heads, as in his Faun of the Lateran Museum, is evident, in contradistinction to the nobler character of the Centaur heads in metopes XXIX. and XXX.

The chief stress has been laid by these archaeologists upon the fact that the different assistants whom Pheidias had to employ belonged to the earlier schools, such as that of Kritios, Kalamis, and Myron, and were either too old and too strongly infused with the traditional style of their masters to adapt themselves to that of Pheidias, or had not yet been trained into a willing execution of their new master's design. But though this circumstance may well have had some influence in the execution, the fact remains, as Michaelis has pointed out, that there are also considerable differences with regard to the design and

* This would have been the case in the frieze. † See Michaelis, p. 127.

‡ Prof. Brunn is still at work at the metopes. Though I have no doubt that his researches will surpass in importance and excellence all other work on the same subject, I feel driven to exemplify at present by means of the metopes an hypothesis arising out of the study of the life and development of Pheidias.



MARBLE HEAD IN THE LOUVRE MUSEUM, RECENTLY IDENTIFIED AS HEAD OF LAPITH, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

composition of these groups, differences in the skill of adapting this composition to the prescribed space, and in the life and nobility given to the action. This, I believe, cannot be sufficiently accounted for by the difference of school in the work of the assistants. We must look rather to Pheidias himself, and ask whether it be not possible that the change in the works is concomitant with the development of the artist.

If we compare the character of the subjects represented in these metopes as a whole with the compositions in the pediments and the frieze, we must feel that, in contradistinction

to these, with their peaceful subjects and their noble rest and simplicity of treatment, the metopes depict warlike scenes in compositions full of violent activity. If we recall the subjects represented in the metopes, we find that there are scenes from the Gigantomachia, the Amazonomachia, the Kentauiromachia, and the siege of Troy. These mythological conquests were, from the earliest times down to the later periods of Greek art, the types illustrative of the superiority of the Greek races over the Barbarians, and are always used to commemorate more or less immediately the warlike spirit of the people or some signal

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victories. So it is in the metopes and frieze of the Theseion, the Parthenon, the temple of Apollo at Phigalia, the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, and the dedications of Attalos and Eumenes at Pergamon. We must furthermore bear in mind that the life and work of Pheidias have universally been divided into three periods, the first of which manifests the immediate influence of the heroic events of the Persian war, while the second period manifests this spirit merely in an indirect way, in that it gives a strong, elevated, and heroic tone to the artist's conception and treatment of the peaceful aspects of the flourishing life of culture at Athens. We must, finally, remember that, while the conception of Athene in the statue of the Athene Parthenos was that of the peaceful though powerful virgin, and that the pediments represent joyous incidents from the life of the Athenian patron goddess, and the frieze the great pomp and ceremony of her festival, the metopes are the expression in mythological form of the victorious power of the Greek race. Thus, from the character of the subject represented in the metopes, we must consider their conception more in keeping with the character of the Athene Promachos, the Athene Areia at Plataea, and the thirteen figures of Marathon at Delphi, than with the character of the work belonging to the second period.

So far the choice of the subject represented in these compositions points to the first period in the artistic development of Pheidias. The more detailed our examination of these compositions grows, the more do we become confirmed in this hypothesis. In execution these conceptions, though frequently instancing the dash and boldness of youth, are on the whole not possessed of the rest and monumentality which characterize the other works, and could not by themselves be taken as fully representative types of Pheidias art. The violent movements and attitudes of the struggling Centaurs and Lapiths would better suit the hand of a Myron than that of a Pheidias, and there can be no doubt that in the composition as well as in the type of the figures and the character of the modeling there are many instances in these metopes that remind us of the work of Myron, besides the striking coincidence between the head of the Centaur and that of the Lateran Faun to which Brunn has drawn attention.

Yet, as has been stated before, these metopes in themselves present an advance and a steady growth in freedom of composition and execution, and nobility of conception: they manifest to us the evident process of a striving for and a seeking after something which is ultimately attained. And this progress is

noticeable in all the different aspects of the art.

In metope XXIX. we feel that the artist has not yet gained the power to adapt his composition to the space in filling out the square, so that no blank flat surfaces shall remain. The attitudes are forced, and do not appear so natural as to make us forget the limits of space within which they are composed; the modeling of the surface is either harsh and rigid or vague and uncertain, while the types of the Centaurs, especially with regard to the heads, are exaggerated in the attempted indication of their brute nature. In others, however, the composition is so well adapted to the space, the square is so well filled with "unneutral" lines, and this unmechanical effect is so heightened by the natural flow of the attitudes and the grouping, that we are never allowed to feel that the artist had a limited space prescribed into which he was to fit his composition. The action, though vigorous, is so self-contained that when there is added to this a perfect flow of surface in the modeling, and a type of Centaur in which the brutal never merges into the grotesque, we feel that we have a work which in kind is intimately related to the pediments and the frieze.

When, in addition to the justifiable first hypothesis, we consider the growth in freedom of composition and nobility of conception together with the steady advance in the skill of the technical handling of the material within the several metopes, and when we bear in mind that, in keeping with the natural process in the construction of such a temple, the metopes would be the first executed of all the plastic decorations, we shall be driven to infer that in these works Pheidias went through his schooling in this sphere of his art, a phase in the development of an artist which even genius has to live through before its own fire can shed forth warmth or light—before it really is genius. The supreme serenity of the artistic creativeness of Pheidias was not infused into him in one moment of enlightened craving and of idle receptiveness; but he had to conquer his place as a hero of art, of which the claims lay dormant in his innate genius, by the steady struggle of work and experience, as the strong Herakles and the bold Theseus made themselves heroes only after struggling through a series of toilsome labors.

In the metopes of the Parthenon, Pheidias was subjected to that inestimable regulator of the development of genius, moderate compulsion; and it is here that we are most likely to find the turning-point from the growing artistic individuality to the fully formed and fixed originality of his creative power.



METOPÉ OF THE PARTHENON, SHOWING LAPITH AND CENTAUR, AS NOW EXHIBITED IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

We only become thoroughly possessed of our own originality when we have learnt and recognized the work and methods of others, and have opened ourselves to their influence. It is to the "storm and stress" period of his life, to the seeking for the means of expression that will fully convey the meaning that is within his artistic imagination, that the character of the metopes points. No wonder that there are Myronian elements in some of them; that their original conception is instinct with the warlike character of the preceding great events; that there is a steady growth toward perfection in their composition and execution; and that from rigidity, violence, and grotesqueness we pass through wavering and uncertainty into the freedom, moderation, and grace of the art which is shed over the pediments and the frieze. For these works mark

the very transition from the first to the second period, from the *Athene Promachos* to the *Athene Parthenos*; and it is the first attempt of the artist to fit his art and his inventiveness into a prescribed outer frame-work in the decorative sculpture of the Parthenon, the result of which is to bear fruit again in his works of pure sculpture such as the *Parthenos* and the *Zeus*.

THOUGH we have been dwelling upon the differences in the various metopes when compared with each other, the fact remains that the style of the metopes taken as a whole, in comparison with the style of a similar class of works by the other masters and schools, is marked and individual. The characteristics of conception and workmanship that remain, after the individual differences have been

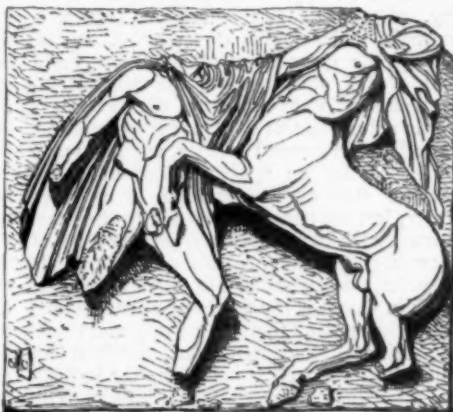
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subtracted from the whole list of their attributes, are of sufficient definiteness to enable an archæologist of ordinary training, and a natural predisposition to this class of observation, to recognize one of these metopes, or even an important fragment from them, when met with under surrounding conditions that would of themselves not have suggested the Parthenon. Such characteristics, presenting a varied scale of definiteness for purposes of identification, are:

(1) The quality of the marble (Pentelic). (2) The dimensions of the figures (two-thirds life-size). (3) High, bold relief, carved out of the block itself (on the frieze of the Erechtheion the relief of other marble was fixed to the background), with some peculiarities noted above. (4) The subject represented, so far as these subjects have been recognized in the composition of the Parthenon metopes, and, if the work to be interpreted is a fragment, so far as the figure of which it was a part is recognizable through it. (5) The conception of the subject represented, which, though bolder and fuller of action than known archaic representations, is still more severe than those that have come down to us in similar representations belonging to a period subsequent to the Peloponnesian war. (6) The modeling of the figures, which, though more marked, rigid, and angular than the flowing modeling of even the figures from the pediments and the frieze of the same temple, has none of the softness of the later Attic schools, and is less hard and strict than that of the figures of the Æginetan school, as in the Ægina pediments. In the later modeling of the metopes of the second class (as classed by Michaelis), we never meet with the flabby undefined character of the figures recently discovered at Olympia.* (7) The peculiar types of head, as in the three classes of Centaur heads, and the peculiar way in which the hair is indicated in the head and in the beard, the character of the mouth, cheek-bone, and eye (with prominent orbs and straight-cut eyelids), and the definite type of Lapith head. (8) The nature of the mechanical working of the surface (not polished as late marble), with traces of color, or indications of the past application of color, from the peculiar working of the marble, or rather from the *voluntary* omission of the indication of texture by means of modeling in some parts. (9) The nature of the corrosion, whether

partial or entire, especially if the work under consideration is a fragment. (10) The site upon which the work was found, if ascertainable.



THE METOPE BEFORE THE RECENT DISCOVERIES. (FROM MICHAELIS'S "DER PARTHENON.")

Now, it will be seen that within this list of characteristics some of the above heads are of less importance in identification than others. Such for instance is (1); for there are very many works of Pentelic marble. Others, such as (8), the traces of color, or indications of the past application of color, may not be present in a given specimen; but their presence would be an important addition to the identification. One of these characteristics alone is far from defining a given work as belonging to the Parthenon metopes; but the greater the number of them found in a given work, the greater grows the probability of its belonging to this class, until, if the work contains all these characteristics in a marked manner, we are forced to consider it as belonging to these metopes.

There are many reliefs, even high-reliefs, of Pentelic marble; not so many representing the battle between Greeks and Centaurs; still fewer in figures of these dimensions and still fewer metopes of Pentelic marble of exactly these dimensions forming part of a temple with certain proportions. But when we come to the peculiar conception and representation of these scenes, and the individual style of modeling and character of workmanship and an Attic *provenance*, we may step from the negative to the positive, and with all but

* Compare, for instance, the Centaur carrying off a struggling female figure in metope XXIX., with a very similar *motif* in the western pediment of Olympia (*Ausgrab.* II. 23, 24; Overbeck, *Plastik*, 3d ed. Fig. 90. M.N.). Not only are the lines that indicate the muscles of the Centaur vague and washed out in the Olympian figure as compared with the Parthenon metope, but this difference is especially marked in the drapery of the female figures as well as in the relation between the drapery and the nude.

mathematical certainty we assign such a work to the Parthenon metopes.

This process and method of enumeration of individual characteristics is really useful, and is to be applied for purposes of teaching, of archæological discipline (which is to make archæologists of students), and of testing the correctness of the more rapid and organic inferences of the original investigator. Discoveries, from their very synthetic nature, in this department of research, as well as in natural science, are not made by an immediate application of each systematic step of the method in a given order; but are generally brought to their first unsteady life by a rapid complex process of thought or conception, almost intuition, which, however, essentially differs from ordinary guesswork in that it is the fixed system of method which has passed through a living and thinking being, has saturated and modified his mind, and has itself gained from the individual mind life and organic applicability. This unsteady life at the birth of truth in discovery can be made vigorous and prolonged by the more analytical and sober application of the tests enumerated above, and not until then can it really be considered to be a discovery. An archæological investigator may at one glance consider a given work to belong to the Parthenon metopes, because one or more of the essential characteristics of these works have stood forth very pronouncedly in the work considered, or because the total effect of all these characteristics combined in the one work impressed themselves in their entirety upon his mind, which had been made appreciative for this effect through a previous study of each of these characteristics. However this may be, the investigator must test his inference by a detailed application of all the known attributes of the Parthenon metopes.

In the corridor leading to the *Cabinet des Bronzes* of the Louvre Museum at Paris, cases are placed against the wall which contain temporarily fragments of marbles, generally newly discovered or acquired. In passing through this corridor I was struck by a marble head (see page 34) placed at some height from the eye line, and feeling in the first instance that this was not a Roman but a Greek work, and moreover of the great period of Greek art, I stopped to study it more carefully, as well as its distant position would permit. The conviction soon forced itself upon me that here was a piece of Attic workmanship of the period corresponding to the earlier works of Pheidias and the works of the Theseion, and, though reserving the final verification for the time when it would be

possible to make a detailed examination and comparison with the metopes, I was morally convinced that this was the head of a Lapith belonging to one of the metopes of the Parthenon.

Moreover, from M. Héron de Villefosse of the Louvre Museum I ascertained that the head in question was acquired from a dealer in Vienna, who, again, had procured it at the Piræus, where it was said to have been found in the water.

When once the case was opened and I could examine the marble in my own hands at leisure, what before partook of the character of conjecture was turned to a firm conviction that I was right in my first supposition.

The head, of Pentelic marble, is 17 centimeters ($6\frac{3}{4}$ inches) in height by $12\frac{1}{2}$ centimeters (almost 5 inches) in width from temple to temple. The general character of the beardless head presents a mixture of firmness and roundness which is given to the heads of the Lapiths opposing the bearded and brutal Centaurs, as a type of the cultured Greek opposing the brute force of the barbarians. The treatment of the outline and of the flesh is compact and firm, without approaching the hardness of the heads of the Ægina marbles, the works of which school are spoken of by Quintilian as being *duriora et Tuscanicis proxima*. In the treatment of the features we find that the lines are firmly marked in a cruder and more abrupt manner than we notice in the heads of the frieze of the Parthenon, or than we should assume in the heads of the pediments, judging from the comparatively softer modeling of the extant bodies of the pedimental figures. This difference between the execution of the metopes and the other marbles decorating the Parthenon is not wholly to be referred to a prevalence in these metopes of the more severe and archaic treatment which points to the influence of the older Attic schools, of a Hegias or a Myron; but also to the fact that the smallness of the dimensions, coupled with the height at which the metopes were placed above the eye of the spectator, made it necessary for the sculptor to emphasize and harden his lines.

The hair of the extant heads of Lapiths from the metopes, as well as that of the head under consideration, runs in a regular clear-cut outline over the forehead, coming to a point in the center. The texture of the hair is not fully indicated by a grooved surface; but a comparatively smooth layer, like a close-fitting cap, seems drawn over the head. Color was no doubt called in to assist in producing the effect which would otherwise have been obtained by means of grooves cut into the

marble itself. The frontal bone projects strongly, as in the heads of the metopes, yet presents no rise and fall, but runs in one continuous curve from temple to temple. The expression of emotion in the heads of the Lapiths, though more advanced than in those among the Ægina marbles, is far less pronounced than in the heads of the Centaurs from the same metopes, whose passion, anger, and pain are most manifest in the distorted features.

It is a fact worthy of more general notice that, before the end of the fourth century, there is no trace of a monument of a higher god or of a Greek in which an indication of passion carries with it a contortion of features. With great freedom this is put into the faces of daemons, monsters, and barbarians. It is in these heads that the Greek sculptors practiced the expression of passionate emotion. In the time in which the general feeling for the more dramatic and pathetic forms of art was strongest, statues of fauns and satyrs, river-gods, Centaurs, giants, and other beings of a like kind are most frequent. Though these figures are, in the higher periods of Greek art, introduced into reliefs or larger decorative groups, it is not until later (after the close of the fourth century) that they are made the subjects of single statues. In these earlier friezes and pedimental groups they are the only figures invested with the expression of passion. We can almost trace, by means of extant monuments, how the definite artistic method of expressing violent emotion was transferred into the heads of human, heroic, and divine figures in later art from the forms which had previously and customarily been put into the heads of these creatures. We need merely mark as a noteworthy instance the history of the gradual growth and exaggeration of the frontal bone towards the center of the forehead. The later the monument of Centaur or river-gods, the more does the frontal bone protrude; and the more in later times passion is expressed or suggested in human or divine heads, the more does the sculptor transfer to them this characteristic feature from the daemons and barbarians, into whose heads it had been put in much earlier periods of art. Still, even in later art, the sculptor seems to have exercised a comparative restraint in expressing violent passion in the heads of gods and Greeks. From the Centaur battles of the metopes of the Parthenon down to the recently discovered frieze from the altar at Pergamon representing the Gigantomachia, the faces of the Greeks and of the gods are comparatively free from the distortions of passion, while their adversaries manifest all the signs of pain and anger: so strong was the feeling for form

with the Greeks, and so adverse were they to sacrificing harmonious lines in the representations of their own race and of their heroic and divine world.

The expression of emotion in the heads of the Lapiths is limited to parted or firmly closed lips and to the peculiar indication of a frown. In the Louvre head, as in the others, this frown is indicated by means of straight, simple lines worked into the brow and the forehead, probably by means of a file. In the Louvre head, as in the head of the fallen Lapith in metope xxx. (Michaelis), a simple horizontal line of this kind is cut along the middle of the forehead. One shorter and deeper line, again straight and simple, runs down between the brows above the bridge of the nose; while in the head of the Lapith in metope xxx., who has fallen below his adversary and is receiving a fatal blow from him, a stronger expression of emotion is brought out, in that he has two such perpendicular ridges.

The eyelid in the Louvre head and in those of the metopes is worked smoothly with one continuous curve. The chin is round and firm, yet has some appearance of pointedness through the deep curve worked into the space between the under-lip and the chin. The under-lip is full and round, much more so than in the Ægina marbles. Still the mouth is hard and somewhat conventional in the perfectly symmetrical curve of the line between the lips.

The right side of the head is much corroded, while the left is quite smooth in its surface. As in all similar monuments, this shows that the right was the weather side and that the left was protected. It is further evident that the left side was not meant to be seen; for it is not quite finished, the ear not being at all indicated on this side. In pedimental groups in which the inside of the figures in the round facing the tympanum is also not to be seen, this inner side, in the Pheidias period of art, is still quite finished. It is only from the limits of space in high relief that the inner side does not practically admit of complete finish. This head was thus evidently part of a high relief corresponding to that of the metopes of the Parthenon, in which the heads and limbs are generally completely undercut and stand out freely from the ground of the relief. This is still more evident from the fact that in the attempt to work away the marble from the ground of the relief, there must have been difficulty in properly getting at the inner side; and thus strokes of the chisel are noticeable running from the beginning of the hair at the left temple toward the back of the head, and others running from the back

of the head toward the left or inner side. At one point where these strokes from either side tend to meet, about at the boundary line between the back and the left side of the head, there is a rough elevation, a ridge, running from the top of the head to the neck. Evidently this was the part of the head nearest the ground of the relief, and the sculptor who had to work round from either side must have experienced the greatest difficulty in cutting this part away cleanly.

As many of the Lapiths in the Parthenon metopes have merely the heads broken away while the necks remain, I felt that it was highly probable that the very metope to which this head belonged might be found in the British Museum.

I had proceeded thus far in this investigation when the authorities of the Louvre Museum generously sent me a plaster cast taken from the original marble. Upon taking this cast to the British Museum, with the kind assistance of Mr. Newton, the metope to which it appeared to belong was soon found; and after placing the cast upon the neck, it was found that it fitted perfectly, each fractured projection of the one fitting into the depression of the other. So, for instance, while there remained a fragment of the neck on the outside of the head, there was no indication left upon the inside; this cavity however was found to correspond exactly to the curve produced by the rising left shoulder, caused by the upraised arm of the advancing Lapith. Finally, the rough ridge on the left side of the head, where the sculptor was not able to work freely with the chisel, was the point nearest the ground of the relief when the head was placed on the metope.

The illustration on page 36 is taken from the metope (vii. Mich., 6 in the *British Museum Guide*) in the British Museum upon which the cast from the Louvre has been placed, as well as the cast of a head of a Centaur at Athens, previously recognized as belonging to this metope. Even in its former imperfect condition this metope has been greatly admired. Mr. Newton says of it: "Even in its present mutilated state, this is, perhaps, the finest of all the metopes in the Museum. The action is most spirited, and the modeling very thorough and masterly."

With the head of the Lapith now supplied, and with the help of Carrey's drawing, from which we learn the action of the left arm of the Centaur, we are enabled to reconstruct the whole metope without the loss of any of the details.

The metope is thus one of the most complete, as it decidedly is, in many ways, the

finest. Its excellence consists chiefly in the way in which the dramatic situation is represented and the tension of the supreme moment is brought out. The Lapith has seized the Centaur by the throat with his left hand, while he is drawing back the right hand to give the fatal blow with the sword. The onset of the advancing Lapith causes the Centaur to rear in the attempt to free his throat with his left hand from the firm grasp of his enemy. The attitude of pressing forward on the part of the Lapith is most perfectly given, while the head looking up at the rearing Centaur adds much to the expression of this action. It is interesting to compare a photograph of the metope, as it was before the head was added, with the present plate. We can then realize how fatally the loss of any one part impairs the appearance of the work of a great artist, as we must also realize that a perfect work of art depends upon the organic treatment of the artist's crude material, the harmony and unity of all the parts of a work. There hardly exists any more bold and superb action than that of the Centaur rearing back in a last effort. The forelegs and hoofs do not remind one of hands, and still they seem more sensitive and fuller of designed purpose than the hoofs of a horse, as if the human body above the animal had modified their power and purpose while they retain their shape.

Finally, dramatic unity is given to this composition through the clear localization of a central point of interest. This is not conventionally placed in the actual center of the square metope, but in the right upper corner, at the neck of the Centaur. It is to this point (also the moral center of importance and interest) that all the movements of the figures and all the lines of the composition tend. It is also, physically, the point of balance to the figures as represented. For if we were to conceive this point suddenly to give way, both Centaur and Lapith would fall forward. It is the meeting of forces at this point that keeps both figures in the position in which the artist has represented them, as it is the grip upon the Centaur's throat that gives the Lapith the advantage in the struggle and is the efficient cause of the other's speedy destruction.

But the greatest artistic merit, and that which most fully marks the advance made by Pheidias in the metopes, and the result attained in the schooling period of the artist's career marked by these monuments, lies in the fact that all this life and action displayed with such freedom have been composed and executed within the limits of the prescribed square space of the metope. It is here that

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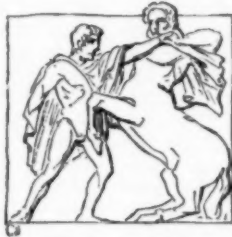
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the power of a great artist like Pheidias manifests itself; it is thus that he adapts himself to the physical conditions of the work to be produced, and makes us forget the difficulties with which he had to struggle, by means of the life which he puts into his figures and scenes, while adapting the form to the material at his disposal.

Charles Waldstein.

[The present article and Dr. Waldstein's paper of last December (on "The Frieze of the Parthenon") appear in *THE CENTURY* through the courtesy of the University of Cambridge, which will soon publish Dr. Waldstein's work on Pheidias.—EDITOR.]



THE METOPE AS SKETCHED BY CARREY IN 1674. (FROM MICHAELIS'S "DER PARTHENON.")

POWER AGAINST POWER.

WHERE spells were wrought he sat alone,
The wizard touching minds of men
Through far-swung avenues of power,
And proudly held the magic pen.

By the dark wall a white Shape gleams,
By morning's light a Shadow falls!
Is it a servant of his brain,
Or Power that to his power calls?

By morning's light the shadow looms,
And watches with relentless eyes;
In night-gloom holds the glimmering lamp,
While the pen ever slower flies.

By the dark wall it beckons still,
By evening light it darkly stays;
The wizard looks, and his great life
Thrills with the sense of finished days.

A Shape so ghost-like by the sun,
With smiles that chill as dusks descend!
The glancing wizard stern and pale,
Admits the presence of the End.

Health has forsaken, death is near,
The hand moves slower, eyes grow dim;
The End approaches, and the man
Dreams of no spell for quelling Him.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

THE SLAVE WOMAN.

SHEDDING cool drops upon the sun-baked clay,
The dripping jar, brimful, she rests a space
On the well's dry white brink, and leans her face,
Heavy with tears and many a heartsick day,
Down to the water's lip, whence slips away
A rivulet through the hot, bright square apace.
And lo! her brow casts off each servile trace—
The wave's cool breath hath won her thoughts astray.

Ah desolate heart! Thy fate thou hast forgot
One moment; the dull pain hath left those eyes
Whose yearning pierces time, and space, and tears.
Thou seest what was once, but now is not,—
By Niger thy bright home, thy Paradise,
Unscathed of flame, and foe, and hostile spears.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

BRITISH FERTILITY.

In crossing the Atlantic from the New World to the Old, one of the first intimations the traveler has that he is nearing a strange shore, and an old and populous one, is the greater boldness and familiarity of the swarms of clamorous sea-gulls that begin to hover in the wake of the ship, and dive and contend with each other for the fragments and parings thrown overboard from the pantry. They have at once a different air and manner from those we left behind. How bold and tireless they are, pursuing the vessel from dawn to dark, and coming almost near enough to take the food out of your hand as you lean over the bulwarks. It is a sign in the air; it tells the whole story of the hungry and populous countries you are approaching; it is swarming and omnivorous Europe come out to meet you. You are near the seamarge of a land teeming with life, a land where the prevailing forms are on the most copious and vehement scale; where the birds and animals are not only more numerous than at home, but more dominating and aggressive, more closely associated with man, contending with him for the fruits of the soil, learned in his ways, full of resources, prolific, tenacious of life, not easily checked or driven out,—in fact, characterized by greater persistence and fecundity. This fact is sure, sooner or later, to strike the American in Britain. There seems to be an aboriginal push and heat in animate nature there, to behold which is a new experience. It is the Old World, and yet it really seems the New in the virility and hardihood of its species.

The New Englander who sees with evil forebodings the rapid falling off of the birth-rate in his own land, the family rills shrinking in these later generations, like his native streams in summer, and who consequently fears for the perpetuity of the race, may see something to comfort him in the British islands. Behold the fecundity of the parent stock! The drought that has fallen upon the older parts of the New World does not seem to have affected the sources of being in these islands. They are apparently as copious and exhaustless as they were three centuries ago. Britain might well appropriate to herself the last half of Emerson's quatrain:

"No numbers have counted my tallies,
No tribes my house can fill;
I sit by the shining Fount of Life,
And pour the deluge still."

For it is literally a deluge: the land is inundated with humanity. Thirty millions of people within the area of one of our larger States, and who shall say that high-water mark is yet reached? Everything betokens a race still in its youth, still on the road to empire. The full-bloodedness, the large feet and hands, the prominent canine teeth, the stomachic and muscular robustness, the health of the women, the savage jealousy of personal rights, the swarms upon swarms of children and young people, the delight in the open air and in athletic sports, the love of danger and adventure, a certain morning freshness and youthfulness in their look, as if their food and sleep nourished them well, as well as a certain animality and stupidity,—all indicate a people who have not yet slackened speed or taken in sail. Neither the land nor the race shows any exhaustion. In both there is yet the freshness and fruitfulness of a new country. You would think the people had just come into possession of a virgin soil. There is a pioneer hardiness and fertility about them. Families increase as in our early frontier settlements. Let me quote a paragraph from Taine's "English Notes":

"An Englishman nearly always has many children, —the rich as well as the poor. The Queen has nine, and sets the example. Let us run over the families we are acquainted with: Lord — has six children; the Marquis of —, twelve; Sir W—, nine; Mr. S—, a judge, twenty-four, of whom twenty-two are living; several clergymen, five, six, and up to ten and twelve."

Thus is the census kept up and increased. The land, the towns and cities, are like hives in swarming time; a fertile queen indeed, and plenty of brood-comb! Were it not for the wildernesses of America, of Africa, and Australia, to which these swarms migrate, the people would suffocate and trample each other out. A Scotch or English city, compared with one of ours, is a kind of duplex or compound city; it has a duplicate interior—the interior of the closes and alleys, in which and out of which the people swarm like flies. Every country village has its closes, its streets between streets, where the humbler portion of the population is packed away. This back-door humanity streams forth to all parts of the world, and carries the national virtues with it. In walking through some of the older portions of Edinburgh, I was somehow reminded of colonies of cliff swallows I

had seen at home, packed beneath the eaves of a farmer's barn, every inch of space occupied, the tenements crowding and lapping over each other, the interstices filled, every coigne of vantage seized upon, the pendent beds and procreant cradles ranked one above another, and showing all manner of quaint and ingenious forms and adaptability to circumstances. In both London and Edinburgh there are streets beneath streets, or huge viaducts that carry one torrent of humanity above another torrent. They utilize the hills and depressions to make more surface room for their swarming myriads.

One day, in my walk through the Trosachs in the Highlands, I came upon a couple of ant-hills that arrested my attention. They were a type of the country. They were not large, scarcely larger than a peck measure; but never before had I seen ant-hills so populous and so lively. They were living masses of ants, while the ground for yards about literally rustled with their numbers. I knew ant-hills at home, and had noted them carefully, hills that would fill a cart-box; but they were like empty tenements compared with these, a fort garrisoned with a company instead of an army corps. These hills stood in thin woods by the roadside. From each of them radiated five main highways, like the spokes of a wheel. These highways were clearly defined to the eye, the grass and leaves being slightly beaten down. Along each one of them there was a double line of ants—one line going out for supplies and the other returning with booty—worms, flies, insects, a constant stream of game going into the capitol. If the ants, with any given worm or bug, got stuck, those passing out would turn and lend a helping hand. The ground between the main highways was being threaded in all directions by individual ants, beating up and down for game. The same was true of the surface all about the terminus of the roads, several yards distant. If I stood a few moments in one place, the ants would begin to climb up my shoes and so up my legs. Stamping them off seemed only to alarm and enrage the whole camp, so that I would presently be compelled to retreat. Seeing a big straddling beetle, I caught him and dropped him upon the nest. The ants attacked him as wolves might attack an elephant. They clung to his legs, they mounted his back, and assaulted him in front. As he rushed through and over their ranks down the side of the mound, those clinging to his legs were caught hold of by others, till lines of four or five ants were being jerked along by each of his six legs. The infuriated beetle cleared the mound and crawled

under leaves and sticks to sweep off his clinging enemies, and finally seemed to escape them by burying himself in the earth. Then I took one of those large, black, shellless snails with which this land abounds, a snail the size of my thumb, and dropped it upon the nest. The ants swarmed upon it at once, and began to sink their jaws into it. This woke the snail up to the true situation, and it showed itself not without resources against its enemies. Flee, like the beetle, it could not, but it bore an invisible armor; it began to secrete from every pore of its body a thick, whitish, viscid substance, that tied every ant that came in contact with it, hand and foot, in a twinkling. When a thick coating of this impromptu bird-lime had been exuded, the snail wriggled right and left a few times, partly sloughing it off, and thus engulfing hundreds of its antagonists. Never was army of ants or of men bound in such a Stygian quagmire before. New phalanxes rushed up and tried to scale the mass; most of them were mired like their fellows, but a few succeeded and gained the snail's back; then began the preparation of another avalanche of glue; the creature seemed to dwindle in size, and to nerve itself to the work; as fast as the ants reached him in any number he engulfed them; he poured the vials of his glutinous wrath upon them, till he had formed quite a rampart of cemented and helpless ants about him; fresh ones constantly coming up laid hold of the barricade with their jaws, and were often hung that way. I lingered half an hour or more to see the issue, but was finally compelled to come away before the closing scene. I presume the ants finally triumphed. The snail had nearly exhausted its ammunition; each new broadside took more and more time, and was less and less effective; while the ants had unlimited resources, and could make bridges of their sunken armies. But how they finally freed themselves and their mound of that viscid, sloughing monster, I should be glad to know.

But it was not these incidents that impressed me so much as the numbers and the animation of the ants, and their raiding, buccaneering propensities. When I came to London I could not help thinking of the ant-hill I had seen in the North. This, I said, is the biggest ant-hill yet. See the great steam highways, leading to all points of the compass; see the myriads swarming, jostling each other in the streets, and overflowing all the surrounding country. See the under-ground tunnels and galleries and the over-ground viaducts; see the activity and the supplies, the whole earth the hunting ground of these insects and rustling with their multitudinous stir. One

may be pardoned, in the presence of such an enormous aggregate of humanity as London shows, for thinking of insects. Men and women seem cheapened and belittled, as if the spawn of blow-flies had turned to human beings. How the throng stream on interminably, the streets like river-beds, full to their banks! One hardly notes the units,—he sees only the black tide. He loses himself, and becomes an insignificant ant with the rest. He is borne along through the galleries and passages to the under-ground railway, and is swept forward like a drop in the sea. I used to make frequent trips to the country, or seek out some empty nook in St. Paul's, to come to my senses. But it requires no ordinary effort to find one's self in St. Paul's, and in the country you must walk fast or London will overtake you. When I would think I had a stretch of road all to myself, a troop of London bicyclists would steal up behind me and suddenly file by like specters. The whole land is London-struck. You feel the suction of the huge city wherever you are. It draws like a cyclone; every current tends that way. It would seem as if cities and towns were constantly breaking from their moorings and drifting thitherward and joining themselves to it. On every side one finds smaller cities welded fast. It spreads like a malignant growth, that involves first one organ and then another. But it is not malignant. On the contrary, it is perhaps as normal and legitimate a city as there is on the globe. It is the proper outcome and expression of that fertile and bountiful land, and that hardy, multiplying race. It seems less the result of trade and commerce, and more the result of the domestic home-seeking and home-building instinct, than any other city I have yet seen. I felt, and yet feel, its attraction. It is such an aggregate of actual human dwellings that this feeling pervades the very air. All its vast and multiplex industries, and its traffic, seem domestic, like the chores about the household. I used to get glimpses of it from the north-west borders, from Hampstead Heath, and from about Highgate, lying there in the broad, gentle valley of the Thames, like an enormous country village—a village with nearly four million souls, where people find life sweet and wholesome, and keep a rustic freshness of look and sobriety of manner. See their vast parks and pleasure grounds; see the upper Thames, of a bright Sunday, alive with rowing parties; see them picnicking in all the country adjacent. Indeed, in summer a social and even festive air broods over the whole vast encampment. There is squalor and misery enough, of course, and too much, but this takes itself away to holes and corners.

II.

A FERTILE race, a fertile nature, swarms in these islands. The climate is a kind of prolonged May, and a vernal lustiness and raciness are characteristic of all the prevailing forms. Life is rank and full. There is plenty of sap, plenty of blood. The salt of the sea prickles in the veins; the spawning waters have imparted their virility to the land. 'Tis a tropical and an arctic nature combined, the fruitfulness of one and the activity of the other.

The culmination and embodiment of it all is in Shakspeare. He implies just such a teeming, racy, juicy land and people. He indeed smacks of the soil. He is rich in lime and phosphate, and in the humus of the heart—copious, fertile, healthful, mellow, unctuous, prolific. One sees in England, clearer than ever, that the moral and intellectual value or equivalent of this fertile island is in his pages.

The teeming human populations reflect only the general law: there is the same riot and prodigality of life in the lower types, the same push and hardness. It is the opinion of naturalists that the prevailing European forms are a later production than those of the southern hemisphere or of the United States, and hence according to Darwin's law should be more versatile and dominating. That this last fact holds good with regard to them, no competent observer can fail to see. When European plants and animals come into competition with American, the latter, for the most part, go to the wall, as do the natives in Australia. Or shall we say that the native species flee before the advent of civilization, the denuding the land of its forests, and the European species come in and take their place? Yet the fact remains, that that trait or tendency to persist in the face of obstacles, to hang on by tooth and nail, ready in new expedients, thriving where others starve, climbing where others fall, multiplying where others perish, like certain weeds, which if you check the seed will increase at the root, is more marked in the forms that have come to us from Europe than in the native inhabitants. Nearly everything that has come to this country from the Old World has come prepared to fight its way through and take possession. The European or Old World man, the Old World animals, the Old World grasses and grains, and weeds and vermin, are in possession of the land, and the native species have given way before them. The honey-bee, with its greed, its industry, and its swarms, is a fair type of the rest. The English house-sparrow, which we were at such pains to in-

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introduce, breeds like vermin and threatens to become a plague in the land. Nearly all our troublesome weeds are European. When a new species gets a foothold here, it spreads like fire. The European rats and mice would eat us up, were it not for the European cats we breed. The wolf not only keeps a foothold in old and populous countries like France and Germany, but in the former country has so increased of late years that the Government has offered an additional bounty upon their pelts. When has an American wolf been seen or heard in our comparatively sparsely settled Eastern or Middle States? They have disappeared as completely as the beavers. Yet it is probably true that, in a new country like ours, a tendency slowly develops itself among the wild creatures to return and repossess the land under the altered conditions. It is so with the plants and probably so with the animals. Thus, the chimney-swallows give up the hollow trees for the chimneys, the cliff swallows desert the cliffs for the eaves of the barns, the squirrels find they can live in and about the fields, etc. In my own locality, our native mice are becoming much more numerous about the buildings than formerly; in the older settled portions of the country, the flying squirrel often breeds in the houses; the wolf does not seem to let go in the West as readily as he did in the East; the black bear is coming back to parts of the country where it had not been seen for thirty years.

I noticed many traits among the British animals and birds that looked like the result both of the sharp competition going on among themselves in their crowded ranks and of association with man. Thus, the partridge not only covers her nest, but carefully arranges the grass about it so that no mark of her track to and fro can be seen. The field mouse lays up a store of grain in its den in the ground, and then stops up the entrance from within. The woodcock, when disturbed, flies away with one of her young snatched up between her legs, and returns for another and another. The sea-gulls devour the grain in the fields; the wild ducks feed upon the oats; the crows and jackdaws pull up the sprouts of the newly planted potatoes; the grouse, partridges, pigeons, fieldfares, etc., attack the turnips; the hawk frequently snatches the wounded game from under the gun of the sportsman; the crows perch upon the tops of the chimneys of the houses; in the east the stork builds upon the housetops, in the midst of cities; in Scotland the rats follow the birds and the Highlanders to the herring fisheries along the coast, and disperse with them when the season is over; the eagle

continues to breed in the mountains with the prize of a guinea upon every egg; the rabbits have to be kept down with nets and ferrets; the game birds—grouse, partridges, ducks, geese—continue to swarm in the face of the most inveterate race of sportsmen under the sun, and in a country where it is said the crows destroy more game than all the guns in the kingdom.

Many of the wild birds, when incubating, will allow themselves to be touched by the hand. The fox frequently passes the day under some covered drain or under some shelving bank near the farm buildings. The otter, which so long ago disappeared from our streams, still holds its own in Scotland, though trapped and shot on all occasions. A mother otter has been known boldly to confront a man carrying off her young.

Thomas Edward, the shoemaker naturalist of Aberdeen, relates many adventures he had during his nocturnal explorations with weasels, polecats, badgers, owls, rats, etc., in which these creatures showed astonishing boldness and audacity. On one occasion, a weasel actually attacked him; on another, a polecat made repeated attempts to take a moor hen from the breast pocket of his coat while he was trying to sleep. On still another occasion, while he was taking a nap, an owl robbed him of a mouse which he wished to take home alive, and which was tied by a string to his waistcoat. He says he has put his walking-stick into the mouth of a fox just roused from his lair, and the fox worried the stick and took it away with him. Once, in descending a precipice, he cornered two foxes upon a shelf of rock, when the brutes growled at him and showed their teeth threateningly. As he let himself down to kick them out of his way, they bolted up the precipice over his person. Along the Scottish coast, crows break open shell-fish by carrying them high in the air and letting them drop upon the rocks. This is about as thoughtful a proceeding as that of certain birds of South Africa, which fly amid the clouds of migrating locusts and clip off the wings of the insects with their sharp beaks, causing them to fall to the ground, where they are devoured at leisure. Among the Highlands, the eagles live upon hares and young lambs; when the shepherds kill the eagles, the hares increase so fast that they eat up all the grass, and the flocks still suffer.

The scenes along the coast of Scotland during the herring-fishing, as described by Charles St. John in his "Natural History and Sport in Moray," are characteristic. The herrings appear in innumerable shoals, and are pursued by tens of thousands of birds in the air, and by the hosts of their ene-

mies of the deep. Salmon and dog-fish prey upon them from beneath; gulls, gannets, cormorants, and solan-geese prey upon them from above; while the fishermen from a vast fleet of boats scoop them up by the million. The birds plunge and scream, the men shout and labor, the sea is covered with broken and wounded fish, the shore exhales the odor of the decaying offal, which also attracts the birds and the vermin; and, altogether, the scene is thoroughly European. Yet the her-ring supply does not fail; and when the shoals go into the lochs, the people say they contain two parts fish to one of water.

One of the most significant facts I observed while in England and Scotland was the number of eggs in the birds' nests. The first nest I saw, which was that of the meadow pipit, held six eggs; the second, which was that of the willow warbler, contained seven. Are these British birds then, I said, like the people, really more prolific than our own? Such is, undoubtedly, the fact. The nests I had observed were not exceptional; and when a boy told me he knew of a wren's nest with twenty-six eggs in it, I was half inclined to believe him. The common British wren, which is nearly identical with our winter wren, often does lay upward of twenty eggs, while ours lays from five to six. The long-tailed titmouse lays from ten to twelve eggs; the marsh tit from eight to ten; the great tit from six to nine; the blue-bonnet from six to eighteen; the wryneck often as many as ten; the nut-hatch, seven; the brown creeper, nine; the kinglet, eight; the robin, seven; the fly-catcher, eight; and so on; all or nearly all exceeding the number laid by corresponding species in this country. The highest number of eggs of the majority of our birds is five; some of the wrens and creepers and titmice occasionally produce six, or even more; but as a rule one sees only three or four eggs in the nests of our common birds. Our quail seem to produce more eggs than the European species, and our swift more.

Then this superabundance of eggs is protected by such warm and compact nests. The nest of the willow warbler, to which I have referred, is a kind of thatched cottage upholstered with feathers. It is placed upon the ground, and is dome-shaped, like that of our meadow mouse, the entrance being on the side. The chaffinch, the most abundant and universal of the British birds, builds a nest in the white thorn that is a marvel of compactness and neatness. It is made mainly of fine moss and wool. The nest of Jenny Wren, with its dozen or more of eggs, is too perfect for art, and too cunning for nature. Those I saw were placed amid the

roots of trees on a steep bank by the road-side. You behold a mass of fine green moss set in an irregular framework of roots, with a round hole in the middle of it. As far in as your finger can reach, it is exquisitely soft and delicately modeled. When removed from its place, it is a large mass of moss with the nest at the heart of it.

Then add to these things the comparative immunity from the many dangers that beset the nests of our birds,—dangers from squirrels, snakes, crows, owls, weasels, etc., and from violent storms and tempests,—and one can quickly see why the British birds so thrive and abound. There is a chaffinch for every tree, and a crow and a starling for every square rod of ground. I think there would be still more starlings if they could find places to build; but every available spot is occupied; every hole in a wall, or tower, or tree, or stump; every niche about the farm buildings; every throat of the grinning gargoyles about the old churches and cathedrals; every cranny in towers and steeples and castle parapet, and the mouth of every rain-spout and gutter in which they can find a lodgment.

The ruins of the old castles afford a harbor to many species, the most noticeable of which are sparrows, starlings, doves, and swallows. Rochester Castle, the main tower or citadel of which is yet in a good state of preservation, is one vast dove-cot. The woman in charge told me there were then about six hundred doves there. They whitened the air as they flew and circled about. From time to time they are killed off and sent to market. At sundown, after the doves had gone to roost, the swifts appeared, seeking out their crannies. For a few moments the air was dark with them.

Look also at the crows, or rooks as they are usually called. They follow the plowmen like chickens, picking up the grubs and worms; and chickens they are, sable farm fowls of a wider range. Young rooks are esteemed a great delicacy. The four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie, and set before the king, of the nursery rhyme, were very likely four-and-twenty young rooks. Rook-pie is a national dish, and it would seem as if the young birds are slaughtered in sufficient numbers to exterminate the species in a few years. But they have to be kept under, like the rabbits; inasmuch as they do not emigrate, like the people. I had heard vaguely that our British cousins eschewed all pie except crow-pie, but I did not fully realize the fact till I saw them shooting the young birds and shipping them to market. A rookery in one's grove or shade trees may

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be quite a source of profit. The young birds are killed just before they are able to fly, and when they first venture upon the outer rim of the nest or perch upon the near branches. I witnessed this chicken-killing in a rookery on the banks of the Doon. The ruins of an old castle crowned the height overgrown with forest trees. In these trees the crows nested, much after the fashion of our wild pigeons. A young man with a rifle was having a little sport by shooting the young crows for the gamekeeper. There appeared to be fewer than a hundred nests, and yet I was told that as many as thirty dozen young crows had been shot there that season. During the firing the parent birds circle high aloft, uttering their distressed cries. Apparently, no attempt is made to conceal the nests; they are placed far out upon the branches, several close together, showing as large dense masses of sticks and twigs. Year after year the young are killed, and yet the rookery is not abandoned, nor the old birds discouraged. It is to be added that this species is not the carrion crow, like ours. It picks up its subsistence about the fields, and is not considered an unclean bird.

What is true of the birds is true of the rabbits, and probably of the other smaller animals. The British rabbit breeds seven times a year, and usually produces eight young at a litter; while, so far as I have observed, the corresponding species in this country breeds not more than twice, producing from three to four young. The western gray rabbit (*Lepus silvaticus*) is said to produce three or four broods a year of four to six young. It is calculated that in England a pair of rabbits will, in the course of four years, multiply to one million two hundred and fifty thousand. If unchecked for one season, this game would eat the farmers up. In the parks of the Duke of Hamilton, the rabbits were so numerous that I think one might have fired a gun at random with his eyes closed and knocked them over. They scampered right and left as I advanced, like leaves blown by the wind. Their cotton tails twinkled thicker than fireflies in our summer night. In the Highlands, where there were cultivated lands, and in various other parts of England and Scotland that I visited, they were more abundant than chipmunks in our beechen woods. The revenue derived from the sale of the ground game on some estates is an important item. The rabbits are slaughtered in untold numbers throughout the island. They shoot them, and hunt them with ferrets, and catch them in nets and gins and snares, and they are the principal game of the poacher, and yet the land is alive with them. Thirty million skins

are used up annually in Great Britain, besides several million hare skins. The fur is used for stuffing beds, and is also made into yarn and cloth.

But the Colorado beetle is our own, and it shows many of the European virtues. It is sufficiently prolific and persistent to satisfy any standard; but we cannot claim all the qualities for it till it has crossed the Atlantic and established itself on the other side.

There are other forms of life in which we surpass the mother country. I did not hear the voice of frog or toad while I was in England. Their marshes were silent; their summer nights were voiceless. I longed for the multitudinous chorus of my own bog; for the tiny silver bells of our *hylodes*, the long-drawn and soothing *tr-r-r-r-r* of our twilight toads, and the rattling drums, kettle and bass, of our pond frogs. Their insect world, too, is far behind ours; no fiddling grasshoppers, no purring tree crickets, no scraping katydids, no whirring cicadas; no sounds from any of these sources by meadow or grove, by night or day, that I could ever hear. We have a large orchestra of insect musicians, ranging from that tiny performer that picks the strings of his instrument so daintily in the summer twilight to the shrill and piercing crescendo of the harvest-fly. A young Englishman who had traveled over this country told me he thought we had the noisiest nature in the world. English midsummer nature is the other extreme of stillness. The long twilight is unbroken by a sound, unless in places from the "clanging rookery." The British bumble-bee, a hairy, short-waisted fellow, has the same soft, mellow bass as our native bee, and his habits appear much the same, except that he can stand the cold and the wet much better (I used to see them very lively after sundown, when I was shivering with my overcoat on), and digs his own hole like the rabbit, which ours does not. Sitting in the woods one day, a bumble-bee alighted near me on the ground, and, scraping away the surface mold, began to bite and dig his way into the earth,—a true Britisher, able to dig his own hole.

In the matter of squirrel life, too, we are far ahead of England. I believe there are more red squirrels, to say nothing of gray squirrels, flying squirrels, and chipmunks, within half a mile of my house than in any county in England. In all my loitering and prying about the woods and groves there I saw but two squirrels. The species is larger than ours, longer and softer furred, and appears to have little of the snickering, frisking, attitudinizing manner of ours. But England is the paradise of snails. The trail of the

snail is over all. I have counted a dozen on the bole of a single tree. I have seen them hanging to the bushes and hedges like fruit. I heard a lady complain that they got into the kitchen, crawling about by night and hiding by day, and baffling her efforts to rid herself of them. The thrushes eat them, breaking their shells upon a stone. They are said to be at times a serious pest in the garden, devouring the young plants at night. When did the American snail devour anything, except, perhaps, now and then a strawberry? The bird or other creature that feeds on the large black snail of Britain, if such there be, need never go hungry, for I saw these snails even on the tops of mountains.

The same opulence of life that characterizes the animal world in England characterizes the vegetable. I was especially struck, not so much with the variety of wild flowers, as with their numbers and wide distribution. Find one of a kind, and you will presently find ten thousand. The ox-eye daisy and the buttercup that have come to us from Europe are good samples. The foxglove, the corn-poppy, the speedwell, the wild hyacinth, the

primrose, the various vetches, and others grow in nearly the same profusion. The forget-me-not is very common, and the little daisy is nearly as universal as the grass. Indeed, nearly all the British wild flowers seemed to grow in the open manner and in the same abundance as our golden rods and purple asters. They show no shyness, no wildness. Nature is not stingy of them, but fills her lap with each in its turn. Rare and delicate plants, like our arbutus, certain of our orchids and violets, that hide in the woods and are very fastidious and restricted in their range, probably have no parallel in England. The island is small, is well assorted and compacted, and is thoroughly homogeneous in its soil and climate; the conditions of field and forest and stream that exist have long existed; a settled permanence and equipoise prevail; every creature has found its habitat, every plant its home. There are no new experiments to be made, no new risks to be run; life in all its forms is established, and its current maintains a steady strength and fullness that an observer from our spasmodic hemisphere is sure to appreciate.

John Burroughs.

RECENT ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS. I.

THERE is a point of difference which marks off architecture from the other arts, and is commonly held to be distinctly in its favor. Emerson says it is "a mixed art whose end is sometimes use and sometimes beauty." More exactly, it is a mixed art whose ends are use and beauty interwoven. And this blending of the utilitarian with the strictly æsthetic insures to architecture a peculiarly unbroken life—insures that men will always build, though they may cease to carve or paint or sing. Perhaps this fact is not, however, so advantageous as is usually thought. Looking at the works produced when artistic instinct has been lost and dull gropings or mistaken aspirations have tried to play its part, and remembering that the world cannot so easily, with the advent of a better taste, rid itself of the architect's as of the painter's or the sculptor's legacy of failure, we may feel, perhaps, that it would be better if the art at times could cease entirely—could die to effort as it does die to success. But as no theoretical decision as to what might be for the best can alter the fact that building must go on, and as we know, I repeat, that its re-

sults are among the most permanent of man's creations, it is evident that in no art whatever have we so vital an interest as in this. With no art is it so essential that the people at large should be sufficiently enlightened to know good work from bad, and to encourage the good by public as well as by private effort. Doubly is this the case, moreover, since no art, be it noted, is dependent upon patronage in the same way as is the architect's. The result of ignorance in regard to architecture does not, as with the other arts, mean apathy alone and the mere loss of possible delight. It means the multiplication of wretched works that must remain for an unlimited period of time, to disgrace the memory of their generation and to corrupt the taste of later comers.

There is much good building going on at the present moment in this country, as it is hoped will be shown in these papers. If it were quite clearly perceived by the public to be such,—that is, if it were more evidently distinguished from the bad work flourishing beside it,—there would be less excuse for their preparation. That this bad work does so rankly flourish is by itself sufficient proof of a wide-

spread deficiency in knowledge, since, as I have said, architecture always comes in answer to a distinct call of patronage.

It is instructive to note in this connection the character of our recent architectural work done under government supervision. As stated in the Treasury report laid before the present Congress, no fewer than twenty-seven government buildings, many of them vast in size and costliness, have been in process of erection during the year just closed, in almost as many different cities of our land. It is safe to guess from the examples with which we are most familiar that very few of them are sensible structures, not one a really admirable work of art—safe to say that scarce a single building put up under Treasury direction since the days of Mr. Potter's service could by any stretch of courtesy be included in a list of our true successes. The various local governments of state and city have a little better record to exhibit; but it will be found that most of the works coming under the general head of "public buildings," which will here be named for praise, while intended, it is true, for public or semi-public use, yet owe their existence to the fortunate instinct of individuals or of private corporations.

There was, as Mr. White has lately shown my readers, a distant time when building as a fine art was in our country the rule and not merely the exception. While our fathers were colonists or very young republicans they built very well—sometimes beautifully, and almost always honestly, intelligently, appropriately, and with a simplicity of aim and manner that was the very reverse of affectation or vulgarity. But the years which lie between their time and ours were dead indeed to art—were characterized at first by a helpless sort of ignorance, and later on by crass vulgarity and barbarous display. It is not necessary to describe these phases in a detailed way, since I am by no means essaying to write a history of American architecture. Every reader who has used his eyes will find in his own memory types of the various sorts of failure we achieved—types which are only interesting now as standards by means of which to gauge the undeniable advance of very recent years. I may say one word, however, with regard to the kind of work that came in fashion soon after that early kind which Mr. White has praised. The remains of the "classic style" that flourished for so many years—in stone in our large cities, in pine boards and paint and stucco in our smaller towns—have long been pointed out for ridicule even by those who hold no other architectural tenet with distinctness save this as to the ludicrous folly of attempting to fit

Greek temple forms to our modern uses and our often cheap materials. Such attempts are no doubt mistaken, and their results are often ludicrous enough. Yet after all the fashion has, I think, been rather unduly berated, for it had a certain amount of at least comparative excellence. It proved that its generation admired, if but in a stupid sort of way, the finest architectural style the world has ever seen. Later on, admiration was transferred to far inferior models, while current methods of adaptation and execution remained quite as stupid and grew still more inartistic. And a poor work following a fine example though at an immeasurable distance, is better at all events than another work in which execution and ideals are alike despicable and ugly. And be the work poor as it may, there is a dignity and a simplicity about Greek forms which prevent utter barbarism or hideousness of result—which prevent, for one thing, any accent of vulgarity. There are many far worse public buildings in New York than the Custom-House on Wall street. We might easily count up those which are much better, at least from an artistic point of view. And the pillared wooden temple which does duty for church or courthouse in the village street is usually a far better thing in itself, and far more agreeable in its testimony to the taste if not to the practical wisdom of its builders, than is its later neighbor—a bastard structure with vulgarized reminiscences of many styles and no styles, and much riotous ornamentation in sanded zinc and jig-saw carving.

The ties of this our new world with the old are of such complex sorts that it would be impossible to guess, without inquiring into facts, whence may have come our impulse in any artistic path. Such inquiry will show that in our architecture we have largely followed England, though her example has not been consulted by our painters or our sculptors. England, as is well known, has been through a varied and perplexing architectural experience since the beginning of the century. First, there dawned the Greek revival, instigated chiefly by the publication of Stuart and Revett's "Athens." Then came the Gothic revival, bringing about the famous "battle of the styles" between classicism in general and mediævalism in general, and the faction fights (almost as bitter) of the mediævalists among themselves. Every phase of English Gothic had its exclusive advocates, and there were others, almost as exclusive, who enforced in stone as well as in speech and print the claims of French or Tuscan or Venetian builders as the best models for the modern architect to follow. Then, just when the main battle

seemed to have decided itself in favor of mediævalism, and when the partisans of the triumphant movement seemed to have settled into some sort of agreement among themselves,—or at least into such mutual toleration as would let them all live and work in their several ways and insure the advance of the Gothic movement as a whole,—just when its teachers and preachers began to draw breath and consider their cause gained for all time to come, began an unexpected reaction among the younger men into a love for late Renaissance work. "Queen Anne" is the term popularly used of this newest style, and may do as well as any other meaningless ticket to label its results when they must be mentioned. But no term could be historically more inexact. The builders of Queen Anne's day—whose influence we see in our own colonial work—discreet, sober, and dignified, even when nothing more, would be the last to accept the paternity of the motley new fashion, which is in truth less English than Dutch, and less "Queen Anne" than a mixture of Jacobean and Georgian manners, and which most rarely counts among its qualities those of discretion, sobriety, and dignity.

All these successive phases in English work were imitated here in more or less faithful and more or less successful ways. Of the Grecian fashion I have already spoken. It reigned for a time as wholly as it did in England, though with variations due to our lesser wealth and our different materials. The Gothic movement, however, was not quite so cordially indorsed on this side of the water as upon the other. English Gothic forms found little favor except for ecclesiastical and collegiate work. It was only the Venetian Gothic which at one time bade fair to be really popular with us. Many important buildings were erected in this style, like Mr. Wight's Academy of Design in New York, and the large structure on the corner of Boylston and Tremont streets in Boston. In it Mr. Eidlitz designed some of his best work, as, for example, the piano warehouse on the west side of Union Square. Messrs. Potter and Robinson, again, who at one time were the most prominent of our younger architects, have usually preferred this style, and with it have done some excellent work, notably on the Princeton College campus. But none of these buildings especially concern us here. I cannot try to praise everything good that has been done in the past—even in a past which lies close behind us. I can only endeavor to show what is being done *to-day* in ways that bid fair permanently to influence the development of our art. And Venetian Gothic with us is already, I think, a thing of the

past. Isolated examples will continue, very likely, to be built; but it will hardly count any steady adherents among the younger men in whom lie the promise of our future.

The recent "Queen Anne" fashion has been taken up here with much enthusiasm. I cannot speak, except through an acquaintance with the prints in English journals, of its very latest essays on the parent soil; but it seems to me as if, with all the wildness and folly that have sometimes marked its presence here, we have still been somewhat more sober, if somewhat less ambitious, than our brethren. Both here and there good work, too, has of course been done when the style has been discreetly dealt with. But what our share in them amounts to I can only show in later portions of my commentary.

Just now I would add that, strong as has been the influence of England on our work, it has not been so exclusive as is commonly thought—at least by Englishmen. Much of our best architecture claims a very different parentage. Italian Renaissance examples have directly inspired some of our most important essays, and modern French fashions have evidently dictated the forms of very many others. Domestic work in New York, again, is chiefly founded on the "high stoop" model, which is not English but Dutch; and though this manner of building has scarcely touched either Boston or Philadelphia, it has become largely characteristic of Washington and of our newer Western cities. And the so-called decoration adopted for it when it deviated from the simplicity of the original Dutch model and evolved the typical "brown-stone front" of New York, is not English, whatever else it may be called. The statement often made by writers in English architectural journals that there is nothing good or bad in America which has not its exact prototype with them, is very wide indeed of the truth. We have been and still are not only far more continental, but far more original in our architecture than we even realize ourselves. To ask how often this originality has been a thing to boast of, is to open up quite another question—a question which would need first of all for its decision the settlement of the time-honored problem as to whether mistaken originality or the servile copying of good examples is the more promising mood in art. Two things are, however, certain. One is that our real epoch of productivity is but just beginning; and the other is that, whatever its course may be, whether peaceful or distracted, whether resulting in failure or success, it will work itself out on lines of its own—not upon those suggested by the contest still raging on the soil of England.

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Perhaps the first thing that will be expected from a writer who proposes to discuss recent efforts and future probabilities, will be a definite programme as regards this matter of style—a statement of personal preferences, with the reasons why they seem justified by the needs of our day and clime. But such a programme I by no means intend to give. My aim, I repeat, is chiefly to show what is actually being built in various departments of the art; and though no commentator, perhaps, can be quite without theories as to what *ought* to be built, yet all ideals of future success must, to be of any value, base themselves on what seems probable, or at least possible, in the given case. Present essays are of very different sorts, even within the limits of true excellence; and through them many things are day by day working themselves a little clearer to our sight. Whatever considerations of a theoretical or prophetic sort I may have to advance,—they will not be many nor dogmatic—may better, therefore, be postponed till we shall have gained some acquaintance with our current art and shall be able to use its results as terms of illustration.

Since our recent works are of many different kinds, is there any standard by which they may all be tested and their excellence, when it exists, shown to be something more than mere accordance with that personal prepossession commonly known as the "taste" of a writer, which is often either vague or prejudiced and to which I, at least, shall not appeal? Certainly there must be. All art is judged—when really *judged* at all—far more in deference to reason and to tangible, demonstrable qualities, and far less in deference to blind instinct or "feeling," than is popularly thought. It is only a very ignorant observer who can give no logical reason for the faith that is in him before even the most ethereal, most spiritual results of art. How much more must this be true of architectural work, whose ends are those of use as well as beauty.

Old Sir Thomas Wotton, first of English writers on the subject, tells us that the architect's task is to provide us in his structure with "commoditie, firmness, and delight." It is popularly believed, I fear, that the last-named quality is the most important. So it might be, if we wished to regard the purely æsthetic side of the art alone. But we never *should* so wish; and, in fact, we cannot so regard it even if we would, since architectural beauty is not, as is too often thought and written, an extrinsic, superficial thing, depending altogether on ornamental features, but is inevitably bound up with the very attainment of "firmness" and "commoditie." The really vital beauty of an architectural work

consists in its clear expression of these two qualities, and of the material way in which its parts are framed; for architecture is, like every other art, *first of all a means of expression*.

What every true work of art aims at is to express through the representation of something external to himself a meaning or an emotion which the artist feels. The external motive which is the painter's or the sculptor's medium he finds in some form or effect of nature. But the architect finds his in the character of his proposed building, the functions of its several necessary parts, and the qualities and demands of its material. This is to say, that the aim of his work is to show with clearness his idea of how a given structure should be built, considering its site, its size, its purpose, and also the kind of material and quantity of ornament permitted him. Thus we see that as in the other arts, so in architecture, conception is the most important thing. If the conception is adequate and is thoroughly well expressed to the eye, the result will be a good, though possibly not a beautiful, work of architecture. But if the architect is an *artist*, he will use his structural elements in ways that will not only be sensible and expressive, but æsthetically pleasing. He will secure by them those effects of composition, of color, and of light and shade, which (and not mere decoration) are his main helps toward the production of "delight." An architect cannot, even for the mere beauty of his work, treat his structure as a painter treats his canvas—cover it entirely, leave it to play no part in his visible result. He must, whether he will or no, treat it as the sculptor treats his clay,—must work with and not upon it. He must model it, and its modeling will tell that story of success or failure which can never be merely painted or sculptured or inlaid on its surface. If his materials are not plastic beneath his hand, if he does not shape them so as clearly and beautifully to express his intentions and his feelings, if, in a word, he does not *build* a beautiful thing, he will miss his mark in spite of all possible decorative effort. Decoration may, indeed, vastly increase the distinct expression and the beautiful effect of his building, but decoration can never *make* a good work of architecture,—can rarely, even in its noblest forms and its greatest profusion, redeem one which is weak in other ways. We see, therefore, that decoration cannot even be considered apart from constructive forms. It must grow from them, depend upon them, follow their lead and enforce their speech, if it is to be architectural in fact as well as name. The building itself should provide from the outset for the adornment it is to receive, should dictate its character, give it

the lines it is to emphasize, the spaces it is to fill,—should prescribe, in a word, the voice with which it needs must speak. For not abstract beauty (to repeat) but beautiful expression is the architect's concern, in the final ornamentation as in the first planning of his work. Constructive and decorative features must strive together toward this same end, and the latter always be dependent on the former.

If these things be true,—and I think they cannot be questioned,—we feel at once the falsity of the belief to which I have referred above—the belief that building and architecture are two different things, that delight alone is the object of the latter, and (consequently upon the first decision) is to be attained through superficial decoration—through the addition of what Mr. Ruskin, who champions this belief, actually calls “unnecessary features.” From this mistaken theory, consciously or unconsciously held, have come not only most of the stupidity and vacillation of modern criticism, but much of the poverty and falseness of modern work itself. No; building and architecture are not to be divorced. The chief elements in architectural beauty, as in architectural strength and fitness, are *structural* elements. With these the builder must not only secure his “firmness,” but must make its character apparent to the eye. With these he must not only provide, but reveal, the special sort of “commodity” which has been the object of his effort. And with these he must achieve the greater part of that “delight” which he can vastly enhance, of course, by the consonant elaboration of ornamental motives, and the appropriate employment of the painter's and the sculptor's skill. A building that is structurally beautiful will please the eye,—the educated eye, I mean,—though no “unnecessary feature” be superadded. There is nothing more beautiful on earth to-day than the naked skeleton of a Greek temple after every atom of its decorative sculpture has been stripped and shattered from its place. There is nothing more admirable than a perfectly plain Gothic interior of good design. The castles of Edward I. are as fine in their soberer way as are his churches, and Albert Dürer's towers and the warehouses of Nuremberg are as fine in theirs as are her ornate house fronts. Elaboration may add a charm that their simplicity does not possess; but it needs no elaboration to make them works of architectural art. It is not because the towers of the Brooklyn bridge are plain that *they* are not works of art. It is because beauty was not considered in planning their masses, and because their constructive features do not properly explain their purpose.

If an architect had fashioned them, he would very likely have left them as simple as they are to-day; but he would have built them beautiful in outline, and would not have fallen so far short of expressional design as to make the openings for the cables—the very why and wherefore of the towers' existence—mere casual holes cutting the cornice through. And there is no reason, save our apathy or artistic weakness, why every factory or grain elevator in the land might not be made, in its simple and humble way, a work of architecture too.

But in dwelling on the really vital law of architectural expression some critics go much too far. They demand that a building should not only be truthfully expressive, but should be this in a precise, particular, and complete way, even to the possible detriment of beauty of result. But this art, like all others, is a “system of compromises,” in which certain desirable things must often be partially suppressed in order that others may get proper recognition. And just here is one of the few points in which architecture—most human and non-natural of the arts—may take a lesson from nature's work. In building her organisms nature rarely quite conceals, and never misrepresents, her structure and her purpose by her appearances; but she does not reveal them crudely, bluntly or minutely. Her expression is often abstract, veiled, condensed,—so to say, *typical* rather than explanatory. And so may be the architect's. So must it often be, indeed, especially in these days of complex modern life when the purposes and uses of buildings differ in so many really immaterial ways. Not all structures can definitely, very few perhaps can quite explicitly, tell the observer of all the secrets of their fabric or of all the needs to meet which they were built. But all—and here is the true reading of the law—should be so far and so truthfully expressive that their fabric will not be actually misrepresented to the eye, and that when their needs are known, their architectural outcome will seem completely inspired thereby and entirely in harmony therewith. And he is the best architect who selects with the truest instinct what things he will express—who sees most unerringly which are fundamental and must be shown, and which are accessory and may be unexpressed.

Still another lesson that nature teaches—and a most important one—is that a structure, to be sensible, expressive or delightful, must be an organism, a whole, with parts many or few as the case may be, but with such unity and harmony and interdependence between them all that a single coherent im-

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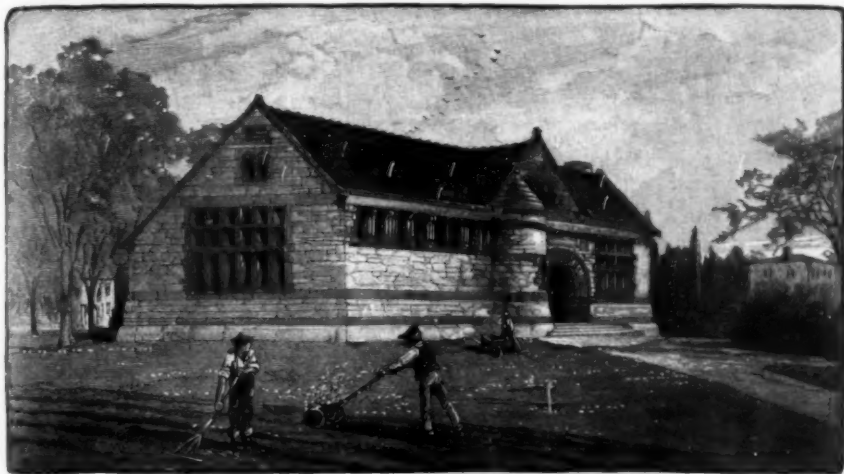
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pression is the result. No portions of a work should seem casual, perfunctory, or immaterial. Each should seem right and proper in its own place, put there for some good and evident reason, which in the very best work will

down to guide our criticism. This is the rule that as a work of architecture is both very conspicuous and very long-lived, its aim should be "to satisfy and not to startle." The fact that a building is "striking" is often held to



CRANE MEMORIAL LIBRARY, QUINCY, MASS.

be at the same time constructional, expressive, and æsthetic.

This, then, is what we ask our architects to show us in their work,—not first of all, I am very sure, strict adherence to the precedents of some style of former days, but *rational art*. They must build sensibly, meeting as fully as possible the practical requirements of their task. They must build appropriately with regard to the nature of their site. They must build honestly, showing their material, whether noble or humble, for what it is, and making the best of it. They must build truthfully, concealing as little as possible their interior by their exterior, or the nature of their structural forms by the fashion of their surface and their decoration. And they must build beautifully, too, giving us pleasure through their composition, and, when it is allowed them, through wise ornament as well. These different aims involve, as I have said, occasional compromises and concessions; for beauty and truth and common sense are not always to be attained together. We are therefore sometimes called upon to decide in how far an architect has been justified in neglecting beauty for the sake of the sterner qualities of his art, or in securing it by some sacrifice of these. But it will always be the best kind of beauty that will come through no subordination or concealment.

One general rule, moreover, may be laid

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prove it fine. But the best buildings are those which, whether striking or not,—oftener not, perhaps, at least in modern work,—will seem better and better as the days go by; will not grow oppressive or aggressive or impertinent, or tame, flat, and uninteresting, in proportion as they grow familiar.

Another thing which it is well to bear in mind is, that while a building must be judged by its intrinsic and evident qualities, a wider charity should restrain our judgment of its builder. A painter or a sculptor may usually do the kind of work he pleases and in the way he pleases, hampered only by limitations in himself. But an architect is always bound—and often hopelessly thwarted and coerced—by the practical requirements of his problem, and by the tastes, the fancies or the follies of his patron. Not often does he really get a chance to show all the strength that may be in him.

Let us look now at some of our recent public structures and see what excellent types we can find among them.

I think I cannot do better than begin the list with the new Medical School building that Messrs. Van Brunt and Howe have just put up in Boston, since in it we have good architecture reduced to its simplest, barest form. I have said that a building to be good must be an organism, a whole, composed of related and interdependent parts. *Composi-*



INTERIOR OF THE CRANE LIBRARY.

tion is, in fact, the architect's greatest task, and success in it the highest triumph he can gain. If the composition of his masses is scattered, ineffective, a thing of shreds and patches, and not a unity, he fails. But if the opportunity for this composition with masses is denied him altogether,—if he is obliged, as so often in our cities, to build a mere rectangular box without even a visible roof,—how shall he give his work that look of life and growth, and intelligent adaptation and expressiveness, which will mark it as an architectural conception, as an organism, and not a mere pile of brute material? But one resource is left him. He can still compose with what are called in technical parlance his *voids and solids*—with his windows and his wall spaces. Some of the most beautiful architectural composition in the world has, indeed, been done with no other constructive factors—as in the house fronts of Venice and the palaces of the Italian Renaissance time. Here, however, ornament comes largely into play, and beautiful materials do their part as

well. But it was a much humbler and more difficult problem that was set in the Boston Medical School. The task was to build a great square box, wholly of brick, with no ornamentation, and with the necessity for floods of light in the interior. Yet there is beauty in the result—architectural beauty of the strictest kind, though no atom of that “picturesqueness” which popular criticism falsely considers its equivalent. If the Boston reader will look at this building, especially at the side which faces Trinity Church, he will see what I mean by good and effective and expressive composition, achieved solely by the sensible and artistic disposal of windows and wall spaces and very flat pilasters. And if he will look—I venture to say, though such pointing of comparisons is no pleasant part of my task—at the new building for the Technological Institute, which stands near by, and in which the conditions of the architect's task were almost precisely similar, he will see what I mean by inartistic, mechanical design. Of course, had ornament been added to Mr. Van Brunt's

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structure (the only traces of it now present, the little gable over the front and the vases above the cornice, are distinctly detrimental to the whole), it would have gained vastly in beauty. The eye would then have been interested and delighted as we approach the building, not merely satisfied and impressed as we view it from a distance. Take the same design, build it of fine materials, and decorate it with good ornament, and we

are so conceived and so arranged that they result in great strength and originality and dignity. The same intelligence in composition, the same good management of masses and obligatory features, often distinguishes Mr. Van Brunt's work, even when the details are not of the most satisfactory kind. Surface beauty he may miss, but the body and bones of architectural beauty he very often shows us.



SEVER HALL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

should have a very beautiful building. But, naked as it stands it is a good piece of architectural composition and so a good work of art—far more satisfactory than many buildings whose profuse and charming details have been applied to an unintelligent design.

I wish I could speak from personal inspection of the new library for the Michigan University which Mr. Van Brunt has also built. It offered problems of a similar sort as to the necessity for considering practical needs alone, but it gave full scope for composition with its masses. From the drawings it seems to be a work of peculiar architectural excellence, almost wholly devoid of ornament, but admirably adapted to its purpose, and boldly, clearly and agreeably expressing its interior by its exterior. No features, large or small, exist save such as were dictated by absolute necessity; but these

Look, now, for another instructive contrast, at the New York Post-office, where the architect had as fine a chance as heart could wish: a splendid site; practical requirements which, on such a site, need not have hampered him to any great extent; and money enough to give him noble materials and all the ornament he wanted. But what is the result? Modeling with the masses has been, indeed, attempted, but so imperfectly carried out that we do not get a single effective mass, a single powerful shadow, a single decisive line. Of composition with the voids and solids there is no trace at all; we see no wall spaces that can so be called, and the windows are distributed with monotonous, mechanical regularity. We miss, accordingly, all such impression of solidity and dignity as the eye demands in so large a building; we miss all expression of interior through exterior



THE AMES MEMORIAL TOWN-HALL, NORTH EASTON, MASS.

forms; we miss all proof of an artistic conception in the builder's brain; and we miss, in spite of the fact that there is no plain surface where the eye can rest, all evidence that he understood the aim of decoration. It is a big, costly, conspicuous structure; but no one calls it a work of art. And it is, I am sorry to repeat, only a type of our governmental erections. But if we would have a proof that municipalities may do even less well than the general government we may look at the new City Buildings in Philadelphia, which are worse than our Post-office because equally unintelligent, and much more showy, elaborate, and pretentious.

Take, now, an example very different from any thus far noted; take the little Crane Memorial Library which Mr. Richardson has built at Quincy. Our engraving does not show all its charm; neither its beautiful materials (light yet warm Quincy stone in the walls and dark red Longmeadow sand-stone in the trimmings) nor the details of its ornamentation. Yet I think every reader will call it an attractive work, for it is, in fact, *picturesque*. Vastly as the value of picturesqueness is overestimated in the pop-

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LAW SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

ular mouth, it is still often a desirable and a worthy quality when great dignity or grandeur is not demanded in a building; but only, be it noted, if it is achieved naturally and truthfully, not in forced fashions or too evidently for its own sole sake,—when it is the happy and easy result of a sensible arrangement of features really necessary or desirable in themselves. Such is the case with this little library. It is architecturally sensible, straightforward, expressive, and unaffected; and so we rejoice in the artistic instinct that could also make it picturesque and lovely. Its picturesqueness will be found to result, if we examine, from the irregular disposition of its structural parts—of the gable, the turret, the doorway, and the windows. Each of these features has come in strict and simple accordance with the demands of interior convenience. The large window lights the reading-room; the smaller, high-placed openings light the rank of alcoves; the door is made so large, from expressive if not from practical necessity, since here is a building which should distinctly invite the foot of every passer-by; the turret holds the staircase, which leads to the storage-room above, and this is lighted by the gable windows and the “winkers” in the roof. Thus much for the features themselves; but their irregular disposition is also

motivated by practical and not by willful reasons. Since the stairway must debouch upon the platform afforded by the gable, it must break the line of this; since the doorway must be so wide, its moldings must be boldly stopped against the tower—for to have shifted it further to the right would have brought it into too close contact with the great window, or have displaced this. A more timid builder would have made his doorway smaller, and so have lost his chance for forcible expression; and a less artistic one would not have known so well how to bring harmony and grace and true—not forced—originality and picturesqueness out of the irregularities which offered the best solution of his practical problem. Another point to be noted is the way in which the decorative value of color is made *architecturally* valuable—the bands of darker stone binding the various parts of the composition together, and accenting its important lines and features. The carved ornament, too, is concentrated, not dispersed, and so helps the general expression. With regard, finally, to this general expression, I will add that, though we may not at once perceive that the building is exactly what it is,—a library for free public use,—yet we know it is something of the sort; and when its purpose is told its appearance

is found most appropriate—and rather more minutely expressive, indeed, than we can often hope to see. To the delicately wrought interior of this library I shall refer when we come to speak of decoration and of "style" in general.

This is one of the most perfect of Mr. Richardson's buildings; but the same romantic, artistic, picturesque instinct is almost always shown in his art, though sometimes

rocky site overlooking the village, two important structures—the Ames Memorial Library and a Town-Hall, also a memorial offered by the same family. He was fortunate, also, in having the assistance of Mr. Frederick Law Olmstead in the arrangement of the connecting grounds and terraces, and the result is one of the most delightful groups of harmonious yet contrasting works of which we yet can boast—but a group, unfortunately, which lies off the highway of travel, and can only be seen at the end of a special pilgrimage.

The library is less imposing and less picturesque than the one at Woburn,—which is, indeed, rather too imposing and too picturesque,—while it is not so simply graceful and charming as the one at Quincy. It shows a less marked originality, more conventionalism in its design; and it sins a little in expression, I think, by the prominence of its tower. This, which at Quincy was given only its due importance as a staircase turret, is here carried well above the roof, and asserts itself in a manner rather out of harmony with the purpose of the building. Towers, like all other architectural features, have a meaning of their own—though the



INTERIOR OF THE SENATE CHAMBER, STATE CAPITOL, ALBANY, N. Y.

not held so well in hand by strict architectural feeling. It was only after several less completely satisfactory essays in a similar direction, indeed, that he arrived at such simplicity and truth of design as here. A larger library at Woburn was, I think, his first attempt in the Romanesque, round-arched style to which he has since faithfully adhered. So it is not wonderful that the richly picturesque and florid possibilities of this style led him into exuberance of rather too pronounced a sort. But as over-exuberance of a really strong and attractive kind is not a common failing in modern architecture, and as it is never, I think, combined in Mr. Richardson's work with affectation, forced animation, or mere display, we do not much complain of it.

At North Easton, near Boston, Mr. Richardson was given a peculiarly fortunate opportunity in the commission to build, on an elevated

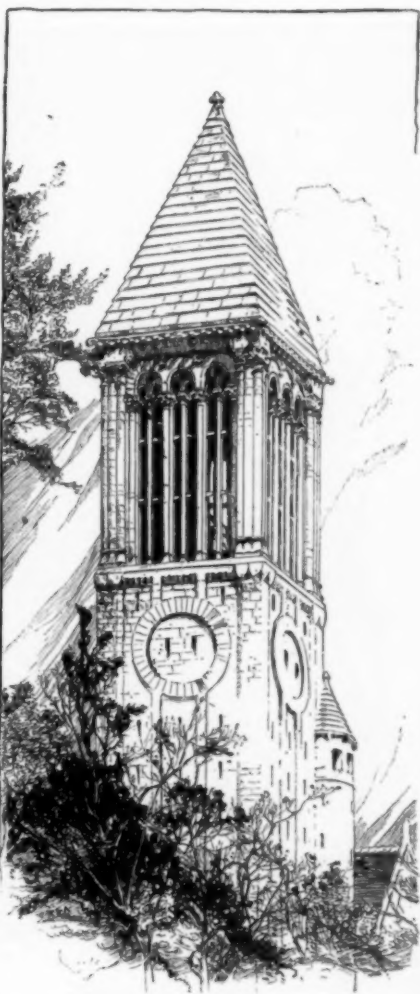
meaning of none is more commonly ignored or misconceived. A tower is first of all, in one shape or another, an ecclesiastical feature. Or it is, as in ancient castles or the palaces of Italian towns, an actual necessity for aggression or defense. Or in open forms it is a belvedere for outlook, and thus appropriate to many modern structures. Or, finally, it is a symbol of dominion and authority. This last was its function, for example, in the municipal buildings of the Netherlands, and such was its significance in the "middle ages, when in more countries than one a royal permit was needed before it might be built. This, too, seems to be its proper service at the present day. As the town halls of Belgium lifted their great towers to give the hour with clock and bell and to proclaim the might of the civic arm, so ours should serve a similar practical or symbolic purpose.

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Thus, while we object a little (on expressional grounds) to the tower that Mr. Richardson has given his North Easton library,—which, be it observed, is, on the whole, an excellent work that we should hardly stop to criticise were it another's and not Mr. Richardson's,—we approve the one he has added to the town-hall close at hand. The *loggia* of this building, with its massive arcade and broad open space within, is not only most effective in itself, but as expressive as is the Quincy door—marking the building as the chief gathering-place of the villagers; and the row of uniform large windows in the front well explains the presence of the great hall within. The library is built of the same materials as the one at Quincy, and the hall of dark stone below and brick above, the tower rising in admirably picturesque fashion from its rocky foundation.

Let us turn now to one of Mr. Richardson's works which is very different in site and purpose, and so, very properly, is different also in effect—to Sever Hall at Cambridge. Here a few large recitation-rooms of simple plan were required of him; and as the building stands in the college yard, dignity and not picturesqueness was well conceived to be its proper character, together with a certain simplicity and symmetry that would keep it harmonious with the older buildings close about it.

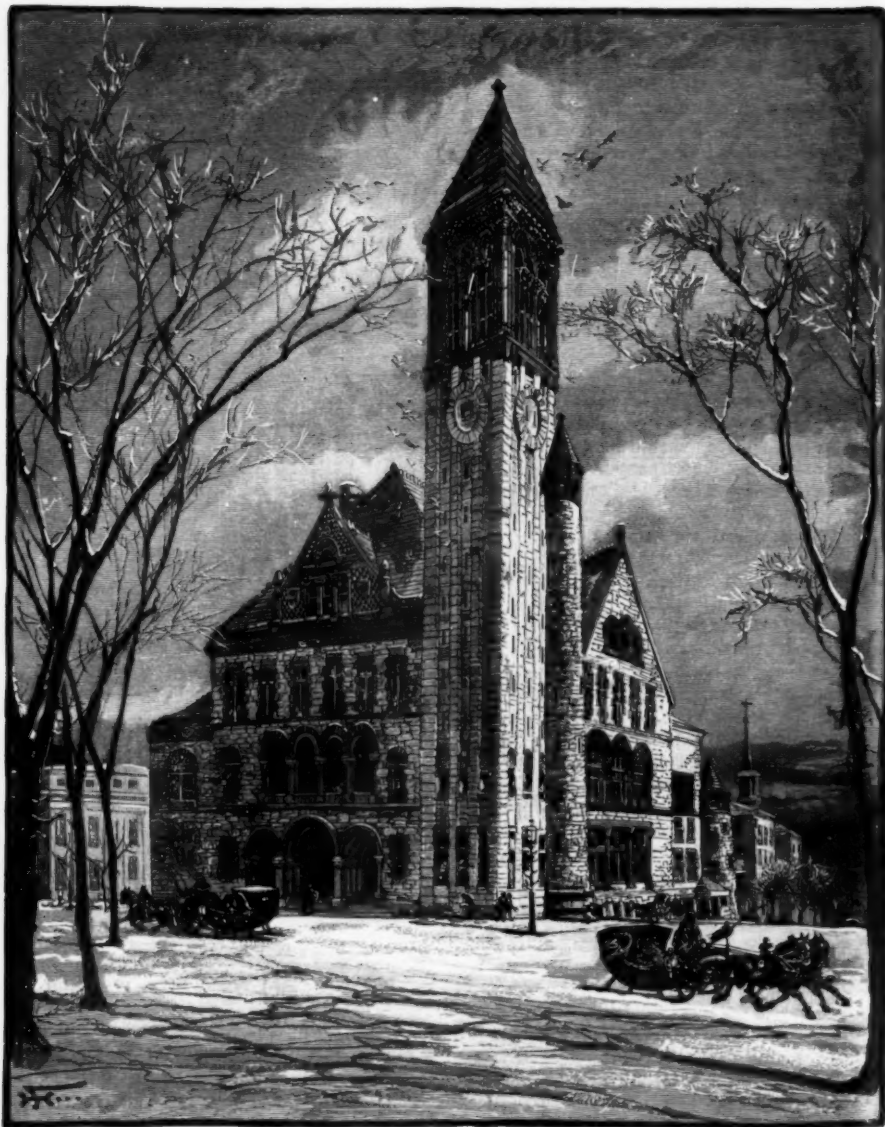
Sever Hall is, I am very sure, one of the most perfect of our recent works; and considering the nature of its excellence, it is one of the most instructive. First of all, it is instructive as showing that an architect who can be more romantic, exuberant, lavish, and ornate than any other of our builders, can also upon occasion be as quiet, as simple, as reticent, and discreet as the most conventional among them. But since he is an artist, he does not become conventional in becoming simple. There is, in truth, much more originality in the quiet success of Sever Hall than in many more striking works, whether by his hand or by another. It is not necessary to describe the building in detail, since the engraving is before us. I would only note that it is built of brick, with the decoration carved also out of brick, and with but a slight use of stone about the openings; and that the fortunate introduction of the great round arched doorway (an introduction from which many builders would have shrunk, in view of the square-headed openings which otherwise prevail throughout) is what gives a grateful touch of piquancy to the whole. I wish I could also show the reader the grouping of the windows at one end of this building to prove how simply and easily (*if* we presuppose an artist) variety may be secured, and the most perfect quietude and harmony yet prevail.



TOWER OF CITY HALL, ALBANY, N. Y.

In the second place Sever Hall is especially instructive, because though it is excellent, admirable, and beautiful, it is *not* picturesque. I have already referred to the specious attractions of picturesqueness in architecture, but must dwell upon them still a little further; for no more pernicious fault afflicts our popular criticism—and, by inevitable reaction, our current practice—than the ceaseless, irrational desire for picturesque effects.

Every one who has traveled abroad with the average tourist who professed and often really felt an interest in the architectural work of former days, must remember how entirely that interest was inspired by picturesque ef-



CITY HALL, ALBANY, N. Y.

fects. Sometimes these effects are, I repeat, a legitimate and immediate outcome of true architectural excellence; but more often they are accidental, posterior, wrought by the hand of time,—softening and harmonizing shapes, adding or subduing color,—and not by the deliberate purpose of the builder. Such is to a great extent the unsurpassed picturesqueness

of St. Mark's at Venice,—coloristically beautiful, but architecturally by no means one of the world's finest buildings. Such is the attraction of many a poorly designed Gothic interior; and from the touch of decay and dampness comes much of the external picturesqueness of all old buildings in our northern clime. I do not say that this coloristic, accidental, time-

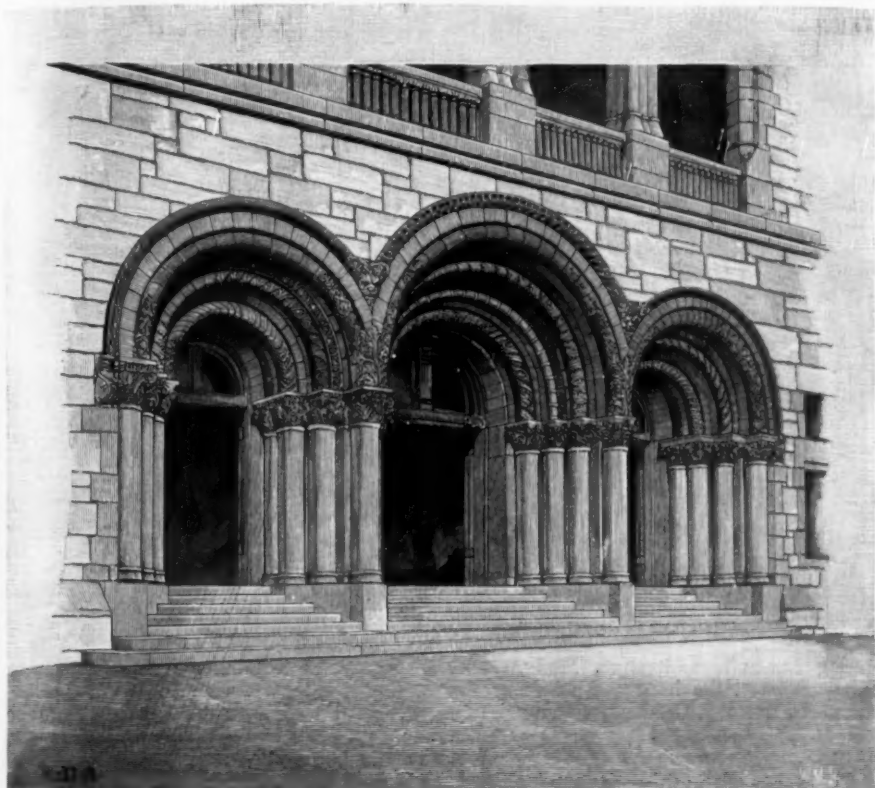
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wrought charm is an illegitimate object of admiration. It is often one of the greatest aids to beauty an architectural work can gain. Not always, however,—though there are doubtless

But with these facts in mind we shall see the folly of always demanding picturesqueness in a modern structure. Sometimes, as I have said, it can come naturally and appropriately,



MAIN ENTRANCE, CITY HALL, ALBANY.

persons who would prefer to see even the temples of Egypt furrowed, lichen-stained, and buried in foliage, and would fain wreath the pure columns of the Parthenon with tangled veils of ivy. And in no case should it be forgotten that such accidental picturesqueness is *extrinsic* to true architectural excellence; that a plain, whitewashed interior, which would be passed by with disdain by the average artistic traveler, is often architecturally a far finer thing than another—like the Lorenzkirche in Nuremberg, for instance—which is bewilderingly delightful to a painter's eye. It is to a painter's and not an architect's eye, indeed, that picturesqueness chiefly speaks. The two senses may, of course, be brought to bear together, and when they both are gratified delight will be immeasurably heightened.

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and then it is a thing to be thoroughly admired. But oftener it must be left to the working of the hand of time, and not be forced by a perversion of architectural or decorative effort. It is the mistaken desire for its attractiveness which has led to the worst modern use of Gothic forms, and the worst vagaries of the "Queen Anne" fashion, and which has contorted so many of our country cottages into the semblance of card-board boxes put together by a Chinese child. It is this desire which has covered many buildings that might otherwise have been good with profuse, mistaken, disturbing decoration. It is this which has so corrupted our taste that we cannot appreciate simplicity, straightforwardness, common sense, and quiet beauty—those greatest because most rational and



COLUMBIA COLLEGE LIBRARY, NEW YORK.

lasting charms in architecture. Many people, I imagine, test the beauty of a building by the effect it would produce upon a painter's canvas. But no test could be more false. Very likely, some two hundred years from now, when the color of Sever Hall shall have been deepened, variegated, and mellowed by time, when accident and decay shall have eaten into its moldings and softened its lines and surfaces, and when clinging vines shall have added their variety, an artist will gladly transfer it to his sketch-book. To-day he might not care to do so; but it is architecturally just as fine a thing as it will be then. I will not dwell upon it longer, save just to note the reticent dignity of its symmetric roof treatment; for a fantastic, irrational, unquiet treatment of his roof is one of the commonest sins into which the modern builder falls—led, of course, by his straining after picturesque effects.

The new Law School building which Mr. Richardson has built just outside the Cambridge Yard is more in his typical style; richer, more elaborate, more imposing—much more ambitious, if not so simply perfect. In it he has taken a course with regard to color which

usually results in failure. It may be given as a general rule that where contrasting colors are used, the lighter should be employed for the main fabric and the darker, which always appears the stronger, for the trimmings and decorations that are the most emphatic parts. But there is no rule without exceptions. We do not quarrel with the color of this building, though dark stone has been used in the walls and a light Ohio stone in the trimmings. The quantities are so well adjusted,—the trimmings being made more prominent than usual,—and the artistic taste shown in their disposition is so true, that the result is charming.

I have thus far not spoken, except by implication, of excellence of plan as affecting excellence in architectural work. But his plan is, of course, the builder's actual point of departure, on the good disposal and proper expression of which much that is fine in his exterior must depend. The excellence they attain in this important point is one of the surest signs of the advance our younger architects are making. I wish I could show in example how admirably Mr. Richardson has planned this Law School and then expressed

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its parts; but such attempts are useless without diagrams in illustration.

Every one knows the strange instructive history of the new Capitol at Albany. Or if it is not known it may be read in Mr. Schuyler's interesting paper in this magazine for December, 1879. His criticism is my excuse, moreover, for not dwelling upon Mr. Eidlitz's share in the work or upon Mr. Rich-

ardson with Mexican onyx framed by strips of Sienna marble. The ceiling is paneled with oak, deeply and richly carved and touched with color in the background. And there is a lavish yet delicate use of the sculptor's chisel on the stone, especially in accenting and softening the moldings of the great arcades. Many people question the wisdom of putting so much costly art into a chamber of this sort. But after all



INTERIOR, COLUMBIA COLLEGE LIBRARY.

ardson's treatment of the exterior. But Mr. Richardson's interior work was scarce begun when Mr. Schuyler wrote, and so a word must be devoted to it here in spite of the necessity I feel for passing to other things than his.

The great staircase is still incomplete, but the Senate Chamber and court rooms are almost finished. The former is without doubt the most ambitious, sumptuous, and costly interior we have yet attempted—except perhaps Mr. Eidlitz's so different Assembly Chamber in the same building. But it is also one of the most successful. An engraving can give but a poor idea of the real dignity of the columns and massive arches of Sienna marble which subdivide the room toward either end, and which drew from so good a judge as Mr. Edward Freeman the remark that they were "worthy to stand at Ragusa." The decoration depends throughout largely upon splendor of material and beauty of color, and so its effect cannot be well conveyed either by black and white pictures or by words. The walls below are of Knoxville marble and above are paneled

there are worse uses to which to turn the money of a rich and extravagant people than to make it aid in the artistic education of our legislators—since from them comes so much of the patronage which will mold the future of our art. And there is no education like the habit of living amid beautiful surroundings. If economy were more apt with us to result in simple beauty, we might not thus decide; while if our extravagance were more apt to produce ornate beauty we might not be so very thankful for what Mr. Richardson has given us here—a splendid interior, which in spite of its lavish decoration must yet thank its architecture proper for the impression it produces.

The Albany Capitol stands at the top of the high hill which dominates the town. Halfway down this hill is a broad open square, and here stands the new city hall which Mr. Richardson has also built, overlooked by the Capitol but overlooking in its turn the steep streets which lie beyond. It was only a fortunate accident, I suppose, which dictated the appropriate situations of these two structures,



ENTRANCE TO THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE LIBRARY.

but in after years their placing may be cited as a proof of our artistic feeling.

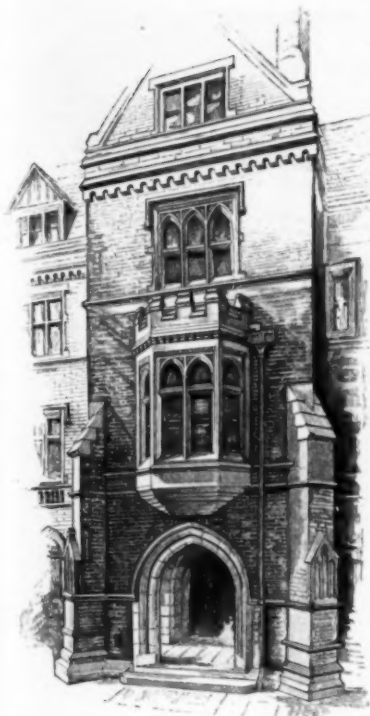
The town-hall has no affinity with the Capitol since it is throughout a creation of Mr. Richardson's own and not an adaptation of the beginnings of other men. It is a bold piece of work—unacademic, I dare say, and therefore displeasing to many eyes, but undeniably powerful and imposing. It gives us what I have heard called "a distinct architectural emotion" (that rare thing with modern work!)—and not a factitious one either, since we like it better, I think, the more we look at it. Here we have again a great porch and *loggia* expressing the building's public purpose; and here again the tower is well in place as an expressional feature—in addition to which it performs the practical service of storing in convenient ways the valuable archives of the town. Every observer may hold his own opinion as to the æsthetic success attained by the daring expedient of building the body of the tower of unbroken light stone and the open top of unbroken dark stone; but there is no question as to the skill with which the windows have been placed in its base so as to give ample light within and yet not weaken the solid appearance of the whole. What is perhaps the finest feature of the tower, however, cannot be clearly felt from an engraving: the graceful yet strong and re-assuring line formed as it broadens toward the base.

When we have studied Mr. Richardson's work in other departments, I shall try to say a word with regard to its characteristics as a whole. But now we must turn to other builders, and see what of excellence they offer.

Mr. Haight's new buildings for Columbia College are among the most interesting and successful of our recent works. Two large structures have already been erected, and a third will soon replace the old one that remains. We shall then see an extremely effective and picturesque group resulting from the intelligent and artistic resolution of a difficult problem. It was no easy task to take such a site—only a single city block—and yet secure such ample accommodation and



LENOX LIBRARY, NEW YORK—VIEW OF CENTER FRONT.



ENTRANCE TO SCHOOL OF ARTS, COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

illumination together with so much external variety and charm—so much diversity, and, at the same time so much harmony. The little college yard, too, has been preserved—fortunately, for practical reasons, and also for the sake of expressional interest. The style chosen for the work—a late type of English Gothic—is appropriate here at least, and is used with great intelligence and taste, though with a freedom which is a different thing from mere grammatical precision.

Here, again, I should like to be able to show the excellence of the planning. The class rooms, laboratories, and studies are large, convenient, and well shaped, and are fitted with appliances for ease and comfort that would surprise a student of any former generation. The corridors and staircases are admirably arranged to distribute a hurried crowd with the least confusion; and throughout there is an abundance of light not easily to be attained with such a complicated plan. Little scope was given for purely decorative effects, but such ornament as exists is admirably used to accentuate the most interesting features of the scheme—as, for example, in

the staircase arcades, one of which we have here reproduced.

The library is, however, the feature of the greatest individuality. First one enters a rectangular room, thirty-six by fifty feet, filled with stacks for books. This opens into the reading-room—one hundred and twenty feet by fifty—by means of a pointed arch, so wide and lofty that the two form indeed but a single great apartment, the arch coming toward the end of one of the longer sides of the reading-room. This is lighted by large windows above, and small ones, rather widely spaced, below, thus affording the best illumination while avoiding the shut-up feeling that comes when all the openings are above the level of the eye. The ceiling is a barrel vault, supported on either side by a semi-vault of similar section; and there is a huge fire-place at either end of the apartment. The finish here, as in other parts of the building, is of brick, slightly glazed as to surface. The color is pale yellow diversified by bands of dull red—applied in no strictly symmetrical way, but with a skill which at once emphasizes dimensions and gives a desirable accent of freedom and variety. This sort of interior finish, though common I believe in England, is rather a novelty with us, and worthy of remark since it offers a fortunate way of securing color in the fabric itself—color that is absolutely permanent as well as satisfactory. I may add that the bricks are not quite uniform in tint so that an effect of coldness and hardness of tone is avoided. But the great feature of the room is the arch of which



LENOX LIBRARY—END VIEW.

I have already spoken, flanked by the circular stairways which give access to the upper shelves. Its beauty of form and great size—thirty-four by thirty-six feet—give dignity and distinction to the whole composition, and turn what might have been a merely excellent into an extremely imposing apartment.



ALCOVE OF THE SOCIETY LIBRARY, NEW YORK.

Meeting a structural necessity—that of really uniting the two rooms—in the frankest and the simplest way, it gives us a touch of freedom, originality, and grandeur which we should never have got from an architect to whom his craft was a formulated thing of laws and precedents, and not a practical and vital art. It is built of the red brick, square in section, with plainly chamfered angles, and no touch of ornament—no beauty save that which comes from its own bold and graceful shape. I do not know of any recent interior which surpasses this in showing how true and impressive architectural beauty may be produced in the most simply structural way, provided real artistic instinct is set to work upon the problem, unfettered by the chains of conventionality and dogma. It is as *rational* a piece of work as one could well imagine, and as beautiful in its severely simple way.

Mr. Hunt's Lenox Library is a dignified building which teaches a clear lesson as to the value of a large sobriety and reticence in producing architectural nobility. This lesson was peculiarly pertinent, moreover, at the time when the building was erected, for showy and purposeless elaboration was then even more characteristic of our art than it is to-day. It was built, I think, at

nearly the same time with the Stewart residence at the corner of Thirty-Fourth street and Fifth Avenue, and the reader may be left to judge between the two.

Nor should we pass without a word Mr. Withers's Police Courts at the corner of Tenth street and Sixth Avenue—one of our few recent important essays in a florid Gothic manner, and one of the first in which coloristic variety was attempted. It has great merits—notably in the picturesque composition of its masses resulting from its intelligent adaptation to an irregular site. But its composition with voids and solids is scattered and restless, and its decoration, both in color and in sculptured detail, may be charged with the same fault. It is overdone to begin with, and what is done is not so well done as it might have been. I have said that mere architectural composition alone may make a fine building, but here we have a proof that it is easy to spoil a good design by elaborating it in mistaken ways. This same design more simply carried out, both as to color and to form, would have been a far more valuable work.

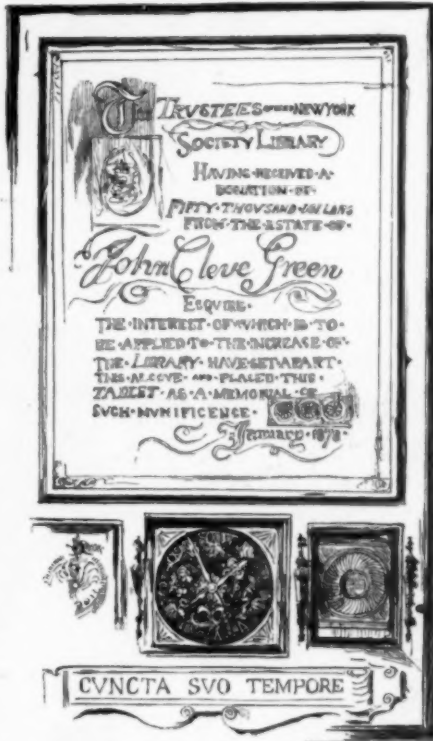
In Boston, too, there is another building, which, while it has evident faults, has yet much merit—the new Christian Association building of Messrs. Sturgis & Brigham.

This building is agreeably and picturesquely composed; and is sufficiently expressive of its interior arrangements. But the point I would especially note is the way in which it meets the necessity—so often laid upon our architects—of making a dignified structure in which the lower story must be given up to shops. The usual course is to put the doorway level with the street, and then it is difficult to attain any proper expression of the main character of the work. But here the doorway is put at the level of the principal floor, and with its broad flight of steps it not only forms an effective feature, but completely subordinates the basement. In view of such an excellence we may excuse an ill disposition of ornament. A projecting oriel window, for example, is in itself a decorative feature, and one which comes very prominently before the eye. It is, therefore, a proper field for ornament. But here it has been left completely plain, while a band of decoration has been put close beneath the cornice where scarcely any eye will find it.

At Williamstown, Mass., Mr. Cady has built a collegiate building, which is a good example of quiet work—well composed, expressive, straightforward, dignified, and yet not devoid of picturesqueness. It follows with discretion an English Renaissance type, and is a valuable example to set beside the confused, restless, inorganic structures we more often achieve when working after similar models. At Yale College, too, I am told that Mr. Cady has done some interesting work; but I am unable to speak of it either from personal knowledge or from such as may be gained by the help of illustrations.

Architecture (and not decoration, as apart from this) is here our subject; but when a bit of interior decoration has a really architectural flavor, it may detain us for a moment. This is the case with the alcove

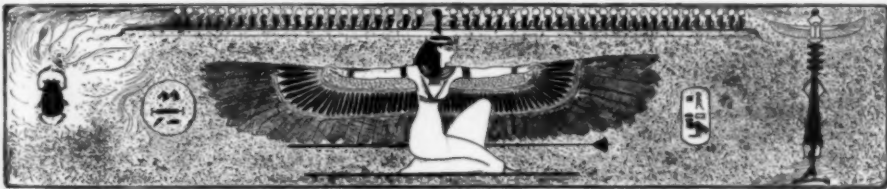
which Mr. S. V. Stratton has lately fitted up in the Society Library building. It is a charming piece of work, and all the more valuable since we are so inclined to

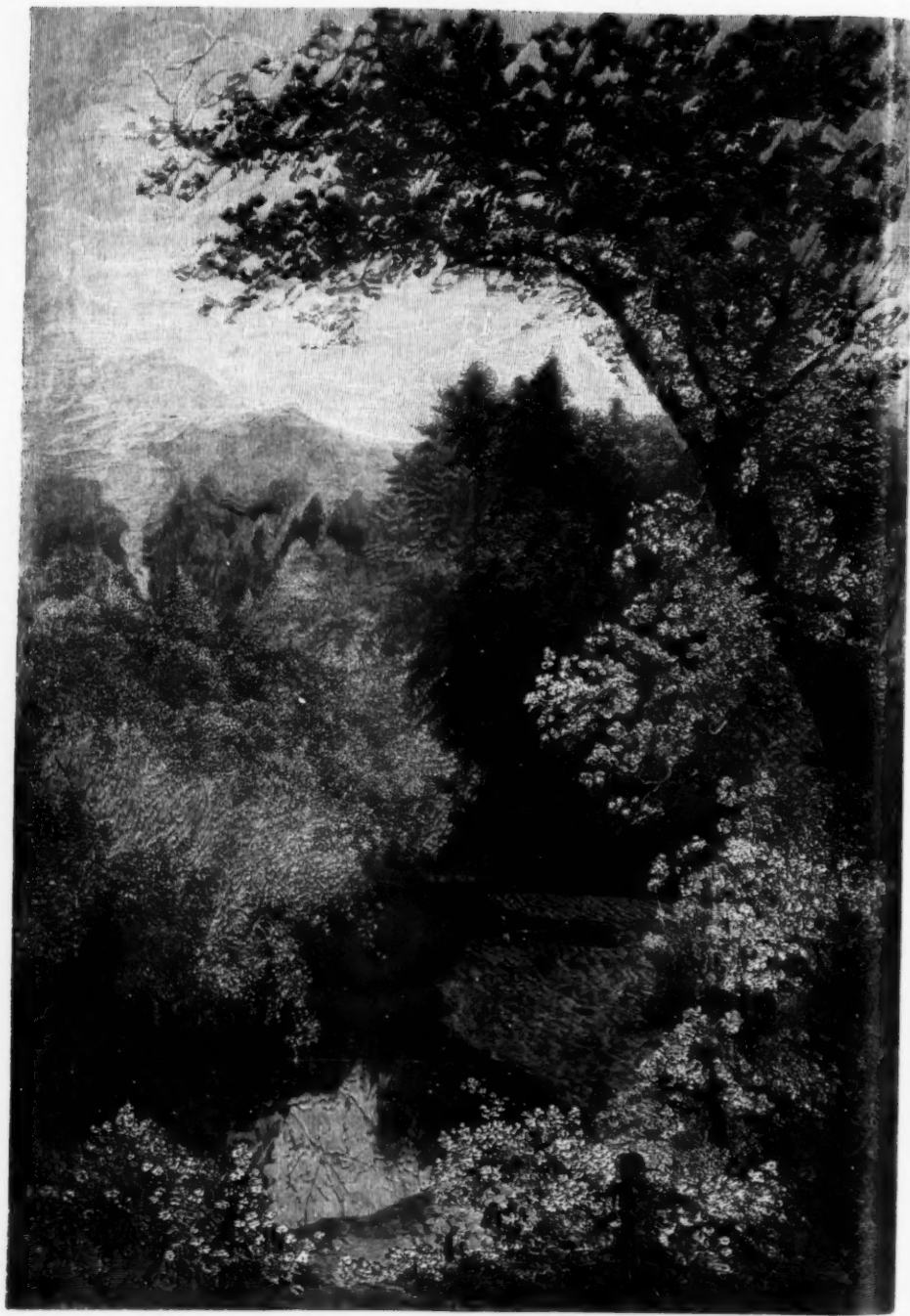


MEMORIAL TABLET IN THE SOCIETY LIBRARY.

think that interior fittings need *not* be architectural, and since no idea could be more pernicious.

M. G. van Rensselaer.





SPRING.

ORIGINAL ENGRAVING BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY.

EVENING SONG IN MAY.

UP, up, the day is gone,
See, the moon and stars are here;
Hither, fairies, haste this way,
Welcome, welcome Lady May,—
Attend until the dawn
The queen of all the year.

Dance, dance it, little lights,
On the ripples out and in,
On the ripples up and down,
Where the brook goes by the town;
Peep forth, you bright-eyed sprites,
Your evening play begin.

Wake, wake, each tiny voice,
Sleeping soundly all the day;
In the hollow, on the hill,
Through the woodland — where you will,
Pipe, gentle things, rejoice
Round feet of Lady May.

Wood-blooms that know not sun,
Only by true lovers found,
Bid the nimble breezes bear
Sweetest perfumes as they fare,
Deft circling, one by one,
Our Lady round and round.

Make we a merry ring,
Singing, playing on our way;
Happy, happy, hand in hand,
Over water, over land,
Blithe be the hearts we bring
To welcome Lady May.

John Vance Cheney.

A PARABLE.

I WALKED one spring day, while yet winds were cold,
Between the waning day and waxing night,
And the boughs strained and whirled in the wind's might.
I took a simple wild-flower in my hold,
And fair it was, and delicate of mold,
And sweet to smell, and tremulous with light;
And something lurking in its petals white
Meant more to me than even its fragrance told.

Full long I held that flower, until one day
I came where queenliest, reddest roses grew;
Then from my hand afar that flower I threw,
Roses to gather; but, behold, this hour,
When roses and their thorn-stems strew the way,
I vainly seek for my lost woodland flower.

Philip Bourke Marston.

DR. SEVIER.*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Madame Delphine," etc.

XXXI.

A RISING STAR.

IT had been many a day since Dr. Sevier had felt such pleasure as thrilled him when Richling, half beside himself with delight, ran in upon him with the news that he had found employment. Narcisse, too, was glad. He slipped down from his stool and came near enough to contribute his congratulatory smiles, though he did not venture to speak. Richling nodded him a happy how-d'ye-do, and the Creole replied by a wave of the hand.

In the Doctor's manner, on the other hand, there was a decided lack of response that made Richling check his spirits and resume more slowly.

"Do you know a man named Reisen?"

"No," said the Doctor.

"Why, he says he knows you."

"That may be."

"He says you treated his wife one night when she was very ill——"

"What name?"

"Reisen."

The Doctor reflected a moment.

"I believe I recollect him. Is he away up on Benjamin street, close to the river, among the cotton-presses?"

"Yes. Thalia street they call it now. He says——"

"Does he keep a large bakery?" interrupted the Doctor.

"The 'Star Bakery,'" said Richling, brightening again. "He says he knows you, and that, if you will give me just one line of recommendation, he will put me in charge of his accounts and give me a trial. And a trial's all I want, Doctor. I'm not the least fearful of the result."

"Richling," said Dr. Sevier slowly, picking up his paper-folder and shaking it argumentatively, "where are the letters I advised you to send for?"

Richling sat perfectly still, taking a long, slow breath through his nostrils, his eyes fixed emptily on his questioner. He was thinking, away down at the bottom of his heart,—and the Doctor knew it,—that this was the un-

kindest question, and the most cold-blooded, that he had ever heard. The Doctor shook his paper-folder again.

"You see, now, as to the bare fact, I don't know you."

Richling's jaw dropped with astonishment. His eye lighted up resentfully. But the speaker went on:

"I esteem you highly. I believe in you. I would trust you, Richling,"—his listener remembered how the speaker *had* trusted him, and was melted,— "but as to recommending you, why, that is like going upon the witness stand, as it were, and I cannot say that I know anything."

Richling's face suddenly flashed full of light. He touched the Doctor's hand.

"That's it! That's the very thing, sir! Write that!"

The Doctor hesitated. Richling sat gazing at him, afraid to move an eye lest he should lose an advantage. The Doctor turned to his desk and wrote.

ON the next morning Richling did not come for his breakfast; and, not many days after, Dr. Sevier received through the mail the following letter:

"NEW ORLEANS, December 2, 1857.

"DEAR DOCTOR: I've got the place. I'm Reisen's book-keeper. I'm earning my living. And I like the work. Bread, the word bread, that has so long been terrible to me, is now the sweetest word in the language. For eighteen months it was a prayer; now it's a proclamation.

"I've not only got the place, but I'm going to keep it. I find I have new powers; and the first and best of them is the power to throw myself into my work and make it *me*. It's not a task; it's a mission. Its being bread, I suppose, makes it easier to seem so; but it should be so if it was pork and garlic, or rags and raw-hides.

"My maxim a year ago, though I didn't know it then, was to do what I liked. Now it's to like what I do. I understand it now. And I understand now, too, that a man who expects to retain employment must yield a profit. He must be worth more than he costs. I thank God for the discipline of the last year and a half. I thank Him that I did not fall where, in my cowardice, I so often prayed to fall, into the hands of foolish benefactors. You wouldn't believe this of me, I know, but it's true. I have been taught what life is; I never would have learned it any other way.

"And still another thing: I have been taught to know

what the poor suffer. I know their feelings, their temptations, their hardships, their sad mistakes, and the frightful mistakes and oversights the rich make concerning them, and the ways to give them true and helpful help. And now, if God ever gives me competency, whether He gives me abundance or not, I know what He intends me to do. I was once, in fact and in sentiment, a brother to the rich; but I know that now He has trained me to be a brother to the poor. Don't think I am going to be foolish. I remember that I'm brother to the rich too; but I'll be the other as well. How wisely has God — what am I saying? Poor fools that we humans are! We can hardly venture to praise God's wisdom to-day when we think we see it, lest it turn out to be only our own folly to-morrow.

"But I find I'm only writing to myself, Doctor, not to you; so I stop. Mary is well, and sends you much love.

"Yours faithfully,

"JOHN RICHLING."

"Very little about Mary," murmured Dr. Sevier. Yet he was rather pleased than otherwise with the letter. He thrust it into his breast pocket. In the evening, at his fireside, he drew it out again and re-read it.

"Talks as if he had got into an impregnable castle," thought the Doctor, as he gazed into the fire. "Book-keeper to a baker," he muttered, slowly folding the sheet again. It somehow vexed him to see Richling so happy in so low a station. But — "It's the joy of what he has escaped *from*, not *to*," he presently remembered.

A fortnight or more elapsed. A distant relative of Dr. Sevier, a man of his own years and profession, was his guest for two nights and a day as he passed through the city, eastward, from an all-summer's study of fevers in Mexico. They were sitting at evening on opposite sides of the library fire, conversing in the leisurely ease of those to whom life is not a novelty.

"And so you think of having Laura and Bess come out from Charleston, and keep house for you this winter? Their mother wrote me to that effect."

"Yes," said Dr. Sevier. "Society here will be a great delight to them. They will shine. And time will be less monotonous for me. It may suit me or it may not."

"I dare say it may," responded the kinsman, whereas in truth he was very doubtful about it.

He added something a moment later about retiring for the night, and his host had just said, "Eh?" when a slave in a five-year-old dress-coat brought in the card of a person whose name was as well known in New Orleans in those days as St. Patrick's steeple or the statue of Jackson in the old Place d'Armes. Dr. Sevier turned it over and looked for a moment ponderingly upon the domestic.

The relative rose.

"You needn't go," said Dr. Sevier; but he

said "he had intended," etc., and went to his chamber.

The visitor entered. He was a dark, slender, iron-gray man, of finely cut, regular features, and seeming to be much more deeply wrinkled than on scrutiny he proved to be. One quickly saw that he was full of reposing energy. He gave the feeling of your being very near some weapon of dreadful efficiency ready for instant use whenever needed. His clothing fitted him neatly; his long, gray mustache was the only thing that hung loosely about him; his boots were fine. If he had told a child that all his muscles and sinews were wrapped with fine steel wire, the child would have believed him, and continued to sit on his knee all the same. It is said by those who still survive him, that in dreadful places and moments the flash of his fist was as quick, as irresistible, and as all-sufficient as lightning, yet that years would sometimes pass without its ever being lifted.

Dr. Sevier lifted his slender length out of his easy-chair, and bowed with severe gravity.

"Good evening, sir," he said, and silently thought, "Now, what can Smith Izard possibly want with me?"

It may have been perfectly natural that this man's presence shed off all idea of medical consultation; but why should it instantly bring to the Doctor's mind, as an answer to his question, another man as different from this one as water from fire?

The detective returned the Doctor's salutation, and they became seated. Then the visitor craved permission to ask a confidential question or two for information which he was seeking in his official capacity. His manners were a little old-fashioned, but perfect of their kind. The Doctor consented. The man put his hand into his breast pocket, and drew out a daguerreotype case, touched its spring, and as it opened in his palm extended it to the Doctor. The Doctor took it with evident reluctance. It contained the picture of a youth who was just reaching manhood. The detective spoke:

"They say he ought to look older than that now."

"He does," said Dr. Sevier.

"Do you know his name?" inquired the detective.

"No."

"What name do you know him by?"

"John Richling."

"Wasn't he sent down by Recorder Munroe, last summer, for assault, and so forth?"

"Yes. I got him out the next day. He never should have been put in."

To the Doctor's surprise the detective rose to go.

"I'm much obliged to you, Doctor."

"Is that all you wanted to ask me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Izard, who is this young man? What has he done?"

"I don't know, sir. I have a letter from a lawyer in Kentucky who says he represents this young man's two sisters living there—half-sisters, rather—stating that his father and mother are both dead—died within three days of each other."

"What name?"

"He didn't give the name. He sent this daguerreotype with instructions to trace up the young man, if possible. He said there was reason to believe he was in New Orleans. He said if I found him, just to see him privately, tell him the news, and invite him to come back home. But he said if the young fellow had got into any kind of trouble that might somehow reflect on the family, you know, like getting arrested for something or other, you know, or some such thing, then I was just to drop the thing quietly, and say nothing about it to him or anybody else."

"And doesn't that seem a strange way to manage a matter like that—to put it into the hands of a detective?"

"Well, I don't know," said Mr. Izard. "We're used to strange things, and this isn't so very strange. No, it's very common. I suppose he knew that if he gave it to me it would be attended to in a quiet and innocent sort o' way. Some people hate mighty bad to get talked about. Nobody's seen that picture but you and one 'aid,' and just as soon as he saw it he said, 'Why, that's the chap that Dr. Sevier took out of the Parish Prison last September.' And there went anybody else see it."

"Don't you intend to see Richling?" asked the Doctor, following the detective toward the door.

"I don't see as it would be any use," said the detective, "seeing he's been sent down, and so on. I'll write to the lawyer and state the facts, and wait for orders."

"But do you know how slight the blame was that got him into trouble here?"

"Yes. The 'aid' who saw the picture told me all about that. It was a shame. I'll say so. I'll give all the particulars. But I tell you, I just guess—they'll drop him."

"I dare say," said Dr. Sevier.

"Well, Doctor," said Mr. Izard, "hope I haven't annoyed you."

"No," replied the Doctor.

But he had; and the annoyance had not ceased to be felt when, a few mornings afterward, Narcisse suddenly doubled—trebled it by saying:

"Doctah Seveeah,"—it was a cold day,

and the young Creole stood a moment with his back to the office fire, to which he had just given an energetic and prolonged poking,—"a man was yeh to see you name' Bison. 'E want' to see you about Mistoo 'Itchlin'."

The Doctor looked up with a start, and Narcisse continued:

"Mistoo 'Itchlin' is wuckin' in 'is employment. I think 'e's please' with 'im."

"Then why does he come to see me about him?" asked the Doctor, so sharply that Narcisse shrugged as he replied:

"Reely, I cann' tell you; but thass one thing, Doctah, I dunno if you 'ave notiz: the worl' halways take a gweat deal of welfa'e in a man w'en 'e's 'ising. I do that myseff. Some'ow I cann' 'e'p it." This bold speech was too much for him. He looked down at his symmetrical legs and went back to his desk.

The Doctor was far from re-assured. After a silence he called out:

"Did he say he would come back?" A knock at the door arrested the answer, and a huge, wide, broad-faced German entered diffidently. The Doctor recognized Reisen. The visitor took off his flour-dusted hat and bowed with great deference.

"Toc—tor," he softly drawled, "I yoost taught I trop in on you to say a verte to you apowt teh chung gentleman vot you hef rick—omendet to me."

"I didn't recommend him to you, sir. I wrote you distinctly that I did not feel at liberty to recommend him."

"Tat iss teh troot, Tootor Tseweer; tat iss teh ectsectly troot. Shtill I taught I'll yoost trop in on you to say a verte to you,—Toc—tor,—apowt Mister"—He hung his large head at one side to remember.

"Richling," said the Doctor, impatiently.

"Yes, sir. Apowt Mister Richlun. I heff a tifficuldy to rigolict naamps. I yoost taught I voot trop in und trop a verte to you apowt Mr. Richlun, vot maypy you titn't herr udt before, yet."

"Yes," said the Doctor, with ill-concealed contempt. "Well, speak it out, Mr. Reisen; time is precious."

The German smiled and made a silly gesture of assent.

"Yes, udt is breicious. Shtill I taught I voot take enough time to yoost trop in undt say to you tat I heffent het Mr. Richlun in my etsteplitchmendt a veek undtill I finte owdt someting apowt him, tot, uf you het a-knowdnt ud, voot hef mate your letter maypy a little tifferendt written, yet."

Now, at length, Dr. Sevier's annoyance was turned to dismay. He waited in silence for Reisen to unfold his enigma, but already his resentment against Richling was gathering

itself for a spring. To the baker, however, he betrayed only a cold hostility.

"I kept a copy of my letter to you, Mr. Reisen, and there isn't a word in it which need have misled you, sir."

The baker waved his hand amicably.

"Sure, Tector Tseweer, I toandt hef nutting to gombtain akinst teh vertes of tat letter. You voss mighty puttically. Ovver, shtill, I hefsumpting to tell you vot ef you het a-knowdt udt before you writed tose vertes, alreatty, t'ey voot a little tifferendt pin."

"Well, sir, why don't you tell it?"

Reisen smiled. "Tat iss teh ectsectly vot I am coing to too. I yoost taught I'll trop in undt tell you, Toc—tor, tat I heffent het Mr. Richlun in my etsteplitchmendt a veek undtill I findte owdt tat he's a—berfect—tressure."

Doctor Sevier started half up from his chair, dropped into it again, wheeled half away, and back again with the blood surging into his face, and exclaimed:

"Why, what do you mean by such driveling nonsense, sir? You've given me a positive fright!" He frowned the blacker as the baker smiled from ear to ear.

"Vy, Tector, I hope you ugscooce me! I yoost taught you voot like to herr udt. Undt Missis Reisen sayce, 'Reisen, you yoost co undt tell um. I taught udt voot pe blesant to you to know tatt you hett sendt me teh fynust pisness mayn I effer het apowdt me. Undt uff he iss onnust he iss a berfect tressure, undt uff he aint a berfect tressure,'"—he smiled anew and tendered his capacious hat to his listener,—“you yoost kin take tiss, Tector, undt kip udt undt vare udt! Tector, I vish you a merrah Chris'mus!”

XXXII.

BEES, WASPS, AND BUTTERFLIES.

THE merry day went by. The new year, 1858, set in. Everything gathered momentum. There was a panic and a crash. The brother-in-law of sister Jane—he whom Dr. Sevier met at that quiet dinner party—struck an impediment, stumbled, staggered, fell under the feet of the racers, and crawled away minus not money and credit only, but all his philosophy about helping the poor, maimed in spirit, his pride swollen with bruises, his heart and his speech soured beyond all sweetening.

Many were the wrecks. But over their débris, Mercury and Venus—the busy season and the gay season—ran lightly, hand in hand. Men getting money and women squandering it. Whole nights in the ball-room. Gold pouring in at the hopper and out at the

spout—Carondelet street emptying like a yellow river into Canal street. Thousands for vanity; thousands for pride; thousands for influence and for station; thousands for hidden sins; a slender fraction for the wants of the body; a slenderer for the cravings of the soul. Lazarus paid to stay away from the gate. John the Baptist in raiment of broadcloth, a circlet of white linen about his neck, and his meat strawberries and ice-cream. The lower classes mentioned mincingly; awkward silences or visible wincings at allusions to death, and converse on eternal things banished as if it were the smell of cabbage. So looked the gay world, at least, to Dr. Sevier.

He saw more of it than had been his wont for many seasons. The two young lady cousins whom he had brought and installed in his home thirsted for that gorgeous, nocturnal moth life in which no thirst is truly slaked, and dragged him with them into the iridescent, gas-lighted spider-web of society.

"Now, you know you like it!" they said.

"A little of it, yes. But I don't see how you can like it, who virtually live in it and upon it. Why, I would as soon try to live upon cake and candy!"

"Well, we can live very nicely upon cake and candy," retorted they.

"Why, girls, it's no more life than spice is food. What lofty motive—what earnest, worthy object——"

But they drowned his homily in a carol, and ran away arm in arm to dress for another ball. One of them stopped in the door with an air of mock bravado:—

"What do we care for lofty motives or worthy objects!"

A smile escaped from him as she vanished. His condemnation was flavored with charity. "It's their mating season," he silently thought, and, not knowing he did it, sighed.

"There come Dr. Sevier and his two pretty cousins," was the ball-room whisper. "Beautiful girls—rich widower without children—great catch. *Pussé*, how? Well, maybe so; not as much as he makes himself out, though." "*Pussé*, yes," said a merciless belle to a blade of her own years; "a man of strong sense is *passé* at any age." Sister Jane's name was mentioned in the same connection, but that illusion quickly passed. The cousins denied indignantly that he had any matrimonial intention. Somebody dissipated the rumor by a syllogism: "A man hunting a second wife always looks like a fool; the Doctor doesn't look a bit like a fool ergo——"

He grew very weary of the giddy rout, standing in it like a rock in a whirlpool. He did rejoice in the Carnival, but only because it was the end.

"Pretty? yes, as pretty as a bonfire," he said. "I can't enjoy much fiddling while Rome is burning."

"But Rome isn't always burning," said the cousins.

"Yes, it is! Yes, it is!"

The wickeder of the two cousins breathed a penitential sigh, dropped her bare, jeweled arms out of her cloak, and said:

"Now tell us *once* more about Mary Richling." He had bored them to death with Mary.

Lent was a relief to all three. One day, as the Doctor was walking along the street, a large hand grasped his elbow and gently arrested his steps. He turned.

"Well, Reisen, is that you?"

The baker answered with his wide smile. "Yes, Doctor, tat iss me, sure. You titn't tink udt iss Mr. Richlun, tit you?"

"No. How is Richling?"

"Vell, Mr. Richlun kitten along so-o-o-so-o-o. He iss not ferra shtrong; ovver he vurks like a shTEAM-INCHYINE."

"I haven't seen him for many a day," said Dr. Sevier.

The baker distended his eyes, bent his enormous digestive apparatus forward, raised his eyebrows, and hung his arms free from his sides. "He toandt kit a minudt to shpare in teh tswendy-four hourss. Sumptimes he sayss, 'Mr. Reisen, I can't shtop to talk mit you.' Sindts Mr. Richlun pin py my etstep-litchmendt, I tell you teh troot, Doctor Tseweer, I am yoost meckin' monneh hayndt ofer fist!" He swung his chest forward again, drew in his lower regions, revolved his fists around each other for a moment, and then let them fall open at his sides, with the added assurance, "Now you kott teh ectsectly troot."

The Doctor started away, but the baker detained him by a touch:

"You toandt kott enna verte to sendt to Mr. Richlun, Doctor?"

"Yes. Tell him to come and pass an hour with me some evening in my library."

The German lifted his hand in delight.

"Vy, tot's yoost teh dting! Mr. Richlun alwayss pin sayin', 'I vish he aysk me come undt see um'; undt I sayss, 'You holdt shtill, yet, Mr. Richlun; teh next time I see um I make um aysk you. Vell, now, titn't I tunned udt?' He was happy."

"Well, ask him," said the Doctor, and got away.

"No fool is an utter fool," pondered the Doctor, as he went. Two friends had been kept long apart by the fear of each, lest he should seem to be setting up claims based on the past. It required a simpleton to bring them together.

XXXIII.

TOWARD THE ZENITH.

"RICHLING, I am glad to see you!"

Dr. Sevier had risen from his luxurious chair beside a table, the soft downward beams of whose lamp partly showed, and partly hid, the rich appointments of his library. He grasped Richling's hand, and with an extensive stride drew forward another chair on its smooth-running castors.

Then inquiries were exchanged as to the health of one and the other. The Doctor, with his professional eye, noticed, as the light fell full upon his visitor's buoyant face, how thin and pale he had grown. He rose again, and stepping beyond Richling with a remark, in part complimentary and in part critical, upon the balmy April evening, let down the sash of a window where the smell of honeysuckles was floating in.

"Have you heard from your wife lately?" he asked, as he resumed his seat.

"Yesterday," said Richling. "Yes, she's very well; been well ever since she left us. She always sends love to you."

"Hum," responded the physician. He fixed his eyes on the mantel and asked abstractedly, "How do you bear the separation?"

"Oh!" Richling laughed, "not very heroically. It's a great strain on a man's philosophy."

"Work is the only antidote," said the Doctor, not moving his eyes.

"Yes, so I find it," answered the other. "It's bearable enough while one is working like mad; but sooner or later one must sit down to meals, or lie down to rest, you know —"

"Then it hurts," said the Doctor.

"It's a lively discipline," mused Richling.

"Do you think you learn anything by it?" asked the other, turning his eyes slowly upon him. "That's what it means, you notice."

"Yes, I do," replied Richling, smiling; "I learn the very thing I suppose you're thinking of—that separation isn't disruption, and that no pair of true lovers are quite fitted out for marriage until they can bear separation if they must."

"Yes," responded the physician; "if they can muster the good sense to see that, they'll not be so apt to marry prematurely. I needn't tell you I believe in marrying for love; but these needs-must marriages are so ineffably silly. You 'must' and you 'will' marry, and 'nobody shall hinder you!' And you do it! And in three or four or six months"—he drew in his long legs energetically from the hearth-pan—"death separates you!—death,

sometimes, resulting directly from the turn your haste has given to events! Now where is your 'must' and 'will'?" He stretched his legs out again, and laid his head on his cushioned chair-back.

"I have made a narrow escape," said Richling.

"I wasn't so fortunate," responded the Doctor, turning solemnly toward his young friend. "Richling, just seven months after I married Alice, I buried her. I'm not going into particulars—of course; but the sickness that carried her off was distinctly connected with the haste of our marriage. Your Bible, Richling, that you lay such store by, is right; we should want things as if we didn't want them. That isn't the quotation, exactly, but it's the idea. I swore I couldn't and wouldn't live without her; but, you see, this is the fifteenth year that I have had to do it."

"I should think it would have unmanned you for life," said Richling.

"It made a man of me! I've never felt young a day since, and yet I've never seemed to grow a day older. It brought me all at once to my full manhood. I have never consciously disputed God's arrangements since. The man who does is only a wayward child."

"It's true," said Richling, with an air of confession, "it's true"; and they fell into silence.

Presently, Richling looked around the room. His eyes brightened rapidly as he beheld the ranks and tiers of good books. He breathed an audible delight. The multitude of volumes rose in the old-fashioned way, in ornate cases of dark wood from floor to ceiling, on this hand, on that, before him, behind; some in gay covers—green, blue, crimson—with gilding and embossing; some in the sumptuous leathers of France, Russia, Morocco, Turkey; others in worn attire, battered and venerable, dingy but precious, the gray heads of the council.

The two men rose and moved about among those silent wits and philosophers, and, from the very embarrassment of the inner riches, fell to talking of letter-press and bindings, with maybe some effort on the part of each to seem the better acquainted with Caxton, the Elzevirs, and other like immortals. They easily passed to a competitive enumeration of the rare books they had seen or not seen here and there in other towns and countries. Richling admitted he had traveled, and the conversation turned upon noted buildings and famous old nooks in distant cities where both had been. So they moved slowly back to their chairs, and stood by them, still contemplating the books. But as they sank again into their seats, the one thought which had fastened itself in the minds of both found fresh expression.

Richling began, smilingly, as if the subject had not been dropped at all,—“I oughtn't to speak as if I didn't realize my good fortune, for I do.”

“I believe you do,” said the Doctor, reaching toward the fire-irons.

“Yes. Still, I lose patience with myself to find myself taking Mary's absence so hard.”

“All hardships are comparative,” said the Doctor.

“Certainly they are,” replied Richling. “I lie sometimes and think of men who have been political prisoners, shut away from wife and children, with war raging outside and no news coming in.”

“Think of the common poor,” exclaimed Dr. Sevier—“the thousands of sailors' wives and soldiers' wives. Where does that thought carry you?”

“It carries me,” responded the other, with a low laugh, “to where I'm always a little ashamed of myself.”

“I didn't mean it to do that,” said the Doctor; “I can imagine how you miss your wife. I miss her myself.”

“Oh, but she's here on this earth. She's alive and well. Any burden is light when I think of that—pardon me, Doctor!”

“Go on, go on. Anything you please about her, Richling.” The Doctor half sat, half lay in his chair, his eyes partly closed. “Go on,” he repeated.

“I was only going to say that long before Mary went away, many a time when she and I were fighting starvation at close quarters, I have looked at her and said to myself, ‘What if I were in Dr. Sevier's place?’ and it gave me strength to rise up and go on.”

“You were right.”

“I know I was. I often wake now at night and turn and find the place by my side empty, and I can hardly keep from calling her aloud. It wrenches me. But before long, I think she's no such great distance away, since we're both on the same earth together; and by and by she'll be here at my side, and so it becomes easy to me once more.” Richling, in the self-occupation of a lover, forgot what pains he might be inflicting. But the Doctor did not wince.

“Yes,” said the physician, “of course, you wouldn't want the separation to be painless; and it promises a reward, you know.”

“Ah!” exclaimed Richling, with an exultant smile and motion of the head, and then dropped his eyes in meditation. The Doctor looked at him steadily.

“Richling, you've gathered some terribly hard experiences. But hard experiences are often the foundation stones of a successful life. You can make them all profitable. You

can make them draw you along, so to speak. But you must hold them well in hand, as you would a dangerous team, you know,—coolly and alertly, firmly and patiently,—and never let the reins slack till you've driven through the last gate."

Richling replied, with a pleasant nod: "I believe I shall do it. Did you notice what I wrote you in my letter? I have got the notion strongly that the troubles we have gone through, Mary and I, were only our necessary preparation—not so necessary for her as for me——"

"No," said Dr. Sevier, and Richling continued, with a smile—

"To fit us for a long and useful life, and especially a life that will be full of kind and valuable services to the poor. If that isn't what they were sent for"—he dropped into a tone of reflection—"then I don't understand them."

"And suppose you don't understand," said the Doctor, with his cold, grim look.

"Oh!" rejoined Richling, in amiable protest; "but a man would like to understand."

"Like to—yes," replied the Doctor, "but be careful. The spirit that *must* understand is the spirit that can't trust." He paused. Presently he said, "Richling."

Richling answered by an inquiring glance.

"Take better care of your health," said the physician.

Richling smiled—a young man's answer—and rose to say good-night.

XXXIV.

TO SIGH, YET FEEL NO PAIN.

MRS. RILEY missed the Richlings, she said, more than tongue could tell. She had easily rented the rooms they left vacant; that was not the trouble. The new tenant was a sal-low, gaunt, wind-dried seamstress of sixty, who paid her rent punctually, but who was—

"Mighty poor comp'ny to thim as 's been used to the upper tin, Mr. Ristofalo."

Still she was a protection. Mrs. Riley had not regarded this as a necessity in former days, but now, somehow, matters seemed different. This seamstress had, moreover, a son of eighteen years, principally skin and bone, who was hoping to be appointed assistant hostler at the fire-engine house of "Volunteer One," and who meantime hung about Mrs. Riley's dwelling and loved to relieve her of the care of little Mike. This also was something to be appreciated. Still there was a void.

"Well, Mr. Richlin'!" cried Mrs. Riley, as she opened her parlor door in response to a knock. "Well, I'll be switched! ha, ha! I

didn't think it was you at all. Take a seat and sit down!"

It was good to see how she enjoyed the visit. Whenever she listened to Richling's words she rocked in her rocking-chair vigorously, and, when she spoke, stopped its motion and rested her elbows on its arms.

"And how *is* Mrs. Richlin'? And so she sent her love to me, did she, now? The blessed angel! Now, ye're not just a-makin' that up? No, I know ye wouldn't do sich a thing as that, Mr. Richlin'. Well, you must give her mine back again. I've nobody else on e'rth to give ud to, and never will have." She lifted her nose with amiable stateliness, as if to imply that Richling might not believe this, but that it was true, nevertheless.

"You may change your mind, Mrs. Riley, some day," returned Richling, a little archly.

"Ha, ha!" She tossed her head and laughed with good-natured scorn. "Nivvur a fear o' that, Mr. Richlin'!" Her brogue was apt to broaden when pleasure pulled down her dignity. "And if I did, it wuddent be for the likes of no I-talian Dago, if id's him ye're a-dthrin' at—not intinding anny disrespect to your friend, Mr. Richlin', and indeed I don't deny he's a perfect gentleman.—But indeed, Mr. Richlin', I'm just after thinkin' that you and yer lady woudn't have no self-respect for Kate Riley if she should be changing her name."

"Still you were thinking about it," said Richling, with a twinkle.

"Ah, ha, ha! Indeed I wasn', an' ye needn' be t'rowin' anny o' yer slyness on me. Ye know ye'd have no self-respect fur me. No; now ye know ye wuddent;—wud ye?"

"Why, Mrs. Riley, of course we would. Why—why not?" He stood in the doorway, about to take his leave. "You may be sure we'll always be glad of anything that will make you the happier." Mrs. Riley looked so grave that he checked his humor.

"But in the nixt life, Mr. Richlin', how about that?"

"There? I suppose we shall simply each love all in absolute perfection. We'll——"

"We'll never know the differ," interposed Mrs. Riley.

"That's it," said Richling, smiling again. "And so I say—and I've always said—if a person *feels* like marrying again, let him do it."

"Have ye, now? Well, ye're just that good, Mr. Richlin'."

"Yes," he responded, trying to be grave, "that's about my measure."

"Would *you* do it?"

"No, I woudn't. I couldn't. But I should like—in good earnest, Mrs. Riley, I should like, now, the comfort of knowing that you

were not to pass all the rest of your days in widowhood."

"Ah! ged out, Mr. Richlin!" She failed in her effort to laugh. "Ah! ye're sly!" She changed her attitude and drew a breath.

"No," said Richling, "no, honestly. I should feel that you deserved better at this world's hands than that, and that the world deserved better of you. I find two people don't make a world, Mrs. Riley, though often they think they do. They certainly don't when one is gone."

"Mr. Richlin," exclaimed Mrs. Riley, drawing back and waving her hand sweetly, "stop yer flattery! Stop ud! Ah! ye're a-feelin' yer oats, Mr. Richlin'. An' ye're a-showin' 'em too, ye air. Why, I herod ye was lookin' terrible, and here ye're lookin' just splendud!"

"Who told you that?" asked Richling.

"Never mind! Never mind who he was—ha, ha, ha!" She checked herself suddenly. "Ah, me! It's a shame for the likes o' me to be behavin' that foolish!" She put on additional dignity. "I will always be the Widow Riley." Then relaxing again into sweetness: "Marridge is a lottery, Mr. Richlin'; indeed an' it is; and ye know mighty well that he ye're after jokin' me about is no more nor a fri'nd." She looked sweet enough for somebody to kiss.

"I don't know so certainly about that," said her visitor, stepping down upon the sidewalk and putting on his hat. "If I may judge by——" He paused and glanced at the widow.

"Ah, now, Mr. Richlin', na-na-now, Mr. Richlin', ye daurn't say ud! Ye daurn't!" She smiled and blushed and arched her neck and rose and sank upon herself with sweet delight.

"I say, if I judge by what he has said to me," insisted Richling.

Mrs. Riley glided down across the doorstep, and, with all the insinuation of her sex and nation, demanded:

"What'd he tell ye? Ah! he didn't tell ye nawthing! Ha, ha! there wasn't nawthing to tell!" But Richling slipped away.

Mrs. Riley shook her finger: "Ah, ye're a wicket joker, Mr. Richlin'. I didn't think that o' the likes of a gentleman like you, annyhow!" She shook her finger again as she withdrew into the house, smiling broadly all the way in to the cradle, where she kissed and kissed again her ruddy, chubby, sleeping boy.

RISTOFALO came often. He was a man of simple words, and of few thoughts of the kind that were available in conversation; but his personal adventures had begun almost with infancy, and followed one another in close and strange succession over lands and seas ever since. He could, therefore, talk best

about himself, though he talked modestly. "These things to hear would Desdemona seriously incline," and there came times when even a tear was not wanting to gem the poetry of the situation.

"And ye might have saved yerself from all that," was sometimes her note of sympathy. But when he asked how, she silently dried her eyes.

Sometimes his experiences had been intensely ludicrous, and Mrs. Riley would laugh until in pure self-oblivion she smote her thigh with her palm, or laid her hand so smartly against his shoulder as to tip him half off his seat.

"Ye didn't!"

"Yes."

"Ah! Get out wid ye, Raphael Ristofalo, —to be telling me that for the trooth!"

At one such time she was about to give him a second push, but he took the hand in his and quietly kept it to the end of his story.

He lingered late that evening, but at length took his hat from under his chair, rose, and extended his hand.

"Man alive!" she cried, "that's my hand, sur, I'd have ye to know. Begahn wid ye! Lookut heere! What's the reason ye make it so long atween yer visits, eh? Tell me that. Ah—ah—ye've no need fur to tell me, Mr. Ristofalo! Ah—now don't tell a lie!"

"Too busy. Come all time—wasn't too busy."

"Ha, ha! Yes, yes; ye're too busy. Of coorse ye're too busy. Oh, yes! ye air too busy—a-courtin' thim I-talian froot gerls around the Frinch Market. Ah! I'll bet two bits ye're a bouncer! Ah, don't tell me. I know ye, ye villain! Some o' thim's a-waitin' fur ye now, ha, ha! Go! And don't ye niver come back heere anny more. D'ye mind?"

"Aw right." The Italian took her hand for the third time and held it, standing in his simple square way before her, and wearing his gentle smile as he looked her in the eye. "Good-bye, Kate."

Her eye quailed. Her hand pulled a little helplessly, and in meek voice she said:

"That's not right for you to do me that a-way, Mr. Ristofalo. I've got a handle to my name, sur."

She threw some gentle rebuke into her glance, and turned it upon him. He met it with that same amiable absence of emotion that was always in his look.

"Kate too short by itself?" he asked.

"Aw right; make it Kate Ristofalo."

"No," said Mrs. Riley, averting and drooping her face.

"Take good care of you," said the Italian; "you and Mike. Always be kind. Good care."

Mrs. Riley turned with sudden fervor.

"Mr. Ristofalo," she exclaimed, lifting her free hand and touching her bosom with the points of her fingers, "ye don't know the hairt of a woman, surr! No-o-o, surr! It's *love* we wants! 'The hairt as has trooly loved nivver furgits, but as trooly loves ahn to the tlose!'"

"Yes," said the Italian; "yes," nodding and ever smiling, "dass aw righ'."

But she:

"Ah! it's no use fur you to be a-talkin' an' a-pallaverin' to Kate Riley when ye don't be lovin' her, Mr. Ristofalo, an' ye know ye don't."

A tear glistened in her eye.

"Yes, love you," said the Italian; "course, love you."

He did not move a foot or change the expression of a feature.

"H-yes!" said the widow. "H-yes!" she panted. "H-yes, a little! A little, Mr. Ristofalo! But I want"—she pressed her hand hard upon her bosom, and raised her eyes aloft—"I want to be—h—h—h-adaured above all the e'rth!"

"Aw righ'," said Ristofalo; "yes—door above all you worth."

"Raphael Ristofalo," she said, "ye're a-deceivin' me! Ye came heere whin nobody axed ye,—an' that ye know is a fact, surr,—an' made yerself agree'ble to a poor, unsuspectin' widdah, an' [*tears*] rabbed me o' mie hairt, ye did; whin I nivver intinded to git married ag'in."

"Don't cry, Kate—Kate Ristofalo," quietly observed the Italian, getting an arm around her waist, and laying a hand on the farther cheek. "Kate Ristofalo."

"Shut!" she exclaimed, turning with playful fierceness, and proudly drawing back her head; "shut! Hah! It's Kate Ristofalo, is it? Ah, ye think so! Hah-h! It'll be ad least two weeks yet before the priest will be after giving you the right to call me that!"

And, in fact, an entire fortnight did pass before they were married.

XXXV.

WHAT NAME?

RICHLING, in Dr. Sevier's library one evening in early May, gave him great amusement by an account of the Ristofalo-Riley wedding. He had attended it only the night before. The Doctor had received an invitation, but had pleaded previous engagements.

"But I am glad you went," he said to Richling; "however, go on with your account."

"Oh, I was glad to go. And I'm certainly glad I went."

Richling proceeded with the recital. The Doctor smiled. It was very droll—the description of persons and costumes. Richling was quite another than his usual restrained self this evening. Oddly enough, too, for this was but his second visit; the confinement of his work was almost like an imprisonment, it was so constant. The Doctor had never seen him in just such a glow. He even mimicked the brogue of two or three Irish gentlemen, and the soft, outlandish swing in the English of one or two Sicilians. He did it all so well that when he gave an instance of some of the broad Hibernian repartee he had heard, the Doctor actually laughed audibly. One of his young lady cousins on some pretext opened a door and stole a glance within to see what could have produced a thing so extraordinary.

"Come in, Laura, come in. Tell Bess to come in." The Doctor introduced Richling with due ceremony. Richling could not, of course, after this accession of numbers, go on being funny. The mistake was trivial, but all saw it. Still the meeting was pleasant. The girls were very intelligent and vivacious. Richling found a certain refreshment in their graceful manners, like what we sometimes feel in catching the scent of some long-forgotten perfume. They had not been told all his history, but had heard enough to make them curious to see and speak to him. They were evidently pleased with him, and Dr. Sevier, observing this, betrayed an air that was much like triumph. But after awhile they went as they had come.

"Doctor," said Richling, smiling until Dr. Sevier wondered silently what possessed the fellow, "excuse me for bringing this here. But I find it so impossible to get to your office——" He moved nearer the Doctor's table and put his hand into his bosom.

"What's that?" asked the Doctor, frowning heavily. Richling smiled still broader than before.

"This is a statement," he said.

"Of what?"

"Of the various loans you have made me, with interest to date."

"Yes?" said the Doctor, frigidly.

"And here," persisted the happy man, straightening out a leg as he had done the first time they ever met, and drawing a roll of notes from his pocket, "is the total amount."

"Yes?" The Doctor regarded them with cold contempt. "That's all very pleasant for you, I suppose, Richling,—shows you're the right kind of man, I suppose, and so on. I know that already, however. Now just put all that back into your pocket, for the sight of it isn't pleasant. You certainly don't imagine I'm going to take it, do you?"

"You promised to take it when you lent it."

"Humph! Well, I didn't say when."

"As soon as I could pay it," said Richling.

"I don't remember," replied the Doctor, picking up a newspaper. "I release myself from that promise."

"I don't release you," persisted Richling; "neither does Mary."

The Doctor was quiet awhile before he answered. He crossed his knees, a moment after folded his arms, and presently said:

"Foolish pride, Richling."

"We know that," replied Richling; "we don't deny that that feeling creeps in. But we'd never do anything that's right if we waited for an unmixed motive, would we?"

"Then you think my motive—in refusing it—is mixed, probably."

"Ho-o-oh!" laughed Richling. The gladness within him would break through. "Why, Doctor, nothing could be more different. It doesn't seem to me as though you ever had a mixed motive."

The Doctor did not answer. He seemed to think the same thing.

"We know very well, Doctor, that if we should accept this kindness we might do it in a spirit of proper and commendable—a—humble-mindedness. But it isn't mere pride that makes us insist."

"No?" asked the Doctor, cruelly. "What is it else?"

"Why, I hardly know what to call it, except that it's a conviction that—well, that to pay is best; that it's the nearest to justice we can get, and that—" he spoke faster—"that it's simple duty to choose justice when we can and mercy when we must. There, I've hit it out!" He laughed again. "Don't you see, Doctor? Justice when we may—mercy when we must? It's your own principles!"

The Doctor looked straight at the mantelpiece as he asked:

"Where did you get that idea?"

"I don't know; partly from nowhere, and——"

"Partly from Mary," interrupted the Doctor. He put out his long white palm. "It's all right. Give me the money." Richling counted it into his hand. He rolled it up and stuffed it into his portemonnaie.

"You like to part with your hard earnings, do you, Richling?"

"Earnings can't be hard," was the reply; "it's borrowings that are hard."

The Doctor assented.

"And of course," said Richling, "I enjoy paying old debts." He stood and leaned his head in his hand with his elbow on the mantel. "But even aside from that, I'm happy."

"I see you are!" remarked the physician,

emphatically, catching the arms of his chair and drawing his feet closer in. "You've been smiling worse than a boy with a love-letter."

"I've been hoping you'd ask me what's the matter."

"Well, then, Richling, what is the matter?"

"Mary has a daughter."

"What!" cried the Doctor, springing up with a radiant face and grasping Richling's hand in both his own.

Richling laughed aloud, nodded, laughed again, and gave either eye a quick, energetic wipe with all his fingers.

"Doctor," he said, as the physician sank back into his chair, "we want to name——" he hesitated, stood on one foot and leaned again against the shelf—"we want to call her by the name of—if we may——"

The Doctor looked up as if with alarm, and John said, timidly,—"Alice?"

Dr. Sevier's eyes—what was the matter? His mouth quivered. He nodded, and whispered huskily:

"All right."

After a long pause, Richling expressed the opinion that he had better be going, and the Doctor did not indicate any difference of conviction. At the door the Doctor asked:

"If the fever should break out this summer, Richling, will you go away?"

"No."

XXXVI.

PESTILENCE.

ON the twentieth of June, 1858, an incident occurred in New Orleans which challenged special attention from the medical profession. Before the month closed there was a second, similar to the first. The press did not give such matters to the public in those days; it would only make the public—the advertising public—angry. Times have changed since—faced clear about; but at that period Dr. Sevier, who hated a secret only less than a falsehood, was right in speaking as he did.

"Now you'll see," he said, pointing downward aslant, "the whole community stick its head in the sand!" He sent for Richling.

"I give you fair warning," he said. "It's coming."

"Don't cases occur sometimes in an isolated way without—anything further?" asked Richling with a promptness which showed he had already been considering the matter.

"Yes."

"And might not this——"

"Richling, I give you fair warning."

"Have you sent your cousins away, Doctor?"

"They go to-morrow." After a silence the Doctor added: "I tell you now, because this is the time to decide what you will do. If you are not prepared to take all the risks and stay them through, you had better go at once."

"What proportion of those who are taken sick of it die?" asked Richling.

"The proportion varies in different seasons; say about one in seven or eight. But your chances would be hardly so good, for you're not strong, Richling, nor well either."

Richling stood and swung his hat against his knee. "I really don't see, Doctor, that I have any choice at all. I couldn't go to Mary—when she has but just come through a mother's pains and dangers—and say, 'I've thrown away seven good chances of life to run away from one bad one.' Why, to say nothing else, Reisen can't spare me." He smiled with boyish vanity.

"Oh! Richling, that's silly!"

"I—I know it," exclaimed the other, quickly; "I see it is. If he could spare me, of course he wouldn't be paying me a salary." But the Doctor silenced him by a gesture.

"The question is not whether he can spare you at all. It's simply, can you spare him?"

"Without violating any pledge, you mean," added Richling.

"Of course," assented the physician.

"Well, I can't spare him, Doctor. He has given me a hold on life, and no one chance in seven, or six, or five is going to shake me loose. Why, I tell you I couldn't look Mary in the face. She couldn't look me in the face."

"Have your own way," responded the Doctor. "There are some things in your favor. You frail fellows often pull through easier than the big, full-blooded ones."

"Oh, it's Mary's way too, I feel certain," retorted Richling, gayly, "and I venture to say —" he coughed and smiled again — "it's yours."

"I didn't say it wasn't," replied the smiling Doctor, reaching for a pen and writing a prescription. "Here; get that and take it according to direction. It's for that cold."

"If I should take the fever," said Richling, coming out of a reverie, "Mary will want to come to me."

"Well, she mustn't come a step!" exclaimed the Doctor.

"You'll forbid it, will you not, Doctor? Pledge me!"

"I do better, sir; I pledge myself."

So the July suns rose up and moved across the beautiful blue sky; the moon went through all her majestic changes; on thirty-one successive midnights the Star Bakery sent abroad its grateful odors of bread, and as the last night passed into the first twinkling hour of

morning the month chronicled one hundred and thirty-one deaths from yellow fever. The city shuddered because it knew and because it did not know what was in store. People began to fly by hundreds and then by thousands. Many were overtaken and stricken down as they fled. Still men plied their vocations, children played in the streets, and the days came and went, fair, blue, tremulous with sunshine, or cool and gray and sweet with summer rain. How strange it was for nature to be so beautiful and so unmoved! By and by one could not look down a street on this hand or on that, but he saw a funeral. Doctors' gigs began to be hailed on the streets and to refuse to stop, and houses were pointed out that had just become the scenes of strange and harrowing episodes.

"Do you see that bakery—the 'Star Bakery'? Five funerals from that place—and another goes this afternoon."

Before this was said August had completed its record of eleven hundred deaths, and September had begun the long list that was to add twenty-two hundred more. Reisen had been the first one ill in the establishment. He had been losing friends—one every few days; and he thought it only plain duty, let fear or prudence say what they might, to visit them at their bedsides and follow them to their tombs. It was not only the outer man of Reisen, but the heart as well, that was elephantine. He had at length come home from one of these funerals with pains in his back and limbs, and the various familiar accompaniments.

"I feel right clumpy," he said, as he lifted his great feet and lowered them into the mustard footbath.

"Doctor Sevier," said Richling, as he and the physician paused half way between the sick chambers of Reisen and his wife, "I hope you'll not think it fool-hardy for me to expose myself by nursing these people —"

"No," replied the veteran in a tone of indifference, and passed on; the tincture of self-approval that had "mixed" with Richling's motives went away to nothing.

Both Reisen and his wife recovered. But "an apple-cheeked brother of the baker, still in the green cap and coat that he had come in from Germany, was struck from the first with that mortal terror which is so often an evil symptom of the disease, and died on the fifth day after his attack, in raging delirium. Ten of the workmen, bakers and others, followed him. Richling alone, of all in the establishment, while the sick lay scattered through the town on uncounted thousands of beds, and the month of October passed by, bringing death to eleven hundred more, escaped untouched of the scourge.

"I can't understand it," he said.

"Demand an immediate explanation," said Dr. Sevier, with somber irony.

How DID others fare? Ristofalo had, time and again, sailed with the fever, nursed it, slept with it. It passed him by again. Little Mike took it, lay two or three days very still in his mother's strong arms, and recovered. Madame Ristofalo had had it in "fifty-three." She became a heroic nurse to many, and saved life after life among the poor.

The trials of those days enriched John Richling in the acquaintanceship and esteem of Sister Jane's little lispng rector. And, by the way, none of those with whom Dr. Sevier dined on that darkest night of Richling's life became victims. The rector had never encountered the disease before, but when Sister Jane and the banker, and the banker's family and friends, and thousands of others fled, he ran toward it, David-like, swordless and armorless. He and Richling were nearly of equal age. Three times, four times, and again, they met at dying beds. They became fond of each other.

Another brave nurse was Narcisse. Dr. Sevier, it is true, could not get rid of the conviction for years afterward that one victim

would have lived had not Narcisse talked him to death. But in general, where there was some one near to prevent his telling all his discoveries and inventions, he did good service, and accompanied it with very chivalric emotions.

"Yessch," he said, with a strutting attitude that somehow retained a sort of modesty, "I 'ad the gweatess success. Hah! a nuss is a nuss those time'. Only some time 'e's not. 'Tis accawding to the povvub—what is that povvub, now, ag'in?" The proverb did not answer his call, and he waved it away. "Yessch, eve'ybody wanting me at once—couldn't supply the deman'."

Richling listened to him with new pleasure and rising esteem.

"You make me envy you," he exclaimed, honestly.

"Well, I s'pose you may say so, Mistoo 'Itchlin', faw I nevva nuss a sing-le one w'at din paid me ten dollahs a night. Of co'se! 'Consistently, thou awt a jew'l.' It's juz as the povvub says, 'All work an' no pay keep Jack a small boy.' An' yet," he hurriedly added, remembering his indebtedness to his auditor, "'tis aztonizhin' 'ow 'tis expensive to live. I haven' got a picayune of that money pwesently! I'm aztonizh' myseff!"

(To be continued.)



A MARRIAGE.

THEY stood together, he and she,

As tenderly as lovers may

Who know the breaking dawn will be
Their wedding day.

His flashing eyes told half his bliss;

But hers seemed full of silent prayer,
As if a mightier voice than his
Had named her there.

Behind the altar and the ring,

Behind the brimming cup love holds,
Her timid soul sought, wondering,
The future's folds.

His eyes were sweet; she looked beyond
Through waiting years of sun and rain.
His clasp was dear; she felt the bond
That might be pain!

Yet he all gladness, she half fear,

Gave kisses only of delight.

Love touched and brought them close and near
That happy night.

Long afterward he waked to doubt—

But she, with care-worn matron grace,
Shut patience in and passion out,
And held her place.

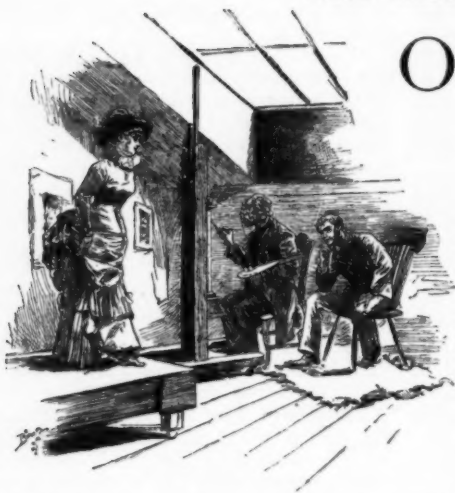
And never thought, nor word went wild—

Content if only she could see
His features in the sleeping child
Across her knee.

Her doubt had end where his begun;
She smiled, nor knew the bitter cost
At which his prison calm was won—
His freedom lost!

Mary Ainge De Vere.

ROSE MADDER.



OLD MADDER lived on the top floor of an artist rookery down in the Greenwich region,—near enough to the Tenth street Studio Building for him to say that he lived in an artistic quarter of the town; under the roof, as he was wont very reasonably to explain, because that was the only place in any house where a man could get a sky light. Catch him spoiling good painting by working by a side light, he would say.

There were a lot of other men who had studios in the building. Some of them were old fellows—old Cremnitz White and Robert Lake, for instance—who had been painting atrociously all their lives, and who all the while had sincerely believed themselves to be the greatest artists of the age, whom fate, and the pub-

lic's bad taste, and all the malign forces at work in the world (but their own incapacity), had united to trample on. And with these there were some young fellows—Vandyke Brown, little Sap Green, Jaune d'Antimoine, McGilp, and two or three more—who had not worked long enough to prove very conclusively whether their work was bad intrinsically or bad only because they had yet a good deal to learn. All of these men snarled and snapped at each other more or less, and abused each other's work, and envied each other's (apparently) less bad fortune; and, on the whole, were pretty good friends.

Of them all, old Madder was the only one who had his family with him; and old Madder's family consisted solely and simply of his daughter Rose. In all Greenwich there was not a more charming little body than Rose Madder; probably it would be within bounds to say that there was not a more charming little body in all New York. She was twenty or thereabouts, and as plump as a little partridge, and as good-humored as the day was long. You must have seen her face—at least as good a copy of it as old Madder could make, which is not saying a great deal, to be sure—a dozen times in the last dozen years at the Academy exhibitions; for Madder was an N. A., and so was one of those whose "line" privileges make the Academy exhibitions so hopelessly exasperating. Rose began to do duty as a model before she was weaned ("Soldier's Widow and Orphaned Child," Rubens Madder, A. N. A., 1864), but the first really recognizable portrait of her that saw the light was "The Bread-winner" (1875), in which she figured in an apron, with rolled-up sleeves, making real bread at what a theatrical person would call a practicable table. Since then she had gone to the Academy regularly every year,—excepting that sad year when her mother died, and old Madder had not the heart to finish his "Dress-Making at Home," nor to do anything at all save mourn the loss that never could be repaired.

It was generally believed that the reason why Madder's pictures sold—for some of them did sell—was that Rose, even badly painted, was worth buying. All his friends wanted to borrow her, but Madder would never lend her: she was too valuable to him as stock-in-trade. And with the odd hundreds which dropped in from his pictures, with some other odd hundreds that he picked up by painting portraits,—things hard as stones, which he was wont to say, modestly, were good because he had caught completely the style of his old master, Sully,—he managed to pick up a living, and to keep the frame-maker from the door.

It was the prettiest sight in the world to see Rose posing for her father. She had seen too many pictures, and had heard too much picture-talk, not to know that her father's pictures were pretty bad. But she loved her father with all her heart, and she would have died cheerfully rather than let him for a single moment suspect that she did not truly

believe him to be the greatest artist that ever had lived. And Madder, while yet recognizing the fact that some few men had excelled him in art, found much solace for his soul in his daughter's unlimited admiration of his greatness. Therefore, when she posed for him, and with much gravity discussed with him how the pose would have been arranged by Rubens or Sir Joshua or some other of his acknowledged superiors, and all the while talked heartening talk to him, and gave him — with due deference to the interests of the pose — sweet looks of love out of her gentle blue eyes; when all this was going on, it was, I repeat, the prettiest sight in the world.

Vandyke Brown thought so, certainly; and that he might enjoy it freely, he made all manner of excuses for coming into Madder's studio while work was going on. The most unblushing of all these excuses — though the one that he found most useful — was that he wanted to study Madder's style. This was carrying mendacity to a very high pitch indeed, for until within the past year Brown had been accustomed to cite Madder's style as being a most shining example of all that was pernicious in the old school. Brown was a League man, of course, and held the Academy in an exceeding great contempt. Yet now, for hours at a stretch, — and when he had work of his own on hand that needed prompt attention, — he would sit by old Madder's easel and talk high art with him, and listen calmly to the utterance of old-time heresies fit to make your flesh creep, and hear for the hundredth time Madder draw the parallel between himself and poor old Ben Haydon, and, worst of all, watch old Madder placidly painting away in a fashion that sent cold creeps down his (Brown's) back, and made him long to take Madder by the shoulders and ram his head through the canvas. All this torment Vandyke Brown would undergo for no better reason than that Rose Madder was a dozen feet away on the platform, and by thus sitting by her father's side he had the joy of hearing her sweet voice and the greater joy of seeing her sweeter smiles.

What was still more unreasonable in Brown's conduct was his sturdy objection to sharing this mixed pleasure with anybody else. When little Sap Green came in, as he very often did, he would fume and fret, and make himself so disagreeable to the little man — who was a good enough little chap in his way, guilty of no other sin than that of painting most abominably — that Rose would have to intervene with all her tact and gentleness to prevent a regular outbreak. And it was still worse when the visitor was McGilp. Brown hated this sleek, slippery person most

heartily. He hated his always-smooth, reddish-yellow hair; he hated the oily smoothness of his voice; he hated his silent, cat-like ways; and, most of all, he hated him for his insolence in venturing to love Rose.

Moreover, McGilp was Brown's rival in art. He was a League man too, and at the life-class his studies were the only ones which gave Brown any real uneasiness. Their styles were different, but there was very little choice in the quality of their work. And as each would have been the acknowledged first if the other had been out of the way, there was not much love lost between them. To do Brown justice, though, mere professional rivalry never would have set him at loggerheads with anybody; it was the other rivalry that made him hate McGilp — coupled with a profound conviction that in McGilp's composition there was a thoroughly bad streak that by rights should bar completely his pretensions to Rose's love.

An ugly piece of work had been done at the life-class in the past season, that never yet had received a satisfactory explanation. The pose was a strong one, and both Brown and McGilp had worked hard over it — with Brown ahead. On the morning of the last day of the pose Brown had found his study most ingeniously ruined. It was not painted out, but here and there over the whole of it bits had been touched in that took out all its strength, and reduced it simply to the level of the commonplace. The study was spoiled, but so cleverly that even the men who had watched Brown at his work were inclined to believe — in accordance with the humane custom that makes all of us give a man in a tight place the benefit of every doubt that will make his place tighter — that they had overestimated its merits, and that the study had been weak from the start. Brown believed most thoroughly — though with no more material ground for his belief than the skill with which the changes had been made, and a vague remembrance of seeing McGilp still pottering over his work after the class broke up the day before — that McGilp was the man who had played this scurvy trick on him. He kept his suspicions to himself; but, since he held them, it is no great wonder that when McGilp was the intruder upon his lounging in old Madder's studio, Rose had her hands full in staving off a storm!

The fact of the matter was that Brown was desperately in love with Rose, and as yet was in a state of anything but pleasing uncertainty as to whether there was the least chance in the world that his love would be returned. What made his situation all the more uncomfortable was his profound conviction — at least in his lucid intervals — that

for him to fall in love with anybody was a most serious piece of folly. For all in the world that he had to live upon was the very doubtful—save that it certainly always was insufficient—income that he made by scrap-work for the illustrated papers, with now and then an extra lift when a sanguine dealer was weak enough to buy one of his little pictures. He had shown this much good sense, at least: he never yet had tried to paint a big one. He did believe, and he had some ground for believing, that after a while he might do work that would be worth something. In the mean time he sailed close to the wind, and had anything but an easy time of it.

But God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, down Greenwich way. In that modest region one may get a very filling breakfast for twenty cents, and for thirty cents a dinner; and Brown was a rare hand at making coffee wherewith to mitigate the severity of his early morning loaf of bread. And, on the whole, he did not find this hand-to-mouth sort of life especially uncomfortable. But he had wisdom enough to perceive that without something more assured in the way of a living, getting married was a risky undertaking. To be sure, he had "prospects." His uncle Mangan, who was a highly respected leather man down in the Swamp, had neither wife nor child; and Brown felt tolerably certain that some day or other a fair share of the profits of his uncle's leather business would be his. But Uncle Mangan was a tough, cheery, hearty old fellow, who very well might live to be a hundred; at which time his nephew would be five-and-seventy. The thought of an engagement of fifty years' duration, ending in a marriage at three-score years and fifteen, was rather appalling.

"Thees ees what you call rose, very rose, my friend, thees long time of waiting for the love," observed Jaune d'Antimoine, sympathizingly, when, as his custom was at short intervals, Brown had relieved his mind by confiding his hopes and expectations and doubts to his friend.

"Rough? I should rather think so! If you knew how rough it was, you'd wonder that I don't end it all by jumping into the river!"

"Ah! but you forget, my poor Brown. I also 'ave my rose for whom I long, my sweet Rose Carthame; I also am most 'opeless and most meeserable. And I am even more meeserable than you, for 'ave I not one wretched rival—that most execrable countryman of mine who calls 'imself the count—count! parbleu! he is no count—Siccatif de Courtray? I—I will yet eat 'im alive, vig and all!"

It will be observed that Brown withheld from his friend his conviction that he also had

a rival in McGilp. Brown did not like to admit this fact even to himself. To couple this man, even in his thoughts, with Rose, seemed to him nothing short of an outrageous insult. That Rose had any other feeling than that of toleration for McGilp he could not, he would not believe; but he knew that it was useless to close his eyes to the truth that McGilp was in love with Rose, and was bent upon winning her, and that McGilp was not the sort of man to abandon lightly anything that he had fully made up his mind to do. He was a rival; and in that he possessed force of character that begot persistency of purpose, he was a dangerous rival. So Brown was in a melancholy way over it all—trying to nerve himself to faith in his success in art; trying to hope that Rose, too, would have faith in him; trying not to fall into the habit of thinking what pleasant things might happen should his uncle Mangan suddenly be called into another and a better world.

"I SAY, old man, are you going in for the Philadelphia prizes?" asked little Sap Green as he tipped a lot of life-studies off a chair in Brown's studio, sat down on the chair, and blew such clouds of cigarette smoke that presently his face shone out through the mist like that of a spectacled cherub.

"I do wish to heaven, Green, that you wouldn't smoke those vile things in here. If smoking a pipe like a Christian makes you sick, then don't smoke anything."

"I am," Green continued. "Of course, I know that I don't stand a first chance, for there are several men who can paint better than I can. Somebody else will get the three thousand dollars, I suppose; but I don't see why I shouldn't get one of the medals. Even the bronze would be worth having. It does a fellow a heap of good in the catalogues, you know, to have a medal after his name."

"And you might wear it round your neck on a string. But I don't think that you need a bronze medal, Sap; you've enough of the article already, for all practical purposes."

"Don't joke about it, Brown. I'm quite serious. You see, I have an idea. Don't whistle that way, it's rude. You've been associating too much with the boys who hang around Jefferson Market. Yes, I have an idea that I think is bound to win. I'm going to do the 'Surrender at Yorktown.' You know I'm pretty good all around—figures, animals, landscape, and marine. The trouble is to get a subject, inside the conditions, that will bring them all in. 'Yorktown' is just the card. Figures of George and Cornwallis—or whoever the other fellow was—in foreground; staff in middle distance; group of



"ARE YOU GOING IN FOR THE PHILADELPHIA PRIZES?"

cavalry close up in front on right; French ships close up in front on left; lots of landscape, with tents and masses of troops in background. There you have it; and if that don't take a medal, it will be because the committee has not the sense to know a good picture when it has one under its nose."

"True," observed Brown, thoughtfully. "What a lucky thing it is for you, Sappy, that Trumbull didn't take out a copyright; or, if he did, that it has expired by limitation."

"Trumbull, indeed! It's just because Trumbull made such a mess of that subject that I want to show how it ought to be painted. Do you know, Brown, I think that this is the very end that old Temple has in view. He wants these grand subjects which were ruined in our fathers' and grandfathers' time to be taken up by the men of the new school and painted properly. But I do wish that the Philadelphia people had not made this absurd rule about size. What is a man to do with such a subject as the 'Surrender at Yorktown' on a beggarly eight-by-ten-foot canvas?"

"You can get an awful lot of paint on a canvas that big, Sap."

"You are a bear, Brown. When a man comes to you, really in earnest, to tell you of his aspirations and hopes, you answer him simply with low chaff. You haven't a scrap of the real artist feeling in your whole composition." And Sap Green frowned out of the studio, leaving Brown grinning at him.

But Brown was more in earnest than he had

cared to own. He had been thinking very seriously about the Philadelphia prizes, and he had made up his mind to go in for them. He knew that he had no more chance than little Sap Green had for the great prize; but he also knew, just as Sap knew, that even the lowest of the three medals was worth very earnest striving after. In winning it there was honor to be gained and there was money to be made,—for there was not much doubt but that a medal picture would find a purchaser,—and honor and money were what he longed for just now with all his heart; for these were the means that would compass the end that he lived for—Rose.

And Brown also had an idea. It was not as big an idea, in square feet, as Sap's; but it possessed the advantages of having something of originality about it, and of being within the scope of his ability. He had the color study pretty well in shape already, and he believed that he had a good thing. It was a simple picture, and very much inside the eight-by-ten-foot limitation. The scene was a roadway in a dark wood, the foreground in deepest shadow. Out beneath the arching branches was seen a broad valley lighted up by the bright light of the rising sun, the sunbeams striking brilliantly upon the white tents of a camp. And seen under the bowing trees, but a little beyond them and in the full brightness of the morning light, was a single figure, brought into strong relief against the dark hills lying in shadow on the valley's farther side. The figure was that of a woman in Quaker dress—the soft brown and gray of her shawl and gown in tone with the deeper browns and grays of the foreground and of the misty valley beyond; a good high-light in the white kerchief folded across her breast. She was kneeling. Her shawl had fallen back, showing her beautiful head and face,—beautiful with the beauty not of youth, but of serene holiness,—on which the sun shone full. Her eyes, moist with tears, were full of a glad thankfulness, and through all the lines of the face and figure was an expression of great joy, humbled by devout gratitude to Him who had brought her safely to her journey's end, and so had given her the victory. The title, "Saving Washington's Camp at Whitemarsh," gave the key to the story: the woman was Lydia Darragh, who went out from Philadelphia, and gave the warning that enabled the Continental army to repulse the assault planned by Howe. And Brown was determined to work on this picture as he never had worked before.

Naturally, McGilp was not asleep in the Philadelphia competition; and he also had his mind set on winning a medal—and with it, Rose. His picture was more striking

than Brown's, but infinitely less pretentious than Sap Green's stupendous "Yorktown." It was called "Raising the Flag at Stony Point," and in its way it was an uncommonly good thing. The time, as in Brown's picture,



"HE TURNED BACK TO CARRY HER MARKET-BASKET."

was sunrise — the sunrise following the night of General Wayne's gallant assault. In the immediate front of the picture was water, tumbling in little waves which sparkled in the sunlight; and from this rose sharply the rocky bank, and sheer above the bank an angle of the fort. Standing on the parapet, in crisp relief against the green-blue sky, was "Mad Anthony" himself, in the act of running up the stars and stripes; while at his feet, hanging down red over the gray stones of the parapet, and throwing a rich crimson reflection down upon the broken water below, was the flag of the conquered foe. Over the whole picture was a flood of strong, clear light that emphasized the spirited action and elate pose of the single figure: it was a stirring story of a gallant fight crowned by a well-won victory. Except that the values of the lights and shades were about the same in both, McGilp's and Brown's pictures had absolutely nothing in common; and while Brown's had the advantage in earnestness and depth of poetic feeling, McGilp's, being

bold and aggressive, was much more likely to hit the popular taste.

It was known presently among the artists that both men had entered in the Philadelphia race; but while McGilp made no secret of his "Stony Point," Brown absolutely refused to let his subject be known. He kept his door locked, and the few men whom he admitted now and then saw no more of his work than the curtain that hung over it jealously.

Not a word passed between Brown and McGilp as to what would be the result should either of them win a medal, but each man knew what the other was working for, and each felt that the other's success meant his own defeat. Not that Brown believed that McGilp ever could win Rose, for he loved Rose himself too much to fancy even for a moment that she could love McGilp under any circumstances; but he felt that unless there was enough good in himself to enable him to take one of the three medals, his career as an artist might as well come definitely to an end, and his love for Rose with it. McGilp, who was cool-headed enough to see in what direction Rose's inclinations were tending, believed that in his own success coupled with Brown's failure rested his only chance of having Rose so much as listen to him. Therefore both men went at their work with all their strength and put into it their whole hearts.

Now Brown was a good deal laughed at for making such a mystery about his picture; but he knew what he was about, and the laughing did not at all discomfit him. His purpose was a diplomatic one: that he might have a secret in common with Rose. He knew enough of the theory and practice of love-making to know that a bond of this sort counted for a good deal.

As soon as the picture was fairly in his head, he decided that Rose, and Rose alone, should know all about it. So, when he met her coming home from Jefferson Market one morning, he turned back to carry her market-basket and to tell her the secret that he intended should be his first parallel. And he made such quick work of it that the secret was in her keeping before they had passed the pretty little triangular park where Grove street and Christopher street slant into each other. Rose now never looks under the archway formed by the trees in the little park and the elm and willow on the sidewalk, that she does not fancy that she sees Lydia Darragh kneeling there, while Grove street and Christopher street beyond widen out into the tent-dotted valley of Whitemarsh.

Having told this secret, Brown had to steady himself sharply that he might not tell the other secret that lay on the very end of

his tongue—how all his hope of the prize really was hope of Rose herself. Possibly Rose had a feeling sense of what he was trying not to tell, for she talked so much about the picture that he had no chance to talk about anything else. And she was as sympathizing as even Brown—who wanted a good deal of sympathy—could desire.

After that Brown managed pretty often to meet Rose as she came from market; and Rose did not resent the persistent frequency of these purely chance encounters. She reasoned with herself that it must be a great comfort to him to have anybody to talk with about his work and hopes, and that for her to refuse to listen to him, since he had happened to make her his confidante, would be exceedingly ungracious, to say the least of it; which reasoning, if a trifle too general in its premises, certainly was sound in its conclusions. And by good generalship she always managed that his other secret should remain untold—though as the days went by she found this to be an increasingly difficult task, that constantly called for more vigorous defensive tactics. And what still further complicated matters was that Rose grew less and less disposed to use defensive tactics at all.

Brown put in honest work on his picture. He spent a couple of days in getting his studies on the border of the Whitemarsh valley; and he got up morning after morning at unconscionable hours, so as to be in the Park at sunrise to study effects of early morning light—and mighty puzzling he found them! Luckily, his sister, Verona, was the type that he needed for Lydia Darragh, and she posed for him with all the good-will in the world; and nobody knows what a deal of good-will is required in posing until he has tried it for a while.

Under Verona's protection, Rose saw the picture now and then, and so was able to talk about it considerably with Brown in the course of their walks. And these walks came to be a good deal prolonged; for Brown developed a notable tendency for taking the wrong turns when they were going home, so that when they thought they were in Grove street, they suddenly would find themselves drifting down on Abingdon Place. After all, though, these mistakes were not unnatural when you come to think what a desperately crooked region Greenwich is. That people should go astray in a part of the town so hopelessly topsy-turvy that in it Fourth street crosses Tenth street at right angles, need not be a matter for surprise. What was a little surprising, though, was that it did not occur to Rose that inasmuch as Verona now knew all about the picture, Brown no longer

stood in very urgent need of herself as a confidante. But it certainly is a fact that this view of the situation never once crossed her mind.

McGilp's "Stony Point," meanwhile, was getting along pretty well, too. The man had a great deal of facility, and more than a fair allowance of talent; and he never had worked so hard as he was working now. Little Sap Green, who had a great fondness for knowing all that was going on, paid frequent visits to his studio and volunteered statements of the results of his observations to Brown:

"It's not as good as 'Yorktown,' of course, but it's a mighty good picture, Van. He's got in his lights and shades in a way that I don't believe I could improve on myself, and there's lots of tremendous color, and the figure is as strong as a house. He's booked for a medal as sure as I am; and I do hope, old man, that this thing of yours you're so dark about will get the third. Of course, you know, Brown, that I don't a bit like having to run my work against yours in this way. But I can't help it, you know; and I hope that if I win and you don't you won't have any ill-feeling about it. And, I say, Brown, what are you going to do about a frame? That wretch of a Purdy absolutely refuses to let me have one unless I pay cash down; and for a ten-by-eight he wants eighty dollars. He might as well ask me to pony up a thousand! I offered him a lien on the picture, and he had the indecency to say, that the security undoubtedly was big enough, but it wasn't marketable. Do you know, I'm half sorry I didn't paint 'Washington on his Death-bed' on a forty-by-sixty? I've got a forty-by-sixty frame on my 'Hector at the Gates of Troy,' and I might just as well have saved money by using it over again."

So the summer drifted along pleasantly, and Brown's picture daily came nearer to being what he wanted it to be. He knew, of course, that he never could realize his ideal, but he also knew that his picture was intrinsically good. It was a long way ahead of anything that he had ever done. Verona, who was not a bad judge of a picture, approved it; and, what was more to the purpose, so did Rose. By the end of August it practically was finished, leaving him a fortnight and more for that delicate operation known as "going all over it"—in the course of which many a capital picture is hopelessly spoiled.

Brown did not know, when he got up at four o'clock on the morning of the 28th of August to go out to the Park for a final study of the effects of early sunlight, that the most eventful day of his life had come; but it had. He was in such a hurry to get to the Park before the sun rose that he went without his coffee, contenting himself with munching a



"OLD CREMNITZ'S LONG GRAY BEARD WAS FAIRLY WAGGING WITH RIGHTEOUS RAGE."

bit of bread as he walked from the Fifth Avenue entrance along the shadowy paths in the fresh coolness of the early day. Therefore it came to pass that when his observations were ended — with the satisfactory result of showing him that the thing he was in doubt about was right — he was aroused to the fact that he was most prodigiously hungry. And being in a hopeful frame of mind, he decided promptly that he would spend the full value of a half-dollar in getting a good breakfast at the Hungaria before going home to his work. Not exactly a headlong extravagance this, yet having in it enough of extravagance to give to the breakfast an agreeable spice of adventure.

It was a good while after eight o'clock when he got home; but notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, he began the ascent of the stairs leisurely, and with the air of a man who, having breakfasted well, is contented with himself and all the world. But at the third step his movements suddenly were vastly accelerated. From one of the floors above him sounded a scream and a cry for

help — and the voice crying for help was the voice of his Rose!

He went up the steps three at a time, hearing as he went yet more screams, and the sound of opening doors and of hurrying feet, which showed that everybody in the building was aroused. And when he got to the fourth floor he found that his own studio was the center of the commotion — and a pretty kettle of fish he found there! The easel, with Lydia Darragh upon it, was lying flat upon the floor, and in front of it — looking, as he has since told her, like a delightful, blue-eyed, enraged lioness defending her cubs — was Rose. She had her big pie-making apron on, and her sleeves were rolled up, and she had dabs of flour all over her (for the life of him he could not keep a grinning recollection of her father's horrible "Bread-winner" out of his mind), and in one of her beautiful plump arms was a red gash, and all her lovely arm was bloody, and there was blood upon her floury apron and on the floor. A little on one side was old Cremnitz White,—he was a

big old fellow, with lots of strength left in him,—with his hand twisted so tight in McGilp's collar that McGilp's sleek face was growing purple, and his eyes were protruding ominously; and old Cremnitz's long gray beard was fairly wagging with righteous rage. Madder was doing his best to make Cremnitz let go,—for the life was being choked out of McGilp rapidly,—and little Sap Green was dancing around the room in a perfect whirl of excitement, and saying at every step, "Oh, dear!" Three or four other men entered the room at Brown's heels, and stopped just inside the doorway in wonder of what the dickens it all could mean.

It was not a time for standing on ceremony. Brown had Rose in his arms in a moment.

"My darling! What has happened?"

And for answer Rose threw her arms around his neck (the coat with the blood-stain on the left shoulder he will cherish to his dying day), and laid her head down on his breast, and sobbed forth:

"He—the wicked villain! Oh! he's ruined it. But—but indeed I did my best to stop him. To think of poor, dear Lydia Darragh with her two lovely eyes poked out, and the rest of her all cut to pieces! Oh, the wretch! Please, *please* let Mr. White choke him, papa. But no matter if you have lost the medal, dear, you—you shall have *me* all the same. For I love you with all my heart, and I hate him, and I always have hated him. There!" (From which utterance, especially from that part of it relating to herself and the medals, the inference is a fair one that Verona Brown had chattered away her brother's secret to Rose, so that for ever so long it had been no secret at all!)

"Now, sir! What have you got to say for yourself?" asked old Madder sternly. He had managed to drag Cremnitz off by this time, and McGilp stood in one corner of the room gasping and rubbing his throat with his hand. It was a month and more before he could swallow anything without a painful reminder of the exceeding boniness of Cremnitz's knuckles.

"Nothing that will do any good. I'm beaten, among you all, and that's the end of it. But I will say this, though: I didn't mean to cut Brown's picture when I came in here. I didn't mean to come in here at all. He went out in a hurry, I suppose, for as I came along the passage I found his door open. I knew that he had gone out, for he waked me up with his confounded noise, and I had heard him go down-stairs. So I knew that he couldn't stop me, and I came in to see his picture. When I found that it was better than mine—for it was better, a good deal better—I couldn't help what I did. I knew that if either of us got one of the Philadelphia medals, it would

not be me; and I knew what that meant for both of us. You don't know what it would have meant, and I don't intend to tell you. I got into a rage over it all, and the first thing that I knew I had picked up his palette-knife, and had run it through the picture a dozen times. Then she came down-stairs, and saw me through the open door, and what I was doing, and came in and tried to stop me. I was nearly crazy, I suppose, for I fought with her, and somehow she got that cut in her arm. I don't imagine that any of you, even now, think that I cut her on purpose. Then White came in and grabbed me, and the rest of you after him, and you know what happened better than I do, for he came precious near to murdering me.

"And, now, what are you going to do with me? Take me round to the Jefferson Market Police Court and charge me with aggravated assault and battery? You can do it if you want to. You are on top."

There was a rather awkward pause after this direct question. Certainly, the course that McGilp suggested was the proper one to take; but nobody, except Cremnitz White, wanted to take it. For bringing Rose into a police court, and her name into the newspapers, was not to be thought of. And so, when Rose—her father had washed her arm in Brown's basin, and had let Brown help him, and they were tying up the cut in clean paint-rags—said to let him go, everybody but Cremnitz felt relieved.

Half swaggering, half slinking, McGilp went out of the room; and enough decency remained in him to make him leave town forthwith. His unfinished "Stony Point" went with him. Presumably, he did not complete it, for when the Philadelphia exhibition opened it was not there. As he went down the stairs Cremnitz White looked reproachfully at Madder and exclaimed:

"Och, mein Gott, Madter! Fhy dit you! shoost not let me shoke him and pe done mi. it? For him shoking woul't haf peen most goot—most goot inteed!"

So "Saving Washington's Camp at White-marsh" never entered into the Philadelphia competition at all. It was not, to be sure, quite so badly cut up as Rose in her excitement had declared it to be; but it was so far gone that exhibiting it in public was not to be thought of. However, there was a private exhibition of it the next day in Brown's studio, that bore better fruit than if it had gone to Philadelphia, and had taken the three thousand dollar Temple prize.

The organizer of this exhibition was Verona, and the unit who attended it was Mr.

Mangan Brown. Verona, as has already been hinted, had rather a faculty for telling things; and immediately after the catastrophe had become known to her she set off valorously for the Swamp, sought out Uncle Mangan among his kips and hides, and told him precisely what had happened to his nephew, and begged him to come up and look at the picture with the wreck of which, seemingly, everything had been lost. Then she vigorously urged her brother to make Lydia Darragh as presentable as possible, with careful gumming of linen on the back, and with touches of paint on the ragged edges of cut canvas; and her urging was not wholly unsuccessful. The picture was a sad object still, but enough of its beauty and worth remained to convince even a very skeptical person that the man who had painted it had a right to make a profession of art. And Uncle Mangan, who until then had been as skeptical as he well could be in regard to his nephew's self-elected vocation, saw it and was convinced.

"I have always thought, Van, that you were a fool," said Uncle Mangan with a cheerful frankness and a most evident sincerity. "But now I think that the fool of the family has been quite a different person. So the big prize, the one that you didn't expect to get, is three thousand dollars? Well, you just *shall* get it, as soon as I can go down town and write the check. But you must paint the picture over again, for I want it. It's the most beautiful thing that I ever saw, by gad! And the directors of our bank last week voted five hundred dollars to have my portrait painted, to go with the set of presidents, and you shall do that too. And I always have wanted a portrait of your aunt Caledonia, the only sister I have in the world, and you shall do that. And my friend Gamboge said only the other day that he wanted some pictures for his new house, and you shall do those. And we want two or three pictures for the new room at the club, and you shall do one of them. And—and I'll make it my business, Van, to see that you have all the work you want as long as I live; and when I die you'll find that you can work or not, just as you please, my boy. And I'm proud of you, Van, for the way in which you've worked along all these years without a scrap of encouragement from those who ought to have encouraged you most. And I'm ashamed of myself for the way in which I've stood off like a regular priest and Levite from my own dead brother Cappagh's son.

"And now where's this little girl who fought and bled for you like such a regular heroine? For she will be a Brown, too, before long,

and I want to give her the kiss that I have a right to give her; and that—God bless her!—she shall have with all my heart!"

"THAT I will be the best man of you, my dear Brown, you know well would be to me much joy. But perceive!" and Jaune d'Antimoine slowly turned himself about that the worst might be known of the many shabbinesses of his very ancient suit of clothes. "And these are beyond all the best that I do own een all the world, my Brown. What would you 'ave? For your wedding, een such clothings as these, I should be one eemense deegrace; one—I do not know the English—one *epouvantail*. And een the leetle month that does pass before your wedding ees, what ees eet posseeble for me to do that such vast moneys as must be paid for new clothings shall be mine? No, my good friend, eet ees eemposseeble; though to say such does destroy my 'art!"

And in view of this very explicit and very reasonable statement of his inability to act in the premises, quite the most notable feature of the wedding was Jaune d'Antimoine's brilliant discharge of the functions of best man, in a resplendent suit of clothes that made him the delight of Rose Carthame's eyes, and the admiration of all Greenwich for many, many days.

The wedding was a quiet affair in St. Luke's Church, with a lunch in old Madder's studio afterward—at which Uncle Mangan made a speech that was all the better because he choked a good deal over it, and had to wipe his eyes with a big silk handkerchief two or three times, and that came to an end by his fairly breaking down. And Jaune d'Antimoine, clad in his garments of truly Oriental magnificence, gave the health of the bridesmaids—Rose Carthame and Verona—in a most wonderful mingling of French and English; and Cremnitz White, not trusting himself in English at all, made a most eloquent and feeling speech in German, that nobody understood, and that was applauded rapturously; and old Madder made a speech in which he got miles away from the wedding into a disquisition upon the nobility and lastingness of Art that was edifying to listen to; and little Sap Green was the only person present who was thoroughly and persistently melancholy from first to last. There was good reason for Sap Green's melancholy. It was bad enough for him to lose Rose, but it was worse still to know that a blight had fallen upon his hopes of fame; for his "Yorktown" never went to Philadelphia, and his certainty of a medal was dashed utterly, for the sorry reason that he had been unable to pay for the eight-by-ten-foot frame!

Ivory Black.

AN AVERAGE MAN.*

BY ROBERT GRANT,

Author of "The Little Tin Gods on Wheels," "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," etc.

XI.

LENT was come again. It was late this year,—so much so, in fact, that even the most exuberant of party-goers heard the Ash-Wednesday chimes with a sense of relief. The season had been very gay. Some people ascribed the number of festivities to the circumstance that every one felt well off. There were others who declared that, whereas last winter a large sprinkling of society was in mourning, this year nobody worth mentioning had died. At all events, the caterers, hackmen, florists, and reporters, who, it may be said, constitute the "supes" of the social stage, announced that there had been more going on than during any season in the course of their long professional experience.

Among those who listened to the harbingers of the holy period with satisfaction was Dorothy Crosby. To begin with, she was used up; and then, too, she felt low in her mind, and in need of leisure to collect her thoughts. She had received a vast amount of attention. People had discovered her talent for making herself agreeable, and she had suffered the usual penalty thereof. The winter had been, on the whole, even more delightful to her than the preceding one—more delightful, and yet different. The first had been attractive on the score of dazing novelty and the gradual, surprised discovery of her own powers; but her very familiarity with the ways of society had made the recent months seem peculiarly charming. She felt herself at home, and saw things with her eyes open, which was quite as entrancing an optical condition, in its way, as the prismatic vertigo that turns the head of the debutante. It was delightful to be invited to the most select and charming entertainments, to be sought for more dances than there were to bestow, to be the recipient of what Pauline Lawton called "floral tributes,"—to be conscious, in short, that people liked you. She had enjoyed it all intensely, and she had let herself go and be borne along by the impetus of the whirl. She had scarcely tried to think. There had been no time to think.

She sat at her desk this morning, however,

with tear-stained eyes. She had been weeping much during the night; and now, as she pressed her little signet-ring with a stubborn emphasis upon the seal of the note she had just finished, she gave vent once more to a convulsive sob. Unhappy to relate, she had undergone a dreadful scene with her mother the evening before. Mrs. Crosby had heard, with a stony silence which sought relief at last in a stormy, watery rage, Dorothy's announcement that she had declined Ramsay Whiting's offer of marriage. The maternal plans had been sadly upset by this unexpected announcement. To be sure; Dorothy, if questioned, had always betrayed indifference regarding the young millionaire; but Mrs. Crosby had flattered herself that, when it came to the actual point, the girl would have too much sense to throw away such a brilliant chance. If there had been anything against Mr. Whiting, it would have been different; but here he was, an irreproachable *parti*,—kind, high-principled, and a gentleman, so every one said,—and evidently very much in love with Dorothy.

"I should not have said a word," Mrs. Crosby continued to argue, "were there any one else in the way. If you were in love with anybody else, Dorothy, I could understand your reason for refusing this young man; but, as it stands, your conduct is inexplicable. You did the same thing last summer in the case of Mr. Remington, whom you professed to like. Do you expect an angel to come down out of the sky for your especial benefit?"

"No, mamma," said Dorothy, too much overcome by the anguish of her emotions to realize that this last interrogatory scarcely required an answer.

"You certainly have given him encouragement lately," Mrs. Crosby went on to observe. "You have accepted his flowers and gone to walk with him repeatedly. I should think he would consider you had treated him very badly."

"Oh, mamma, how can you?" and the culprit burst into renewed sobs. "I never wore any of his flowers, and—and I declined several of his invitations to go to walk, on purpose—when I wanted to go."

The tears flowed apace. Despite her prot-

estations, a lurking sense of guilt had already been embittering the natural discomfort one feels at being obliged to cause another pain; and these allusions on the part of her mother were like so many knife-thrusts. Struggle as she would, the dreadful truth stared her in the face that she had let things go on with but little concern as to the consequences. She had accepted Mr. Whiting's attentions smilingly, allowed him to send her costly roses, and promenaded with him in retired neighborhoods, without a momentary idea of ever marrying him. His devotion meant nothing beyond gallantry,—so she persuaded herself. A great many men did send flowers without serious intentions. Nor was it much consolation now to reflect that she had been so far on her guard as to assume a cold demeanor on several occasions when Mr. Whiting's manner had been especially intense. She had persuaded herself that such manifest signs as not wearing his flowers in her bosom, and limiting her walks with him to once a fortnight, were ample to show a discerning man—if, by any chance, he happened to be in earnest—that a successful issue to his suit was out of the question. How dreadfully it all made her feel now! She had simply been "whipping the devil round the stump." And then, too, she had told Mr. Whiting, in response to his avowal of love, that she had never supposed he could possibly be in earnest.

A night's reflection had not brought much relief. But despite her prostration, she had just completed an answer to an impassioned note from her admirer, found beside her breakfast plate, begging a reconsideration of her resolve, in which she had informed him, kindly but firmly, that under no circumstances whatever would it be possible for her to accept his offer. When she had sent the note her feelings got the better of her, and she broke down completely. Not, for a moment, that she regretted her decision. She had never wavered, either at the time of Mr. Whiting's declaration or subsequently. Still, her sensations were far from satisfactory. It was not altogether clear to her why she had refused him. She liked Mr. Whiting very much—very much indeed. But then she did not love him. No, that was certain; she did not love him the least bit in the world. Still, she did not love anybody. And the worst of it was, there seemed to be no chance of her growing to love anybody. She thought of what her mother had said about the angel. She must be very heartless and cold to be indifferent to so much devotion. Poor Mr. Whiting really seemed very fond of her. Of course she wouldn't be able to tell a soul. It would be hateful, having to keep it all to her-

self. Florence Lawton would guess in a minute what had happened from a cessation of his attentions; but honor required her to say nothing, even to her. Mr. Whiting would probably not speak to her again at parties for a long time, and she liked him *so* much. Mr. Remington, too, had been almost rude lately,—he was so offish. If he wished to avoid her, he was welcome to, for all she cared. He was not as nice as he used to be.

It was about eight months since that final interview at Bar Harbor with Mr. Remington. How miserable she had felt afterward! It had seemed as if there were a sort of void in her life that could not be filled. But at least she had experienced then no consciousness of blame. She had not unduly encouraged her first lover. That was all over now. Of course it was all over! She had told Mr. Remington at the time that anything stronger than friendship between them was an impossibility. She had seen but very little of him this winter. How fast the winter had slipped away! It had been delightful. Yet, looking back, there was something unsatisfactory in the reminiscence. No, she had enjoyed herself. It might have been unprofitable, but she could not regret the happiness she had known.

Still, in spite of her lack of time to reflect, her ideas had changed very much since a year ago. She was older, and the world no longer seemed the bright, poetic place it had been. She had become alive to its grimness and practicality. If any one had told her last winter that she would grow to be such a callous being, she would have ridiculed the notion. Existence was not easy for women. What a feeble, insignificant part, after all, those in her condition played in the struggle of life! How little opportunity they had of understanding its real workings! They were so hedged about by conventions, they could only catch a glimpse of that which actually took place in the world. They had to be dependent for information on what men saw fit to tell them; and were they not victims of delusion, in consequence? It was a tacit matter of honor with the other sex not to deceive their credulity. Certain opinions and conditions of affairs were to be assumed as true in their presence, which every man believed to be false. Religion and babies are all they need to make them happy, and we will humor them in their innocent theories regarding life as it is; such was the attitude of husbands and fathers and brothers.

Whatever one might say, woman was undoubtedly the inferior of man in countless ways. In physique and intellectual qualities there was a wide divergence between them. There was a sort of pettiness about

her sex that was foreign to man. This proceeded from the nature of her occupations,—so she had heard said; but, whatever its origin, it existed. She was conscious of it herself. The feminine mind worked differently. Woman was barred by her very organism from the same processes of thought. She could discern in her own case how susceptible she was to the influence of imagination and the feelings, and how largely her reason was in subjection thereto.

Nature—how strange a thing this Nature was! There were those who argued that woman had come to be what she was to-day simply through an arbitrary division of labor, carried on through long centuries. The original differences between men and women had been comparatively slight, but these had been widened and intensified from age to age by the character of the occupations of the respective sexes. The inferiority of woman was mainly the result of the part she had played in an artificial social system, of the suppression and ill-usage to which she had been subjected in the past. Now that society had come to recognize its injustice, it was for the members of the so-called weaker sex to train those faculties that most needed development.

And yet, if one thought of rebellion, or a deviation from the beaten path, how repulsive the prospect was! She recoiled instinctively from all ideas of invading man's province, and assimilating what was masculine. All such endeavors seemed abhorrent to her very being. She could not but call to mind the unpleasing qualities of the female advocates of a change in the status of women with whom she was acquainted. If there was one thing in life she esteemed precious, it was the innate delicacy which caused her to shrink from what was rough and common. It seemed to her that external charm and loveliness were the complement of refinement of spirit, and that they should walk hand in hand. One could not exist in completeness without the other. Was there not a dependence between the graceful figure, the snow-white arm, and the soft tones of the voice, and nobility and purity of thought and desire? With the loss of finish and elegance would come a diminution in the quality of those exquisite aspirations which are peculiar to the feminine disposition. Inclined as she might be to cavil against Nature for having made the sphere of her sex so limited, she felt an intuitive hostility toward everything that would conduce to sully or impair her womanliness. Was it not better to be true to her native tendencies, and to fulfill the part she was fitted to play, even if it were a secondary one?

Her part! What was that part? It was

indeed difficult to say. There appeared to be so little need of her in the world; or rather, perhaps, it was that the employments of her life were so petty. The small household cares, the unheroic round of social duties, even the studies that she sedulously pursued, were all lacking in inspiration. Her days (full enough, and still so empty) seemed to glide on without much profit to herself or anybody else. And yet it was all she could do,—all that there was for her to do. She intended during this Lenten season to visit more regularly the poor families who had been placed under her supervision by the charitable association with which she was connected. How far removed she was from these poor wretches! Was it possible that a just and omniscient God had given her so many comforts, and them so much suffering? How ungrateful she was for the blessings that had been bestowed upon her!

In her faith, at least, there was comfort. There she could find, there she *did* find, an answer to her questionings. It was God's will that she was fulfilling; and however humdrum or thorny the path, she would pursue it steadfastly and without repining. The transports of worship appealed to the sensibilities of her nature. The mysterious but precious yearnings that she felt for something upon which to expend the wealth of her being sought a focus in the religion of Christ. Her impulses toward tenderness and purity found comfort and quickening in the ecstasies of spiritual exaltation.

Under the influence of such feelings, she went much to church during this Lenten period. She liked to go best of all in the gray of the afternoon, when the recesses of the church which she attended grew dim in the waning light, and the last rays of the winter sun, struggling through the stained window, flickered on the chancel's pavement. Her spirit reached out in emotional desire to live more worthily, and she seemed to derive consolation and stimulus from this intimate communion with the unseen. The mystic philosophy of the mortification of self in the divine love, with its symbol of a deified Christ atoning for the sins of men, stirred her heart to a tender pathos.

And yet there were times when the mysteries of her creed caused her to doubt and question. Even in moments of ardent worship, it was rather the sense of blessedness—touching her spirit as with the brush of an angel's wing—that appealed to her, than any definite realization of evangelical doctrines. The meaning of much that she heard from the pulpit concerning the precise articles of orthodoxy seemed vague to her. She contented

herself at first with slurring over these perplexities as non-essentials of faith. Such a posture was, however, an impossibility for any length of time to an honest nature, and to Dorothy's keen mind the attainment of truth was indispensable to repose. It was her desire to escape the stricture so often passed upon her sex, of unreasoning fealty to superstition. Here, at least, she sympathized with the movement to cultivate the feminine intelligence. Women had ceased to be dolls and playthings. Society was ripe for their efforts to understand the serious problems of humanity. The influence of her sex in molding the character of the young ought to be borne in mind, and it was the duty of each one to seek to be able to grasp and criticise the newest thoughts concerning life. She had herself a keen interest in what the world was thinking about, and the taste for knowledge which she had cultivated at school had increased with her years. It was her principle to probe everything to the bottom, so far as she was able, in her desire for truth.

But still — despite a gradual shattering, in her eyes, of the conventional conception of a personal Deity — she scarcely faltered at heart concerning the responsibility of life and her sense of dependence on a higher power. Even in her most grievous moments of mystification regarding the doctrines of the Church creed, the belief that there was a divine purpose in human existence never deserted her. As she knelt at her bedside with clasped hands, looking up to meet the heavenly influence, the conviction that this life was not everything, and that there would be an answer to it somewhere, stirred her bosom with a strange potency. Nor did the argument of the skeptics, that this feeling was but the momentum of ancestral superstition, which in a few generations would wear away, seem to her worthy of an instant's consideration. There must be a purpose in all this vast, throbbing world. There must be some better response than annihilation to all the love and all the suffering of the centuries. It would be so unjust, so cruel, otherwise; and one who had seen her sweet, earnest face and glistening eyes at such a moment would have whispered an Amen to her faith.

It was under the influence of such reflections that Dorothy came, during the Lenten period and the spring which followed, to form a philosophy for herself, or rather to try to observe in her own case certain regulations that seemed to her of importance. Modern reading had filled her mind with a sense of the influence which so-called natural causes have upon the entire being. She had grown to see that the food we eat and the air

we breathe affect materially the human structure, and that the movement of our thoughts is largely dependent upon the conditions of the body. The wonderful operation of the laws of heredity, as portrayed in the books of the day, had revealed to her how much the welfare of offspring is in the hands of parents. A desire to conform to the laws of Nature, and to resist those agencies which threaten health and vitality, began to be a part of her religious system.

Thus, life for Dorothy during these months and far into another year was deeply introspective, but uneventful. As she had anticipated, she never saw Ramsay Whiting. He had taken his dismissal as final, and according to rumor was striving to soothe the smart of his disappointment by political and agricultural activity. Arthur Remington called one spring afternoon when she was out, and on her birthday, a fortnight later, she received an anonymous basket of flowers, the label of which was addressed in his handwriting. When summer came, she went to Bar Harbor for a little while, but sought a tranquil shelter through August with some friends who had an aerie on the same coast out of the course of tourist travel. And October came once more without bringing further incident than a daily round of trivial duty and earnest introspection.

BUT it was otherwise with the young bride who lived not many blocks away. October found her just recovering from the effects of a confinement. She was so far convalescent as to be able to be down-stairs once more, and her father was dining with her for the first time since baby was born. He and Woodbury were smoking their cigars in the dining-room, and she was in the parlor waiting for them. Though still handsome, Isabel had altered in her appearance since marriage. The *embonpoint*, which but added a charm to her girlish proportions, had developed so as to give her cheeks and figure a trace of coarseness. She resembled Peter Idlewild more closely than ever. A newspaper lay on her lap, from which she had been trying to extract a little light on the political questions of the day, that absorbed her husband so keenly, for she hated to be ignorant of the things Woodbury was interested in; but she had given the task up in despair. He was a candidate for the Assembly again, and there were some who were opposed to his reelection. It was all so perplexing, this discussion of platforms and parties. She could not understand what it meant; and from a recognition of her helplessness in this respect she had lapsed into reverie. Her complexion had not

quite regained its bloom, and the firm mouth wore an expression that almost suggested pain.

Why was it her husband did not care for her more? She loved him so deeply, so truly; and yet he—*he* was cold and indifferent. He was kind,—yes, he was kind; but kindness was a poor substitute for the affection she craved. She was certain of it,—he tolerated her, and that was all. He seemed to be drifting away from her. She had lost the power to interest him. He told her so little about himself. He was unwilling to share his thoughts with her. When she talked, and tried to express interest in what concerned him, and to understand his hopes and ambitions, he listened to her with an amused smile. "Don't bother your little head, my dear, about such matters," he would say. Bother her head? O Woodbury, Woodbury! If he could but know how much she loved him, and longed to be a help to him! She was foolish and ignorant. She was not fit to be a help to any one. He was right! How could she expect him to confide in one who was not able to appreciate his meaning? She had frittered away her girlhood and neglected her opportunities to learn, and now she was paying the penalty. The contrast between herself and many whom she saw about her was a keen and painful reality. She was, she could perceive, illiterate and lacking in breeding.

She caught a glimpse of herself in the glass. She was losing her beauty, too. She was becoming coarse and unlovely. Her hands were fat, and her wedding ring pressed so tightly that it had furrowed the flesh. She would be ugly soon, and he would cease to care for her altogether.

Bah! How absurd of her to take on in this way! Her nerves were weak. She was not strong yet, which made her imaginative and unreasonable. Was she not surrounded with everything to make her happy,—a beautiful house, delightful society, and the means to gratify her slightest desire? Woodbury was engrossed in his election, and that explained his absent-mindedness, his indifference. How glad she was he had got the nomination. She would apply herself to learn all about such things, and surprise him some day with her knowledge. The idea of her future proficiency caused her to smile in the midst of her tears,—which trickled down the faster, like a shower when the sun has burst through the clouds. She took out her handkerchief from her pocket, and, as she wiped her eyes, a tiny worsted sock dropped upon her lap. She picked it up and kissed it. Baby's! Dear little baby,—*his* baby! There, at least, she had a cause of happiness,—a treasure that she could love, and that would love her.

Hark! She heard steps. Her father and Woodbury had left the dining-room. They must not see that she had been crying. How childish she was! She hurried to the mirror, and rubbed vigorously her cheeks where the tear-stains glistened.

"Eh, Isabel?"

The banker was alone, and advanced rubbing his hands with an amused, sly expression. "They've come for him. There's a raft of them in the hall."

"Who've come, pa?"

"The boys—the strikers. I mean, there's a deputation from the voters of the district here to see Stoughton."

"What do they want of him?"

"To subscribe to a benevolent society, I guess," and the magnate chuckled.

"Well, he will, pa, wont he?"

"Can't tell, my dear. Your husband is a civil-service reformer, you know." The old man laughed scornfully.

Isabel had very indefinite ideas as to the precise functions of a civil-service reformer. She had seen the term in the papers, and always associated it, from the etymology, with some improvement in politics. But then her father, from his tone, evidently did not agree with Woodbury on the question. They always disagreed about politics. She wished it were not so.

"Do you think Woodbury will be elected, pa?"

"It's hard to tell, Isabel. You know I'm on the other side, and bound to think not. I'm a hunker Democrat, and Stoughton's a dyed-in-the-wool Republican." He glanced stealthily at the girl. It delighted him to tease her a little.

"I know, pa," she said, ruefully; "but you wont have to vote against him?"

"I never voted the Republican ticket in my life."

"Oh, well; once wouldn't make any difference. Besides, you wart to have him elected, don't you?" She had drawn a footstool close to her father's chair, and sat with her blue eyes looking up at him beseechingly.

He smiled banteringly, and smoothed the golden hair with his hand.

"I wish I were a man!" she exclaimed, with a toss of her head. "I would go out and make people vote for him." She laughed; but a defiant light shone in her face that brought out more vividly the likeness to her parent.

"I believe you would, Isabel. That was my style," he added. "I stumped the State for Buchanan in '56." He paused a minute, in proud remembrance of his past exploits; then went on to narrate an incident of how

he had once circulated a ballot at the polls which was printed in such a way as to mislead people into thinking they were voting against his candidate.

As Mr. Idlewild reached the close of his anecdote, Stoughton entered the room with an absorbed expression. He was in evening dress; his hair was parted in the middle. His appearance was that of the refined and cultivated gentleman. His figure had filled out of late, and the contour of his cheeks perhaps suggested that he lived a little too well.

The banker looked up at his step. "Well, did you fix things all right?"

"How do you mean?"

"They wanted money, didn't they?"

"Yes, I believe so."

His son-in-law's laconic replies rather disconcerted Peter Idlewild. The old man sat smiling in sarcastic silence, with his hand resting on Isabel's head, now and again mechanically patting her hair. She looked inquiringly from the one to the other.

Stoughton advanced moodily to the fireplace, and stood with his back to the grate, leaning against the mantel. "They're a fine crowd!" he muttered presently, almost savagely. "They called themselves the Independent Ballot Boys, and declared they all wanted to vote for me, but would like to know my views on certain points. I said, 'Walk in, gentlemen,' and ordered Pierson to bring up some wine. There were seven of them, and they looked like some sort of mechanics. A little fellow, with a brown beard and ferret eyes, did the talking. He said he believed the chances were first-rate, and that the party would poll a big vote. He'd heard I was a good Republican, and was sound on all the leading questions. I replied that I thought I was, and told Pierson to pass round the champagne. 'Here's to Mr. Stoughton, boys,' piped the little man, 'and may he come out at the head of the poll!' They all drank their *fizz* contentedly, with the exception of one customer,—a big chap, with a frame like a blacksmith, who seemed uneasy until he got a tumbler from the sideboard, into which he poured the contents of his wine-glass."

"The horrid creature!" said Isabel.

"After they had finished, there was an awkward pause. They showed no disposition to move, and I didn't know exactly what to say. Several eyes were turned toward the spokesman, who coughed once or twice, as if at a loss how to proceed. 'We're poor men, Mr. Stoughton,' he said at last, with a meaning leer. As I pretended not to understand, he added, with more emphasis: 'We can't afford to vote for nothing. We thought, perhaps, sir, you'd feel disposed to contribute

a trifle toward helping your friends; our society's in need o' funds,' and he winked knowingly. 'You mean,' said I, 'that you want me to pay you for voting for me?' 'That's about the size of it, mister,' exclaimed the blacksmith; and with the words he emptied the rest of the bottle into his tumbler."

"The wretch!" exclaimed Isabel.

"Well?" said Peter Idlewild, as his son-in-law remained silent.

"Of course, I told them they'd mistaken their man, and that I would not contribute a cent for such a purpose. I said I believed in honest methods in politics, and that, though I should be glad to have their support, I must decline to pay money for votes. They listened to me in a sort of grim silence. 'We're very sorry that those are your views, Mr. Stoughton,' said the spokesman at last. I answered that I was very sorry, too, not to be able to accede to their demands. 'Well, I suppose there aint much use in our staying any longer.' As they filed out, I heard the blacksmith mutter, defiantly: 'That fixes you. The aristocrat as isn't willing to help an honest man to get a living wont have any vote of mine. Come on, boys.'"

The old man laughed. "I know the crowd. I caught a glimpse of them in the hall. That big fellow was Tim Leahy, one of the most notorious strikers in the district. You'd better have given them a couple of hundred dollars."

The young man replied that he did not consider it right. He was pledged to the reform cause.

"Well, I guess they'll find others who wont be so particular. An election's an election, and what'll your civil-service reform amount to if you don't come out ahead? I warrant Finchley wont let them go off empty-handed."

"I dare say."

"But you wouldn't have Woodbury do anything he considers wrong, pa?"

"Fudge!" said the banker. "You're cutting your own throat," he went on to say, addressing the young man. "You'll only have yourself to blame if they slaughter you at the polls. I was talking to Alderman Dunn yesterday, and he declared you needed every vote you could get in order to win. I tell you there's nothing lost by being smart in this world, and making the most of your opportunities."

After Mr. Idlewild was gone, Stoughton walked up and down the room with a preoccupied air for some minutes. He wheeled up an arm-chair to the hearth and, stretching his legs out on the fender, contemplated his pumps and dainty silk stockings.

"Woodbury?"

"Well?"

"I don't mind your smoking here."

There was another silence, and Isabel rose and changed her seat to one beside her husband. She put her arm about his neck, and pressed her cheek against his. "Arthur Remington was here this afternoon," she said presently. "He thinks baby is the image of pa."

"Humph!"

"Of course, dear, I'd rather have him look like you than anybody; but if it isn't to be you, I'm glad it's pa." She was still a moment. "I'm dreadfully sorry you are worried, Woodbury."

He knocked his pumps together irritably. Presently he freed himself from her embrace, with a restless twist of his shoulders, and sat up straight in his chair. "I believe I *will* smoke, Isabel"; and he took a cigar from his vest pocket, and proceeded to notch its end with an ingenious gilt bauble that dangled from his watch-chain.

"How cute!" she exclaimed. "I have never seen that before. Where did you get it?" And she leaned forward to examine the guillotine-like movement of the bit of jewelry. "Gerald Pumystone gave it to me yesterday. It's the latest wrinkle from Paris."

He smoked in reflective silence, while the young wife sat leaning back, with her hands clasped behind her head, gazing at him.

"Do you suppose the men who were here to-night will really vote against you?"

Stoughton frowned slightly. He drew his cigar from between his teeth, and studied the lighted end. "I don't know, Isabel," he answered briefly.

Five minutes passed, and no word was spoken. A log of the wood fire broke with a sputter on the hearth. Isabel rose and said she was going to bed.

"Good-night, Woodbury!" She kneeled down beside his chair. He took her cheeks between his hands, and gazed into her face. "You look a little tired, dear, to-night. You must be careful of yourself. How does the new nurse work?"

The tears started to her eyes. "I wish—I wish, Woodbury, you would try to tell me a little more about yourself. I'm sure I could understand very soon." A drop fell upon her cheek, which she hastened to brush away. "I'm very foolish, I know; but I do love you so much!"

"Certainly, certainly, Isabel! I will tell you anything you desire." The young man stroked her hair affectionately. This outburst puzzled him. "Another week will see an end to this plaguy election, and then I shall have more time."

"I don't mean to bother you, Woodbury," she exclaimed piteously.

"Of course not! I know that, dear." He raised her from the floor, and kissed her kindly. "You are tired. Your nerves are not strong yet."

He led her to the staircase. She turned and looked at him, half timidly, as if to implore forgiveness; then, as their eyes met, she buried her face upon his breast. He clasped her in a close embrace.

"Ah, Woodbury!" she murmured, "you will always love me, won't you?"

"Always, Isabel." As she raised toward him her glistening lashes, he pressed two or three re-assuring kisses upon her brow. He watched her ascend the stairs, turning at the landing to smile at him once more ere she vanished. "Good-night, dear; sleep soundly!" he said.

Stoughton resumed his seat by the hearth, and sat long, gazing at the smoldering embers. His lips were tightly compressed, and there was a yearning, sorrowful look in his eyes. His thoughts were busy. Perchance pity was there for the wife he did not love, and remorse for the suffering of which he was the cause. Perchance also, in that wealth of affection she had betrayed for him, he caught a glimpse of the happiness once within his grasp, and thrown away forever. He too might have thrilled with such a passion, had he but been steadfast. He too might have felt for another a love as fervent as that squandered by this poor child upon him. But he had preferred the seen to the unseen, and sacrificed the eternal for that which was sure to perish. There are moments when even the glowing consciousness of material prosperity, and the carefully argued-out conviction that a comfortable egoism is the summit of philosophy, pale before the light of the captive spirit, still struggling to aspire, like the long, thin flame of a dying candle.

The expression of Woodbury Stoughton's face changed by degrees to a grave tranquillity. He sighed once or twice, then rose from his chair. He shook himself, and arranged his cravat in the mirror over the mantel-piece. "Half-past ten. Humph!" He built up the wood fire, and stood with his back to it, warming his legs. He was thinking again.

"I wonder," said he, presently, "if I hadn't better have given those fellows something?"

He sighed once more, and, choosing a volume from the table, composed himself to read. The book was a French novel—Feuillet's "*L'Histoire d'une Parisienne*"—which Mrs. Tom Fielding had informed him was excellent.

XII.

EASTER! The sun has risen bright and clear to greet the Christian festival, and now at high noon shines down with dancing light on the throng that fills the streets, returning home from the churches. Ever eager and restless, but with a lighter step than yesterday, as if the fresh hope welling up in the heart had given wings to their feet, the crowd pour along the pavements. Happy-looking maidens, gay with new bonnets and with blushing roses at their belts, trip past in the company of spick and span young men, neatly gloved, and conscious of their canes. Children flock by in merry prattle, for all the March wind that whirls about their curls at the street corners and threatens the pride of the lilies in their little hands. It is not spring yet; so, at least, bethinks the grandsire, buttoning against the chilly gust the overcoat he had let dangle open,—not averse, perhaps, to giving the rising generation a peep of the fancy waistcoat in vogue when the Battery was the terrace of fashion and Canal street marked the boundary of civilization. Here and there, amid the passers, the flowing veil that speaks of recent sorrow shrouds face and figure. Those wearing them, if alone, walk hurriedly, as if eager to escape the whisper of recognition; others, resting upon some protecting arm, move clumsily and slow. In the windows of many a solemn mansion the *Lilium candidum* towers chaste and stately between the drawn-back shutters. *Manibus o date lilia plenis.* To-day is the anniversary of the hope of humanity.

Tripping with the rest down the steps of the small chapel where she is wont to worship, comes Dorothy Crosby, clasping her prayer-book and the snowy calla given her by one of her Sunday-school scholars. Her earnest face is still eloquent with the influences of the hour. Thrilled, yet thoughtful, she has heard the sweet and holy cadences of the service, and listened once more to that wondrous story upon which the Christian faith reposes. "*Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more, but ye see me.*"

A light hand touches her shoulder. She turns, and with an ecstatic "My dear!" beams upon Florence Lawton a radiant smile; then grasps and squeezes her fingers with mysterious rapture.

"I'm so glad, Florence," she whispers. "It was so nice of you to send me word."

"Isn't it exciting? I was just crazy to tell you at the Tremaines' last Thursday, but Mr. Lattimer hadn't told his relations, and he declared his great-aunt would alter her will if she heard of the engagement from any one but him. Don't speak of it until to-morrow, will you, Dorothy?"

"Of course not, dear."

"I'm so afraid it will get out to-day. I made Mr. Lattimer go to a different church this morning, on purpose to put people off the scent; but I'm sure it has leaked out. Old Miss Bell simpered at me all through the service, just as if she knew of it."

Miss Lawton, with a parting nod of enigmatic delight, whisked into her coupé.

"Good-morning, Miss Crosby."

The voice was Arthur Remington's. He stood smiling at her side, and asked if she were going to walk home.

"Yes, I believe so." Dorothy blushed a little, and glanced down at the bunch of red roses in her corsage. "I have not seen you for some weeks, Mr. Remington."

No. He had been busy, very busy. His time was taken up with politics, in addition to his practice. Had she read in the papers how much progress the reformers had been making?

"Oh, yes; I take a great interest in all that sort of thing now. I have become tremendously industrious this winter. I belong to a debating club! Only think, we discussed last week *the tendencies of modern civilization*, and decided that the women of the present day were superior, as a whole, to the men. What have you to say to that, Mr. Remington?"

"I dare say you're right. You see, the men have to work so hard to make money, it isn't altogether their fault."

They walked on in silence for a moment or two.

"It was very kind of you to send me these lovely flowers, Mr. Remington," she said softly.

"I'm glad you liked them."

He went on to say that the roses were very fine this year.

"These are exquisite. What a pity they must fade!" And she fingered for an instant one of the deep-red Jacqueminots.

"That is the fate of everything," he said, a little sententiously.

She was quiet a moment. "I don't believe, Mr. Remington, that anything in the world which is beautiful can really perish, do you? Things change, but I cannot think they die. That was interesting, what the clergyman said as to coal being merely bottled-up sunshine, and that no force is ever lost."

She was thinking of the words she had just heard at church. The preacher, as if in echo of the doubt concerning the supernatural agencies of the resurrection, which the young girl could not completely banish from her thoughts, had led his hearers to dwell on the immortality of good work in the world, rather than linger with the Savior at the tomb. His influence lived and would never die. "*Yet a*

little while, and the world seeth me no more, but ye see me."

"Yes." It was difficult to talk connectedly, owing to the constant passing and the bewilderment of recognizing their acquaintances. They proceeded down the avenue toward Dorothy's home in an absorption varied by occasional commonplace remarks. The thick-set man with the light-buff coat, who bowed, was Mr. Finchley, Woodbury Stoughton's colleague in the Legislature. Yes, he was the person who was said to have been so much in love with Miss Idlewild before her engagement.

"I went to see Mrs. Stoughton the other day," observed Miss Crosby. "She is stouter than she was, and less refined-looking, I thought. I found her reading the 'Congressional Record,' or 'Debates,' or whatever you call the journal in which the speeches made at Washington are printed. Wasn't it a funny idea? I suppose it's because her husband is so much interested in politics."

"There is some talk of sending Stoughton to Congress another year." Remington frowned slightly as he spoke, for his thoughts momentarily reverted to the stories he had heard lately regarding the attentions of his friend to Mrs. Fielding. Stoughton was said to be constantly at her house. He himself had noticed their deliberate isolation at parties, and had met them several times in the street, walking together.

"You will come in and take luncheon with us, I hope, Mr. Remington," said Dorothy, as they reached the house in Washington Square. The young man assented, and followed her up the flight of stone steps, with its old-fashioned iron railing, capped with brass. She led the way into the small parlor. "I shall leave you for a few minutes to your own devices," and she vanished with a pleasant smile.

Remington placed his hat on the table, and sat looking before him with his hands in his lap, the tips of the fingers of one resting against those of the other. He had made up his mind to ask Miss Crosby again to become his wife. The waverings and self-scrutiny of the past months had culminated, the evening before, in a conviction that he loved her dearly, and a resolve to tell her so once more. What might be her feelings regarding him he was at a loss to decide. She had married no one else at least, and he knew she was fond of him as a friend. She had indicated as much as that in various ways during the past year. Still he could not feel certain. Very possibly she did not care for anybody sufficiently to marry.

In his more youthful days, as has been said,

before he understood himself, and when these maturer developments of character were as yet in embryo, the vague but entrancing ideal of an all-absorbing love had been constantly present to him. To realize this had been the dream of his early manhood. There had been a time when his sentiment for Miss Crosby approached that complete frenzy of feeling which makes everything in creation, save the personality in question, seem subsidiary and stale. Then, even before he had asked her to become his wife and she had refused him, the intensity of this instinct of pure nature had begun to wane under the materializing influences of daily life. How difficult it had become for him in the matter of his relation to the other sex, as in everything else, to retain his hold upon ideality! What was marriage, after all, but a convention? The choice of a wife should be governed by considerations of utility. Mutual esteem was a desirable prerequisite, and affection would follow later. The fervor of unreasoning, passionate love belonged to extreme youth, and was incompatible with the more sober mental processes of maturity.

This was the same old basis of argument that had presented itself so often to his mind in relation to everything in life. In the case of sentiment, as in all else, he had found himself between two conflicting fires. Here, too, he had wavered and vacillated, and only after protracted inward debate had come to distrust with his whole heart the specious philosophy of materialism.

He would be true to himself. He loved Dorothy with all his heart. She was his ideal of all that a woman should be. He was poor; but he had practice enough now to enable him to support a wife in a very simple way, and he was not going to renounce the hope of winning her he loved without one more effort. He knew that he should find in her sympathy and right-mindedness the greatest blessing life could give.

He sat in the little parlor, in that nervous yet deliberate state peculiar to one who has resolved upon a step that will affect his entire future. Now that he had definitely made up his own mind, the doubts as to what Miss Crosby's feelings might be harassed him disagreeably. Why did she not come? He arose and began to pace the room. He stopped before the mantel-piece, and examined the ornaments and photographs thereon, with which he was already familiar. His eye fell on a tintype of a group taken at Bar Harbor two summers ago. Miss Crosby was among the number. She wore a black fichu about her neck, and her Japanese sun-umbrella was jauntily carried over her shoulder. He was sitting at her feet. How desperate he was

about her then! Ramsay Whiting had seemed to him to have the inside track. That reminded him,—he had heard, the night before, a rumor that Lattimer was engaged to Florence Lawton. He wondered if it was true. Miss Crosby would be sure to know. Why didn't she come?

The door opened and Dorothy re-appeared. "You must excuse me, Mr. Remington, for keeping you so long. Mamma has a headache, and needed me."

Remington suggested that, as Mrs. Crosby was not feeling well, perhaps he had better take his departure. "I shall rely upon your sending me away if you don't want me," he continued, in response to her assurance that she was quite at liberty.

"Very well. I hope you carve," she added, with a laugh; "for I always depend on mamma to cut the cold chicken."

Remington stood leaning against the mantel-piece with the tintype still in his hand. She evidently felt, he reflected, that they were on an entirely friendly footing, or she would never have been privy to a *lôte-à-lôte* luncheon. "I used to carve a good deal at college," he answered. She wore one of his roses still; that was something.

He turned the tintype toward the light and scrutinized it. "Miss Plumber looks in this as if she had lost her last friend. What a funny girl she was! I believe, though, you didn't see very much of her," he said, looking up. "I was obliged to solace myself with her society for want of better. By the way, I hear Mr. Lattimer is engaged to Miss Florence Lawton."

"Oh, who told you?" and then, as the young man laughed gleefully at the success of his strategy, Dorothy gave utterance to several ejaculations deprecatory to herself for having let the cat out of the bag in such an unguarded way. "Oh!" she cried, "I am a perfect sieve. But it was base of you, Mr. Remington. I don't see how you could have been willing to deceive me. Of course I thought you knew all about it."

"Well, he's a lucky fellow."

"I think they are both lucky. Mr. Lattimer is a very nice man."

"Yes, he is. Lattimer is a good fellow." Remington spoke a little as if he were conscious of magnanimity. "You know him very well, I believe, Miss Crosby. I remember you saw a good deal of him that summer at Bar Harbor."

"Yes, we are quite intimate. He used to play the banjo beautifully. We had some amusing evenings together on the water. Let me see, that was nearly three years ago. How time flies!" She was pensive a mo-

ment. "I think luncheon is ready, Mr. Remington," she said presently.

Miss Crosby presided over the cups and saucers at the head of the table, but the cold chicken was placed so that the guest should not sit at the foot. The meal was a tranquil one. Remington, who was hungry, ate with relish; but Dorothy confined herself to a cup of tea and thin bread and butter.

"You eat nothing, Miss Crosby," said the young man.

"Oh, yes, I am doing very well."

"You had better let me give you a piece of chicken." He raised a tempting slice of the breast on the fork.

She shook her head resolutely, as if impatient of dictation from him.

"I hope Mrs. Crosby's headache is not serious," he said, after a spell of silence.

"Oh, no. Mamma has them every now and then. If you have finished, Mr. Remington, we will go into the other room."

Dorothy sat down on a lounge; and, after a preliminary saunter toward his favorite fireplace, he took his seat beside her. He picked up a photograph album from the table.

"May I look at this?"

"Certainly."

"That is your father, I suppose?"

"Yes. He died when I was very young."

"It is an interesting face. You have his eyes and mouth."

"I am thought to be very like him. That is my mother's mother."

"Ah, this must be you! What a funny little tot! You could not have been more than five. And here is another —"

"Don't look at that. Please give me the book. I didn't know that hateful thing was there. Oh, how unkind!"

"It isn't flattering exactly, but I like it." Remington had insisted upon examining the photograph which portrayed his sweetheart at the age of sixteen, with a school-girl braid down her back. "You know that anything which concerns you interests me, Miss Crosby."

The words were spoken in a quiet, serious tone. Upon the next page was a likeness of her in full ball-dress, evidently of recent date. He sat bending forward, with his eyes fixed upon it for some minutes.

"When was that taken?"

"Last winter. But you have looked at it enough, Mr. Remington. The subject doesn't interest me as a topic of conversation, and you are bound to make yourself agreeable. How are you getting on at the law?" Dorothy had leaned back in her corner of the sofa, and met his gaze with self-possession.

"I would rather talk about you than any-

thing else in the world." He paused an instant, fingering nervously the album which still lay open in his hands. He closed it, and placed it on the table. "Miss Crosby," he murmured, leaning toward her, "I told you once, nearly three years ago, that I loved you. I don't know that I can add anything to what I said then; but I have loved you ever since, and love you still."

"Yes?" She sat quietly, with her hands clasped in her lap, looking straight before her.

"Do you know," he said, grasping her hand impetuously, "that I think you are the sweetest, loveliest woman in the world? I want you to be my wife, and help me to make my life all it should be."

She did not withdraw her fingers. She remained perfectly still, without meeting his glance.

"I have not the power to say all I feel. My words sound so harsh and cold; but, Dorothy, Dorothy,—I love you."

He looked up imploringly into her face.

"I think you do love me, Mr. Remington," she said, with a sweet smile. "It is very nice to be loved."

He covered her hand with eager kisses. She withdrew it softly. "Indeed, Mr. Remington, I don't know what to say. I like you very much." And as she spoke, she fondly gazed down into his eyes,—then drooped her own.

"My darling!" His arm was about her waist, and he kissed her lips.

She freed herself gently from his embrace. "No, no, you must not do that! There are so many girls, Mr. Remington," she murmured, "who would make you happier than I should."

He went on to tell her, in words which, though unchosen, must have been sweet to her ear, how much he revered her character, and how good and pure and lovely she was, and how completely she fulfilled his ideal of what woman ought to be.

She shook her head. "That shows you know me very little, Mr. Remington."

"But you have consented, dearest, have you not?"

"Have I?" She gave a little laugh, the banter of which breathed a joyous self-surrender. She was silent. Her brown eyes sought the floor and her lip trembled. "Dear," she said at last, looking up,—and the noble light in her face, that he knew so well, was as a star of morning—"you must be sure to leave me with all your heart; for if you should cease to care for me, I think I should die."

It was evening, and the lovers sat alone in the dim fire-light of the library. Mrs. Crosby had left them together. The latter's headache

had been put to flight by the news of the engagement, which was by no means repugnant to the maternal feelings. The good lady had indeed begun to be solicitous lest Dorothy might be so difficult to please that she would glide unwed into middle age. To be sure, she was not twenty-five yet; but to a mother who has her daughter on her mind, this seems a mature period. There was no objection to Mr. Remington. His family was entirely unexceptionable; and if he was not rich,—well, she had come to see that one cannot arrange matters beyond a certain point. If Dorothy fancied him, there was nothing to be said. She had always suspected how it would end; so she announced at dinner, despite the protestations of the blushing girl that she had never cared a straw until recently.

They sat without talking much; for, despite their happiness, it was difficult to realize their new relation. It was all so strange. The mind of each was busy with thought. In moments like these one sighs for a glimpse behind the veil of eternity. Who can wholly shut out the specters of time and change, old age and death, from the blissful vision of a perfect joy? The shrouded figure which waits for all stands at the end of the vista; and with the re-awakening to the reality of life come the old doubts and questionings. Does marriage mean aught but a comfortable compact for the sharing of houses and lands and tears and laughter in common? The ecstasy we feel is a delusion that will die away after a few weeks. Already we feel calm and collected; and even if she were to be taken from us to-morrow, would we die of grief?

"Was that true, what you said about not having cared for me at all until lately?" asked Remington, beseechingly.

"I don't know anything about it," she replied, with a coquettish laugh. "It seems to me that every idea I ever had is gone. I feel as if I could never put confidence in myself again. Don't you think," she said presently, "I've made a dreadful mistake?"

The young man pressed her hand tenderly. "God grant that you may never have cause to regret it, Dorothy!"

There was a short silence. "I am sure I never shall," she murmured sweetly and firmly.

"Arthur," she said, after a moment,—and she pronounced his name as if the self-abandonment which its use implied still seemed a weakness,— "how strange it all is! I really know you so little! Do you remember," she asked, "the conversation we had three years ago, at Mrs. Idlewild's?" She went on to explain that they had talked of religion and

the purposes of life. "This is Easter, and I do not like to feel, dear, that we think differently regarding such things."

He did not reply for a while. "I was younger then, Dorothy, than I am to-day, and my ideas have changed somewhat. As you say, we are not perhaps wholly at one regarding the questions of which you speak. Yet who really knows more than another about the meaning of life? Who dares take it upon himself, in the face of the wondrous phenomena of this vast universe, to forecast the nature of the unseen? No one can tell what is to become of us after death; future existence is only a hope. But still, Dorothy, my darling," and he clasped her in his arms as he spoke, "whatever else is true or false, you and I are conscious that there is a power somewhere, transcending human thought, which draws our spirits upward. We know not what it is; we cannot grasp it; but it exists,—does it not, dear one?—and is a part of our being, though we at times deny it. Is it possible that the sole answer to this beautiful world, to all its joy and sorrow, its prayers and aspirations, is merely annihilation? Oh, it cannot be that this love which we have

pledged to each other forever, the kisses of our lips, are but new toys for death to mock at. Nay, let us believe that we are more than puppets; let us have faith that the joy we feel to-day is given that we, through it, may learn to make our lives all that they should be. We know not what is to come; but this we know, that for you and me there can be no rest or happiness save in striving to conquer evil. For what is living well but strife and resistance? Is not human life a growth that thrives only through the conscious struggle of the spirit? And, my Dorothy, shall we not believe that the union of our souls, if we but love each other with all our hearts, will last forever?"

It may be that, even as he spoke, he was conscious of his old doubts and questionings,—even as one sees the fog-banks in summer, like light clouds, skirting the horizon's edge, and knows that they will gather with the twilight. But she, with a clinging tenderness, put her arms about his neck and, drawing his face down to hers, murmured, as she gazed up into his eyes: "O Arthur, my love, with such a faith I will follow you to the end of the world."

(To be continued.)



LORD'S DAY.

I THINK that all our days should be Lord's Days,
And sacred to His service. Do we need
Church-calling bells Godward our steps to lead?
Organs and choirs to stimulate our praise,
And well-read homilies our souls to raise
Above their week-long earthliness and greed?
Alas! what profit is it, if succeed
To one sweet day, employed in hallowed ways,
Six spent in worldliness and sloth and pride?
Dear Sabbath, pearl of price! that we should dare
To set thee in such tinsel for the wear
Of the Great King! How shall our work abide
When He shall come like a consuming fire,
And dross shall melt beneath His sacred ire?

Caroline A. Mason.

THE BAY OF ISLANDS, IN CALM AND STORM.

THE CRUISE OF THE ALICE MAY.—IV.

THREE days we were becalmed off the coast of Newfoundland, making scarcely any progress. The weather was too fine for those waters, and suggested that it might prove a weather-breeder preceding a storm, while we were yet distant from port on a perilous coast. At this time, and in fact through the entire voyage, we found the mornings and evenings cool, and often needed a fire in our stove to take off the chill. We stood in toward Bear Cove on the third morning, and a glimpse was revealed to us of the ranges which give such grandeur to the west coast of Newfoundland. A coast-range of mountains, reaching in places a height of three thousand feet, trends north and south. The abruptness of the slopes, and the savage character of the numerous ravines which intersect these mountains, add greatly to the formidable aspect they present from the sea. At Bear Cove these heights approach the water with a regularity resembling stupendous fortifications, opening here and there like mighty embrasures. They are almost as bare as if constructed of masonry, but their grim and forbidding effect is slightly modified by the variety of colors that beautify the rocky ledges of which they are composed. Nowhere did we discern, far as the eye could reach, the faintest sign of human or animal life, but over land and sea brooded solitude.

All day the dead calm continued. The slatting of the sails, the jerking of the booms, and the groaning of the timbers, the livelong hours as we tossed helplessly on the regular roll of the westerly swell, were most exasperating, especially also because the sea was gradually setting the schooner close in under the cliffs. In fact, we were so far in that we lost the influence of a light breeze from the eastward, which the highlands prevented from reaching our sails. We were almost in blue water, having passed off the bank which shoals the water in the center of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

After dinner we took soundings, and finding that the vessel had drifted into shallower water, the cod-lines were brought out and dropped over the side. The results were very gratifying. Scarcely had the first line reached bottom before a strong bite was felt. The heavy tug on the line indicated large fish,

and two cod of unusual size were found attached to it. For several hours all hands were occupied drawing in cod. The fish caught that afternoon averaged a size more than common, and the after-deck was soon heaped up with a fine supply of fresh meat. Barrels were brought out from the fore-peak, and the fish were cleaned, salted, and barreled for future use, reserving a supply for present needs. A cod-fish purchased in the market is not to be compared, when cooked, with one just out of water.

As the day wore on, light puffs from the southward and eastward carried us slowly toward the entrance to the Bay of Islands, which we earnestly hoped to enter before another night should close in. South Head, part of Lark Mountain lying at the lower side of the port, now towered up sublimely, revealing the vast chasm which is hollowed out on its western or sea side. This chasm resembles a crater which has been depressed on one side, and gives a volcanic aspect to a coast which otherwise shows little trace of igneous action in its forms. A singular peak was also opened up in the interior fixed in the edge of a vertical precipice. It was difficult not to believe it a feudal tower of the dark ages.

But the aspect of the weather was not encouraging; for the sky was becoming overcast, and a foreboding gloom accompanied by fog was gathering in the south. The mists dropped over the precipices like waterfalls, and the prospect of entering the Bay of Islands not only grew beautifully less, but just as we were able, as it were, to look in, there was every reason to apprehend that we should have to make an offing. A night of intense silence and gloom succeeded. Occasionally we heard the dull echo of the surf beating in the caves of South Head. Although the weather continued calm, it was a night when one prefers not to sleep too soundly. Lest we should drift on the rocks, we headed out to sea, but toward morning a southerly breeze sprang up.

"Head her in for the bay, Captain Welsh. We want to get in before the wind changes and blows us out to sea again."

But Captain Welsh was a "blue-water" man. He liked plenty of sea-room, and hesitated.

"Now's our chance, Captain. It'll be daylight before we are up with the entrance to the bay, and then we can see our way in. At any rate, we've got to get there to-day; we've fooled out here long enough. It's to-day or never. You'd better set the gaff-top-sail and stay-sail, and make all we can before it comes on to blow."

With visible reluctance the Captain sung out: "Put your helm up! Here, Tom, slack



THE CRUISE OF THE "ALICE MAY" THROUGH THE BAY OF ISLANDS.

out the main-sheet! Bill, you go aloft and loose the top-sail!"

But there was no spirit in the breeze; it was capricious and inefficient, although it took us to within five miles of the entrance before it died away. The gray dawn now showed us a grim outlook. The cliffs were half hidden in driving clouds, and the sun seemed to take no interest in lighting up what promised to be a very dubious day. As the light increased we perceived a line of angry foam rapidly coming toward us dead ahead.

"There's where it's coming out," said the Captain, taking the wheel and keeping a sharp look-out. As the vessel payed off to meet the wind, it struck her with great violence, laying her almost on her beam ends. In came one sail after another in rapid succession, and the schooner was soon in fighting trim, battling with a furious north-easter. A short, violent sea swept often over the deck, and every timber quivered as the little craft jumped from billow to billow. The wind was accompanied by heavy sheets of rain, which at times completely shut out the land. Our only course was to keep hammering away at it, and do our best to beat into the bay, at least so long as it did not blow too hard to carry sail. The squalls off the highland were frequent and violent, although, following the instructions of the navigation guide-book, we took good care not to get too close under its lee.

I never shall forget how Guernsey Island looked that morning as the little schooner ran under its tremendous cliffs and tacked. One

thousand feet above us it towered, a vertical rock over which the mists drove like smoke. Although we were fully a mile from it, it fairly seemed but a stone's throw from the ship. This Gibraltar-like rock lies midway in the channel. Although it is two full miles from South Head, it was impossible to believe it. The cliffs on each side were so vast, it was only by timing the distance as we tacked from side to side that I could credit what the chart and dividers stated. But even after I was convinced that it was two long miles between the headlands, I could not realize it until I had seen the heights at all times of the day and in all states of the atmosphere.

After struggling at her task all the morning, the *Alice May* finally reached into the Bay of Islands and came abreast of Sark Harbor. The wind now capriciously died away, and she was in danger of losing all she had gained, owing to the rapid tide and current running out of the bay, when a sea-wind sprang up and wafted us where we could anchor, if necessary. The sun also came out; the clouds rolled away, and the magnificent scenery of the Bay of Islands lay around us. We felt more than repaid for the effort required to reach it. The coast scenery of the world offers few prospects more grand, more varied, more enchantingly beautiful than this. Certainly on the Atlantic coast of North America its equal is not to be found.

The Bay of Islands is about twelve miles square. Its entrance is guarded by Guernsey, Pearl, and Tweed Islands, which are all exceedingly lofty. Guernsey is also called Oubol by the French. Opposite Guernsey is Sark Mountain; it is isolated and rises one thousand three hundred and six feet, terminating in what is called South Head. This was the scene of a remarkable incident some years ago. In a heated altercation the mate of a French ship killed the captain. A sort of drum-head court-martial held on deck condemned the wretch to die. But he was given his choice either to be swung from the yard-arm, or climb to the top of South Head and leap over the precipice. He chose the latter. With his arms pinioned, he was conducted to the brow of the fearful precipice, and when the word was given, boldly sprang into the air. His body never was found, having probably lodged in a cleft in the side of the cliff. Such a death seems to suggest that the doomed man was conscious of being not wholly in the wrong in the quarrel which thus resulted in the death of two men. No ordinary criminal could have deliberately accepted death in such a form.

Adjoining Sark Mountain is Sark Harbor, a deep, narrow, and most romantic cove, al-

most inclosed by overhanging, densely wooded crags, offering safe anchorage, but liable to furious squalls. Eastward of this opens a lovely bay called York Harbor, protected by a low, wooded isle. Here are two or three huts occupied by miners, the first dwellings

on this claim are liable to get into trouble. The flanking ranges of Blomidon are wild in form, presenting abrupt peaks springing out of the woods, and valleys bathed in delicate hues. Comparisons are considered odious, but I could not help comparing this part of



GUERNSEY ISLAND.

we had seen since we left the Magdalen Islands. This delicious sheet of water is dominated on the east by the sublime grandeur of Blomidon, which terminates one of the coast-ranges. Blomidon is two thousand and forty-three feet high, and is crowned with an overhanging rampart of rock, which abuts on a nearly vertical slope that plunges fifteen hundred feet. In one spot the crags take the form of an enormous eagle's claw, burying its talons in the side of the mountain. From the summit a water-fall slips over the edge of the cliff and dangles downward, like a flexible band of silver, until lost in the impenetrable forests which clothe the base of Blomidon. These forests form one of the most remarkable features of the Bay of Islands. The southern side of the bay is a mass of tangled woods, generally spruce, birch, and fir, interlocking their boughs, and intertwined by an almost impenetrable thicket. There are tracts in that solitude where the axe has never rung since the creation. Bear, deer, beaver, partridges, and hare abound in these woods. The hunters of the beaver assume the right to a certain region, and others venturing to hunt

the shores of the bay to the shores of the Clyde and the adjoining Trosachs.

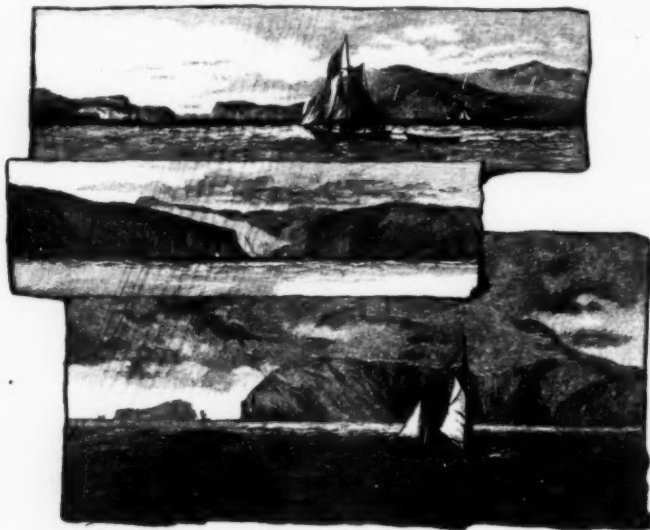
Blomidon may almost be said to be a solid mass of copper. It abounds in that mineral. It is well known that copper ore has been exported from the northern coast of Newfoundland to the smelting furnaces of Swansea for many years past. But the explorations recently made at the Bay of Islands have shown that these shores are rich in undeveloped mineral wealth. Ore containing silver has been found in some quantity, and gold, it is stated; but of this the evidence is less satisfactory. The land at the foot of Blomidon has been marked out, and a company is now running shafts into the mountain and prospecting. A claim of three square miles may be obtained for six pounds, good for three years. But the Government of Newfoundland has a claim on two-thirds, or two miles of each claim. The Swansea Company is working the ore, or rather furnishing the capital to develop the veins. The time is not very distant when the world will awake to a consciousness of the mineral wealth and abundant timber resources of Newfoundland.

The southern side of the Bay of Islands is lined with lofty ranges of precipices, more bare than those already described, but rivaling them in beauty. Their stern and sterile character really enhances the loveliness of the tints in which an afternoon light suffuses them. They are clear-cut in outline, and rose-gray and tender purple in color. Frequently among

day produced such impressions of grandeur and primeval solitude that I should not have been in the least surprised if gigantic cyclopean beings had waded out from the vast overhanging forests which draped the cliffs under which our little ship was anchored.

The following day opened calm and lovely. Far away, a number of schooners could be

seen at the mouth of the Humber River. It was fortunate we saw them there, for it gave us an opportunity of gauging the height of the cliffs which skirt the bay. Vessels with masts ninety feet high were mere white specks against the cliffs when miles this side of them. Having already lost so much time, we concluded to take advantage of the fine weather to run to the southward, and stood again toward the mouth of the bay. But we had not gone far when vessels were seen running in, bringing with them a strong westerly wind



THE BAY OF ISLANDS.

the higher crags of these mountains of Newfoundland patches of snow, many acres in extent, were seen, although it was now the month of August. We were assured that this snow never leaves these spots, where it lies even in midsummer thirty to fifty feet deep at no greater altitude than fifteen hundred feet above the sea. The north shore is cleft by wonderful fiords, called the North and South Arms. The cliffs which inclose them rise perpendicularly from the water for many hundred feet.

About the center of the bay lies Harbor Island. We headed for it, proposing to find an anchorage there, the water elsewhere being generally of great depth. We found the wind baffling, and the schooner was repeatedly seized by swirling eddies, and driven back, even with a fresh breeze filling her sails. This was exceedingly perplexing, and drove Captain Welsh to his wits' ends. The full moon arose superbly while we were drifting in the channel between Harbor Island and Blomidon, and we finally anchored near Frenchman's Cove, at the foot of this sublime mountain. We seemed to be in a fabled region peopled by giants. The scenery we had seen during the

and a high sea. A short trial with the rapidly rising waves proved that we should simply lose time in trying to beat out in so small a vessel. Therefore we put the helm up, and decided to run to the head of navigation on the Humber. It was a wild, exciting sail of some twenty miles, between lofty shores of novel and remarkable loveliness.

At the very entrance to the river we began to see houses and clearings, and realized that we were entering upon altogether a distinct phase of the attractions of the Bay of Islands. Clusters of houses, enlarging sometimes into hamlets, were frequent; and new houses were in process of construction in many places, indicating activity and a growing population. At Benoit's Cove and Beechy Cove, pretty chapels were seen, and a number of important dwellings. At the latter place Mr. Evans, the only American in the bay, has a trading and fishing establishment. But we were unable to give undivided attention to the beauty unfolded at each point we passed, for the schooner required careful watching. In company with several other schooners, we were running wing and wing before a very fresh and puffy wind. But in spite of the

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force of the breeze, counter-flaws would come off the land with great suddenness, taking the sails all aback, and threatening to carry away the masts or capsize the vessel. In one of these flaws our mainsail jibed with such force as to carry away the boom guy-tackle and belaying pin. It is a wonder the head of the mast was not carried away, as happened to a schooner which was alongside of us. At another time the *Alice May* would strike an eddy, and be completely turned around, while the other ships would sail past her as if she were aground. At the same moment, perhaps within the space of half a mile, several schooners might be seen running with a stiff breeze, or tacking or becalmed; and yet all were bound in the same direction. The westerly wind finally succeeded in carrying all before it, and we anchored at Petipas, the head of navigation, as the setting sun was mantling the shores and gorge of the Humber with indescribable splendor. We were obliged to anchor within a cable's length, or one hundred and fifty yards, from the shore, as in almost every other part of the Humber below Petipas the water has great depth. In mid-channel it is rarely under sixty fathoms, and often reaches ninety fathoms. If we give what to some may seem too many topographical details, it is partly with a view of aiding those who may think of cruising in those waters in a yacht.

Petipas, pronounced Petipaw by the natives, is named after a Jersey islander who was the first important settler at the Bay of Islands. He started a fishing establishment, and opened a thriving trade. But he is now with "the majority," and since his death the family has become embarrassed, and the establishment is closed. There is no street in this little settlement. It consists of a simple aggregation of houses, perched here and there, wherever a foothold could be obtained among the rocky ledges which compose the precipitous hill on which the hamlet has found a lodgment. To reach these houses, one may land anywhere, and climb over rocks and fences, and scramble up and down rough goat-paths. One of the prettiest spots at Petipas is the old saw-mill, just at the water's edge, at the foot of a picturesque ravine, musical with the dashing of a merry trout-brook overgrown with sedge. Near to this, on the smoothest piece of land in the settlement, stands the Roman Catholic church, rejoicing in a new coat of paint and some stained glass. Near the church is the commodious mansion of Mr. Carter, at present the magnate of the place, who enjoys a monopoly of its business. A small place like Petipas always has its leading citizen, who acts the part of an uncrowned chief. His will is law; for by force of character he has succeeded in getting the business of the place mostly into his own hands, and the poor, who form by far the largest number in such a community, look to him for advances and supplies, which results, if he is shrewd, in placing them in his power. Mr. Carter is a typical example of this class of local despots, exactly fitted to rule among the desperate characters with whom he has to deal. His head is set on enormous shoulders with a short thick neck; a shaggy beard intensely black flows down to his waist, and his quick, keen, eagle eye carries terror to any so daring as openly to cross his will or question the unwritten code by which he reigns at Petipas and regulates its trade. Probably such rule is better than none in a place like this.

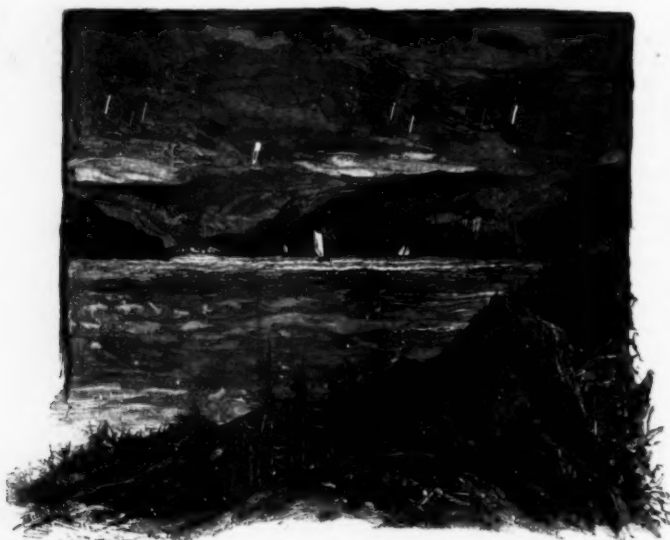


CAPE BLOMIDON.

PROSPECTING.

"Have you seen our police force?" inquired Mr. Carter one morning, when we were in his store. "No? Well, here it is!" and suiting the action to the word, he drew out a massive piece of tarred, three-inch rope, about four feet long, and brought it down on the counter with a resounding blow. "Oh, many's the

stations, while no French courts of justice are allowed. On the other hand, the Government of Newfoundland has at last taken steps to assert its authority on the Humber. A fine residence has been erected at Benoit's Cove, opposite Petipas, for the judge; and when we were there, a member from that district



UP THE RIVER HUMBER.

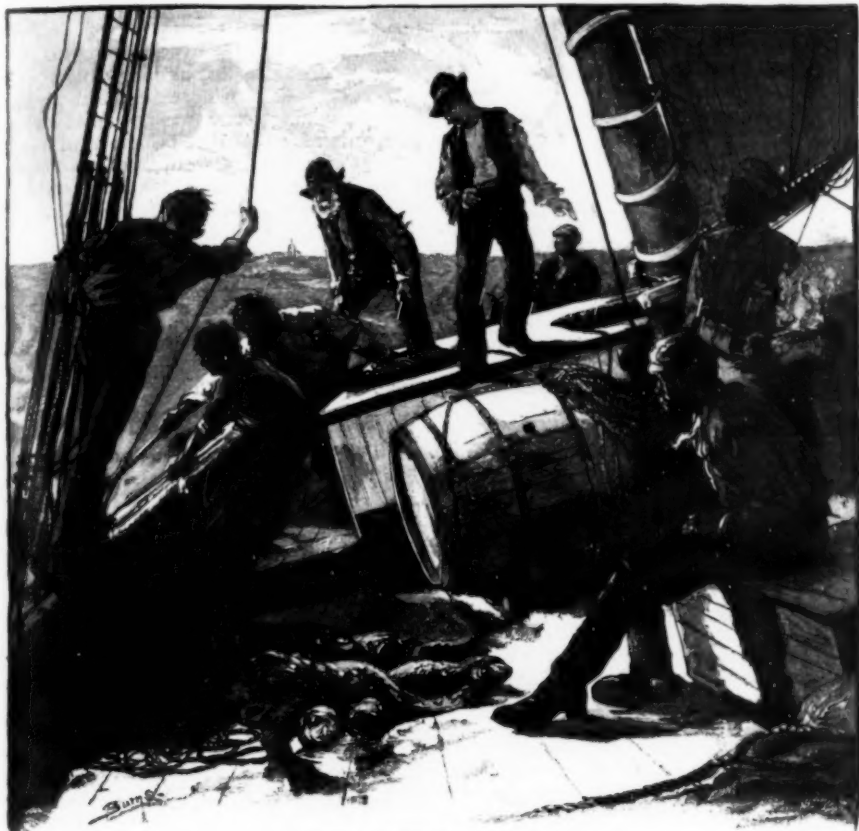
time I've had to use that," he added, "when this store's been full of fishermen, sailors, half-breeds, and Indians, half drunk and full of deviltry. There was no authority to call in to keep the peace, and I've had to lay about with this bit of twine, and clear the room by hitting right and left! It isn't quite so bad as that now, you see, since the herring fishery failed; there are not so many fishermen about; our people, too, are getting to be a little more civilized. But this is a sort of a Botany Bay, you know, with little regular government, and where it wont do to ask too much about a man's antecedents."

The western and southern coasts of Newfoundland are a constant source of entanglement between the English and the French government. The matter is sufficiently complicated, various treaties having failed to settle the question so that it can stay settled. As the matter now stands, it seems that the French have a right to put up fish-stages and temporary huts for summer use immediately by the water. But they cannot erect permanent dwellings, nor are they permitted to purchase land unless they become British citizens. French men-of-war may cruise on the coast and have

was to be elected for the first time to represent it in the Legislature at St. John's. But while claiming legislative and judicial rights at the Bay of Islands, the English do not yet dare to give a title to land, and it is impossible for any one to acquire the fee-simple of even enough to build upon. The English Government can only say to the settler, "Turn squatter, and build wherever you like. So long as the French do not claim it for fishing purposes, it is yours; but we cannot sell outright land already liable to the claims of the French fishermen."

Such a condition of things has naturally made this a safe refuge for outlaws, and the population on the Humber is, therefore, such as one might expect under the circumstances. The herring fisheries and the lumber trade have, however, attracted hither a number of reputable and enterprising adventurers, who contrive that order shall come out of chaos, and the community is for the most part orderly. The people are English, Irish, French, and Indians. The latter are few in number and peaceable.

The herring fishery on the Humber was at one time very profitable. The fish were caught



FISHING OFF THE BAY OF ISLANDS.

mostly in nets let down through the ice in winter. It was not uncommon to see a hundred schooners, barks, and steamers lying off Petipas in the height of the season. Six years ago the herring suddenly left for parts unknown, and the prosperity of the place came to a stop. But a year ago the herring returned, and meantime a thriving lumber trade has sprung up, and the tide of prosperity again sets up the Humber.

Another source of income is also gradually coming to the worthy Humberites. Two miles above Petipas is the tremendous gorge of the Humber. Here the banks contract to a narrow channel, overhung on either hand, for a space of nine miles, by vertical precipices, between which the river dashes down roaring rapids. Although the current here is dangerous, it is safely passed by the long canoes of the Indian *coureurs des bois*. Beyond this the river widens again until it meets Deer Lake, a long, narrow sheet of water, thirty miles in

length, lying in a flat country covered with forests. The river and lake abound with trout and salmon, and the forests fairly teem with game. Already gentlemen of leisure from Canada and Great Britain have begun to visit the Bay of Islands and the Humber for the purpose of hunting and fishing, and there is no question that this is destined to be ere long a favorite hunting-ground.

Directly opposite Petipas, a mile and a half across the river, lies the very pretty settlement called Benoit's Cove. It is situated on richer ground, is larger, and is peopled by a better class. Some very neat cottages are to be seen here, nestling amid clusters of shrubbery and birches. Here are two or three fishing establishments, the magistrate's residence, the telegraph-office, and an Episcopal church. Mr. Curling, the rector, is a gentleman of large fortune, who has built himself an extensive, many-gabled mansion. He is also a practical sailor, infected with a mania for the sea, and

has a yacht of forty tons which he constructed there, and in which he cruises in all weathers, having the reputation of being a sort of Flying Dutchman who defies the storms.

The settlers of the Humber must needs find means of entertainment at home, for they have but little communication with the rest of the world; their own island even is almost as far off as if it were the other side of the Atlantic. Until within ten years, only one white man had been known to cross the Island of Newfoundland; and to this day a large part of the interior is unknown. A telegraph wire now runs through the woods from Benoit's Cove to Hall's Bay, and a foot traveler, by following the road cut for the wire, can proceed from Deer Lake to Hall's Bay on the northern coast, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. In summer a steamer arrives from St. John's once a month by way of Cape Ray, or, as the natives call it, through the Channel. This is the only mail communication for that season. For the seven months of winter the mails are still more infrequent. About once every six weeks an Indian comes from Hall's Bay on snow-shoes and stops at Petipas. There he takes the mail-bags and carries them to Codroy in the channel, where he meets the steamer. The bags are carried on a sledge drawn by dogs, and from the time the carrier leaves Hall's Bay he sees houses only twice.

The second day after our arrival at Petipas it came on to rain and blow. Captain Andrews, the superintendent of the copper mines at Blomidon, a man of large experience and intelligence, visited our schooner and dined with us. As it was still raining, it was suggested after dinner that, donning waterproofs and sou'westers, we should cross to Benoit's Cove and see some of the traders. During the season when navigation is open, there is a class of traders who, hiring schooners or owning them, cruise among the out-of-the-way ports of Labrador and Newfoundland, exchanging pork, sugar, tea, tobacco, cotton cloth, sea-boots, and the like, for dried fish. They are a shrewd and enterprising class, accustomed to see a great deal of the rough side of life, and willing to run any risks for the sake of earning a few dollars. They might well be called nautical peddlers. Most of the schooners that sailed in our company up the Humber were traders. We ordered out the boat and crossed to Benoit's Cove, and were introduced by Captain Andrews to Captain Shelley, who invited us aboard of his schooner.

Stepping below, out of the drenching torrents of rain, we found ourselves among a crowd of traders and skippers seeking shelter

in a noisome cuddy, old and dirty and paintless, piled with wares and reeking with the fragrance of bilge water, wet boots, bad rum, and bad tobacco. But although there were evidences that the one glass in the cuddy had been circulating pretty freely, washed out at each drink by the more fastidious with cold tea out of a rusty tea-kettle, yet no one appeared the worse for the liquor excepting Captain Shelley, who was full of talk. All were Irishmen, with one or two exceptions. Captain Shelley was himself a man gifted with genuine Hibernian wit, repartee, and unctuous eloquence; and, true Irishman that he was, he was deeply interested in politics. The subject then uppermost in his mind, as in that of most residents on the Humber at the time, was the approaching election of a representative for the insular Legislature. The conversation in that little cuddy was lively enough, eliciting much laughter, and some shrewd and serious argument. But Captain Shelley, ever on his feet, as if addressing an audience, was the hero of the hour; and the roar of thunder and the loud beating of the rain on deck only seemed to add to his eloquent vivacity. Among other remarks, alluding to the would-be gentry at St. John's, he said: "They bring up their sons to despise business; they educate them for lawyers, and they become mere two-penny-ha'penny button-tossers, without brains enough to last them till morning, be the night ever so short." Again he remarked: "I have no enemies, or at least, if I have, they don't live long."

The rain slackened toward sunset, and we returned to supper, when the Humber was all aglow with a magnificent burst of sunlight, and spanned by a perfect rainbow.

The captain of the *James Dwyer*, a schooner lying near to us, gave a dance that night in a vacant loft near the wharf. He wanted to ingratiate the people, and incline them to trade with him, and this was the means he wisely adopted. To him the expense was very trifling, while it produced a genuine sensation at Petipas, and put every one in the best of humor. I don't think that I could ever forget that dance. It left a very singular impression on my mind. The night was perfectly clear and serene. From the schooner we could hear the people picking their way down the rocks to the scene of festivity. Then the squeak of the fiddle floated over the water, and a steady beating sound began, heavy and regular as the drumming of a shuttle or the beating of flails. With it was perceptible a certain rhythm at intervals. What we heard was the heavy tramp of the dancers. Evidently, they were not chasing the hours with flying feet shod with Parisian pumps and



THE MAIL-CARRIER.

slippers. When this had lasted for several hours, we could stand it no longer, and decided to go on shore and see the dance ourselves. Part of our crew had already preceded us, and we found them excited with gin, and aiding to give the girls of Petipas royal sport.

On landing, we met the skipper of the trading schooner, himself both trader and captain, a tall, well-made person, six feet in his stockings, straight as a ruler, and combining in his manner and expression shrewdness and executive ability. His strong hand and his quick, decisive manner, showed the commander; while his somewhat refined features and clear, sharp, gray eye, indicated the man of business. "Walk up, gentlemen; walk up and make yourselves at home," he said, in a pleasant but authoritative tone, as he showed us into the building where the dance was going on, for he was both host and master of ceremonies. There was not a light visible to guide our steps as we stumbled across a high

threshold out of the moonlight into a darkness that might be felt.

"Look out for your heads! turn to your right!" he called out, as he heard us tumbling over each other, groping for something to take hold of. Finally we hit on a ladder, and knew by the sound that it was leading us to the festal hall. Some one opened a door suddenly, and revealed the floor of a loft, on which we hastened to plant our feet.

Through a low door we entered a small, low-ceiled room, dimly lighted by two or three tallow dips, set on a barrel in bottles. The air was confusedly hazy with the dust beaten out of the floor and the rafters above by the tread of the dancers. Several score of people were crammed into a small compass, and care had been taken to keep doors and windows closed. For people so accustomed to exposure, they showed a wonderful dread of fresh air. The spectators, consisting of matrons, children, and old fishermen, were seated on a bench running round two sides



THE DANCE AT PETIPAS.

of the room. The music was supplied by an uncouth fiddler, who sat on the window-seat, with a violin to which he beat time, thumping his heels against the wall. The provisions for the entertainment consisted of some very bad gin, set out with glasses and hard-tack on the head of a barrel. In the center of the floor were half a dozen lads and as many lassies engaged in a dead-and-alive waltz, without any apparent beginning or end to it. They reminded me of a group of puppets arranged with wires, moving about as they did with the interest and gracefulness of so many wooden figures. It was one of the most amusing sights imaginable. There was no expression in their faces, but they hopped up and down with a steady tattoo on the floor. After this movement had lasted for some moments without any apparent change in the position of the human puppets, the fiddler sent his tune away up into a diabolical squeak. Responding to the crescendo, each swain fairly lifted his partner off her feet, whirled her about the room, and planted her squarely on the floor in another place, and the tattoo was resumed with a persistent fury for monotony, that continued until the next shriek of the fiddle-bow once more altered the position of the couples. This might have

continued endlessly without the least variation, but there seemed to be knots in this rope. When these were reached the dance stopped, and a rush was made for the refreshments. In one of these interludes we made our escape.

"The young people seem to be enjoying themselves," said the host, as we emerged once more to the fresh air. "I hope you enjoyed yourselves, too. Wont you come aboard, gentlemen?"

Accepting his invitation, we scrambled into the cabin of his schooner, and were surprised to find what a fine vessel she was, how completely equipped and thoroughly stored with goods. The cabin was like a country store, the sides being lined with shelves, on which was piled a little of almost everything required by a rural and fishing population.

We straightened out our crew in the morning, by ordering them on shore to fill the water casks and bring off a sheep. After that they were sent to the windlass to heave up the anchor, and we made sail for St. Pierre. We had a dead beat against a strong breeze to South Head; but the day was superb, as if this noble bay wished to fix a favorable impression upon the memory of the voyagers who had come so far to see

it. Blomidon soared majestically above us, the monarch of that mountain land, crowned with a wreath of roseate clouds, and the surrounding isles were suffused with the glow of a peaceful sunset. The water of the Bay of Islands is as blue as that of the Mediterranean. In this case it cannot be due to a larger proportion of salt, which is the cause of the intense hues of the sea in warm climates, so it must be attributed to the great depth of the Newfoundland bay. As I gazed entranced on the lovely scene before me, I was able for the first time to realize, by the aid of the golden haze veiling the long slopes and tumbling steep, the grandeur of the sierras which inclose the Bay of Islands. The silence was intensified by the silvery waterfalls dropping from crag to crag many hundred feet with an ethereal motion, and yet giving forth no echo or sound of their dashing, so distant were they from our ship. But to the eye they appeared to be only a few brief furlongs away. The full moon loomed above the mountain-tops, solemn and glorious; and in that weird stillness, and touched by an awesome feeling creeping over us, as if we were alone in all the mysterious vastness of an unknown and unexplored region, our little schooner, seeming puny as a cork-boat, was fanned past the Titanic cliffs which form the gateway of the bay. It was two in the morning. All slept save the watch and the writer. No sound was heard except now and then the low sighing of a passing gust through the sails, or the long, low, far-away boom of the surf rolling

into the caves of the implacable cliffs, and reverberating with muffled thunder down that iron-bound coast.

But sentiment was soon forced to yield to reality, for we were becalmed on a lee shore, and were rapidly drifting toward it with the heaving of the swell. After exhausting every device in vain, we were happily saved from the doom which drew nearer every moment by a light breeze off the land. The following day was of that nondescript character which infuriates the mariner to the last degree. Baffling winds and calms, thunder-squalls, and the prospect of another night in the vicinity of this coast, terminated in a sunset of more than usual magnificence, with a wild burst of rain hurrying over a leaden sea, attended by several rainbows and masses of cumuli rolling up sublime over the Bay of Islands. I never knew the sign of the rainbow to fail at sea. It is the infallible prognosticator of bad weather when seen at morning; while the most cautious mariner may pace the night-watches in hope and dream sweetly of his home when the bow of promise arches opposite to the setting sun. The mercury now rose rapidly, and by midnight a fresh north-easter set in. This was exactly the wind we needed. At breakfast-time every heart on board was exhilarated. We had reason to rejoice, for the little schooner was bounding ahead wing and wing on the rising sea, with half a gale dead aft, and "Ho, for St. Pierre!" was again the cry.

S. G. W. Benjamin.

"IN AFTER DAYS."

In after days, when grasses high
O'ertop the tomb where I shall lie,
Though well or ill the world adjust
My slender claim to honored dust,
I shall not question nor reply.

I shall not see the morning sky,
I shall not hear the night-wind sigh,
I shall be mute, as all men must,—
In after days!

And yet, now living, fain were I
That some one then should testify,
Saying—*He held his pen in trust
To Art, not serving shame or lust.*
Will none? . . . Then let my memory die
In after days!

• Austin Dobson.

THE WOMEN OF THE BEE-HIVE.

It is now more than forty years since there appeared one day, in a village in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, a weary, dusty traveler. He was unknown. He had no money, neither had he a winning address to recommend himself withal. Everything about his attire, speech, behavior, betokened obscurity and lowliness of condition.

It was a Mormon elder, come to preach in that conservative, comfortable-minded village the strange doctrines of the Latter-Day Saints; to set up in face of four orthodox New England meeting-houses the astounding claim of one Joseph Smith as a divinely inspired prophet and teacher, of authority equal to that of Jesus Christ.

Looking at this incident purely from an outside standpoint, regarding the bare facts as above stated, there is nothing to be wondered at in the next stage of events in that village, of which the mildest statement that could be truthfully made would be that the village was ablaze with indignation. That the outraged Baptists, Methodists, and Congregationalists did not fall on the man and stone him out of town was not because they did not hold him deserving of such treatment, but because to administer it would have been shocking to their nerves, to their habit of quiet, and to all the respectable traditions of the place.

The elder had great difficulty in finding a room where he might speak in public. At last he received permission to hold forth in an upper chamber in a house of by no means the best repute. To this service the people were invited by means of written notices, posted in conspicuous places, and torn down by angry hands almost as soon as put up.

The village had all the religion it wanted, and its religion was of the right kind, too. No room for new-fangled doctrines there—above all, for the accursed blasphemies of the Mormons.

One of the richest and most influential citizens in the town at this time was a man whom (because this story is a true one, and therefore cannot give real names) I will call Wilson. He was not a religious man in any sense of the word. His life had always been a moral one, and he was associated with the Baptist denomination; but he made no professions of any belief in Christian doctrines, or any concern as to what was called in those days "the welfare of the soul."

He must have been a wag in his way, for,

seeing the notice of the Mormon elder's preaching, he resolved to invite the Baptist minister to go with him to hear what the man had to say. He sent his little son, a lad of twelve, over to the minister's house, to carry the invitation. The boy, unsuspecting, was shown into the minister's study, and delivered his message.

"Father says he's going down to hear the Mormon elder speak to-night, and he wants to know if you wont come along with us."

The minister was sitting at his writing-table, with a big book open before him; his spectacles were well down on his nose: looking over them at the child, he thundered out in an angry tone:

"What!"

The little fellow, trembling (for in New England a half century ago ministers were bigger men than they are to-day), repeated the message. That boy is now a man, not far from sixty years old, but he remembers as distinctly as if it were yesterday the look and the voice with which the resentful clergyman, bringing down his fist with a sledge-hammer blow on his book, cried:

"Tell your father I'd as soon go to hear the devil speak!"

The boy took to his heels and never stopped till he was in the presence of his father, who roared with laughter on hearing the reply, and was probably no whit surprised at the result of his joke.

"Well, you and I will go, Phil," he said. "I guess 'twont hurt us." But the boy went with fear and misgiving, thinking that the minister would not have used such terrible language without reason.

At the end of his discourse the elder, looking appealingly toward the handful of persons that had listened to him, said:

"My brethren, I am traveling to preach the gospel, as the apostles of old did, without scrip and without purse. I have no money. Will any one of you give me shelter for the night?"

Not a man spoke or stirred. After a moment Squire Wilson stepped out into the aisle and said, with a look of scorn at his inhospitable fellow townsmen:

"My house is at your service, sir. To such accommodations as I can offer you are welcome."

It was the largest and best house in the town; and it was no niggardly hospitality that the Squire extended; for in the morning

he took the poorly clad preacher down to a store, fitted him out with an entire new suit of clothes, and sent him on his way, warmed as well as fed. All the elder's efforts to converse on religious topics, however, or on the doctrines of the Mormon Church, he repelled good-naturedly, saying :

"No, no, friend. I can't stand any of that. I'm a man of the world. I don't believe in any of your religions. They're all pretty much alike. One's as good as another. I've got no use for any of them."

To his friends' remonstrances with him for having entertained a Mormon, the Squire replied :

"Good heavens! would you have had the man lie in the street? I was ashamed. And I don't see any harm in his doctrines: they seem to me about as good as the general run. The man's a good man himself. I'll answer for that, if I know one when I see him, and I think I do."

In a few months the elder came back, and preached again—this time to a larger and more interested audience. Again he passed the night at Squire Wilson's house, and again tried in vain to induce the Squire to listen to personal conversation on religious matters.

A third time he returned. This time, on taking leave of his generous host, he placed in his hands a Mormon tract, called "A Warning Voice," and asked him to promise to read it. "Oh, yes, I'll read it," laughed the Squire; "I'll read anything."

Little he knew what destinies lay in his lightly given promise. Something in the words of that tract smote him like a javelin-thrust. There is nothing in all the secret organic processes of nature subtler, or surer, than the secret, subtle, sure springing to life of a spiritual seed falling in a soil to which it has affinity. No one can predict, no one can explain the occurrence. The highest and most complex formulas in the mathematics of chemistry are children's A B C's beside the dimly understood and never-to-be-formulated laws, forever working in our human souls, evolving out of certain kinds of faith certain sorts of doubt; out of wide unbelief, narrow superstition; making us, spite of ourselves, adhere to-day, depart to-morrow, cling, reject, love, hate, all in destined successions, of which the more we think we know, the more we prove that we are ignorant.

If there was a man in all Massachusetts of whom it would have been safe to say that he could never become a Mormon, it was Squire Wilson.

Yet, in a few days after the reading of that tract, he was closeted alone, with his Bible spread open before him, comparing its teach-

ings with the Mormon doctrines, and coming slowly, reluctantly, almost with anguish of resistance, to compliance with the faith of the Latter-Day Saints.

The struggle lasted three days. During this time no one but his son was allowed to enter the room. Phil was an only child, and, his mother having been dead for years, he had become his father's companion in an intimacy very rare between father and son.

Near the close of the third day, Squire Wilson looked up and said, with tears rolling down his cheeks:

"My God! Phil, it's all true! It's all true! I must follow it. But it will cost me every friend I have, and every dollar I've got in the world."

The memory of this moment is vivid in Phil's mind to-day. He had never before seen his father weep. He felt the tears drop hot and fast on his own hands, as his father in his excitement grasped them tightly in both of his, and wrung them hard. No wonder that the boy became, then and there, the passionate believer in all that his father believed, the enthusiastic helper in all that his father now wished to do.

The next scene stamped on the lad's memory was one between his father, his grandfather, and his favorite uncle. The uncle was a Baptist preacher, settled in a neighboring town; the grandfather, now very aged, had also been a Baptist preacher, and lived with this son. Hearing the dreadful rumor of Squire Wilson's conversion to Mormonism, they came over to reason with him. Phil was present at the interview. It lasted many hours. The heart-broken old man tried entreaty, argument, invective, all to no purpose. The convert was immovable. It seemed to Phil, listening with his boyish heart all aflame in the new excitement, that his father's positions were unassailable, that his reasoning ought to convince the world. At last, when the unhappy trio separated, Phil heard his grandfather say, hotly:

"I hope my eyes may never rest on your face again. You are my son no longer!"

And his uncle said similar words, even more emphatic:

"I'll never own you for a brother! Never dare to cross the threshold of my house!"

And they strode away with angry and anguished faces.

An uplifting sense of martyrdom swelled in Phil's breast. He felt himself bound to the new religion with a bond tenfold stronger than before. Holding tight to his father's hand, he stood in the doorway of the home so soon to be abandoned forever, and watched his uncle and grandfather in silence till they were out of sight. Then turning, he said:

"You have me still, father."

"Yes, my son," his father replied, "and we shall have them with us, too, before long." The prediction was fulfilled to the letter. Only a few years later the three who had parted thus bitterly were reunited in the city of Nauvoo, all equally convinced of, and equally enthusiastic in upholding, the Mormon faith. And one of the clearest and ablest books the Mormons have, perhaps the very best presentation of their peculiar doctrines that has ever been made, was written by this very Baptist clergyman who had thus forbidden his brother ever to cross the threshold of his home so long as he held to the Mormon belief.

This brief family history is but one out of thousands. It is by such processes as this that Mormonism has come to exist; it is upon foundations such as these that it rests, strong and confident, to-day.

With its surface history, its incredible beginnings in the brain of an illiterate plow-boy, its astounding spread and quick centralization as a power, its hostile reception in every place where it tried to get permanent foothold, driven out of State after State, its leaders murdered by mobs—with all these surface facts of its history, the world is familiar—so familiar, in fact, that from that very familiarity have come about, as happens in so many other things, an ignorance and indifference in regard to the significance, importance, and true nature of the movement. This indifference is partly born of the self-conceit of the age. Our nineteenth century is wonderfully set up in its own esteem, wonderfully elate at its progress, its inventions, its general understanding of all things, spiritual as well as material. Most persons would laugh or be superciliously scornful at the suggestion that anything like the crusades, for instance, could be successfully set going now, especially among English-speaking people. Indeed, a crusade to recover the holy sepulcher into the keeping of Christians would seem far less foolish, would require far less abnegation of individual rights of opinion, one would think, and far less inferiority to the present standards of intelligence and information, than to believe in Joseph Smith and become a Latter-Day Saint. But here within the last fifty years, in the very din of the march of our progress, thousands and thousands of men and women, of fair intelligence and moderate education, middle-class men and women from every English-speaking country, Old England and New England alike, Liverpool and Boston, Birmingham and Lowell, have fallen out of the ranks, turned their backs on homes, friends, fortunes, every-

thing they had hitherto believed in or prized, to seek salvation in the Latter-Day Zion. It is a stupendous fanaticism, anachronistic almost, when one considers its setting and surrounding in point of time.

Reading to-day Joseph Smith's narrative of how there appeared at his bedside an angel in a white robe, with a countenance "truly like lightning," who told him to go to Manchester, Ontario county, New York, and find there, under a stone that could be easily pried up with a lever, gold plates, fourteen hundred years buried, on which was engraved, in Egyptian, Assyriac, Chaldaic, and Arabic characters, the whole of the Book of Mormon; how there were also in this sepulcher an oval-shaped stone called the Seer stone, and an instrument like a pair of spectacles, but larger, two clear stones set in a rim, called the Urim and Thummin, by the application of which to the Egyptian, Chaldaic, Assyriac, and Arabic characters, they were at once turned into plain English, and thus read, and word for word written down; how after this was done, the angel carried the gold plates away again;—one is simply stupefied with wonder that the tale ever obtained credence. The appended certificates of eleven men, to the effect that during the possession of these plates by Joseph Smith they saw and handled them, only add to the amazement, and cast discredit on the story. In fact, the more one reads the Book of Mormon, and the attempts to prove its divine origin and supernatural transmission, the more inexplicable seem the results which have followed its promulgation. The more puzzling, also, becomes the question of its origin. Much has been written to prove that the greater part of it was the work of a Reverend Mr. Spaulding, a man curious in Indian lore, who in the early part of this century wrote quaint stories; and, among others, one in which he set forth a supposititious history of the wanderings of the Lost Tribes, and their final appearance on the North American continent. The manuscript of this book was said to have fallen into the hands of one of Joseph Smith's comrades, and to have been the basis of the Book of Mormon. But the chain of evidence to show this is not complete; and after all, it matters very little, to any present view of the Latter-Day Saints as a people, or of their history as a great religious movement, what the Book of Mormon really was, or where it came from. What the Mormons were brought to accept it for is the main fact of importance; and of this over one hundred thousand people in Utah Territory to-day are witness.

The book was first published in 1830. On

the 6th of April in that year the church was organized. It consisted of six members. Before the end of the year branches of the church had been organized in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and several places in New York, and the following had grown from six to over one thousand.

During the next three years hundreds of ministers, ordained by the boy Joseph Smith, were sent out in all directions through the country, and branches of the church were organized in most of the States of the Union.

In 1836 a temple was built and dedicated in Kirtland, Ohio, and the ecclesiastical organization of the order was completed. Twelve apostles, and quorums of high priests, elders, councilors, bishops, and ministers, all in graded successions, with specifically defined responsibilities and obligations, knit the people together, and made them, as it were, a unit in spirit, purpose, action.

This was a remarkable scheme to have been devised, and successfully carried out, by a man only thirty years old, without education, without money, and without influence except such as emanated from his own personality.

In 1838 persecutions began, and nearly ten thousand Mormons were driven out by violence from the State of Missouri.

Nevertheless, in the two following years, more converts joined the movement than had joined up to the time of the beginning of the Missouri persecution. In 1840 the quorum of the Twelve Apostles visited England, gathered great numbers into the church, and published there the Book of Mormon and several other works, among which was a periodical called the "Millennial Star," which in ten years had reached a circulation of eighteen thousand copies weekly.

The next centralization made by the prophet, as he called himself,—claiming to have been, by the actual laying on of hands of visible angels, ordained to the "High Priesthood after the order of Melchisedec, to hold the keys of the Kingdom of God, the dispensation of the fullness of times,"—was in Illinois. The history of the city of Nauvoo, of the building there of the great temple, one hundred and twenty-eight feet long by eighty-eight feet wide; the organization of the famous Nauvoo Legion of armed men; the conflicts between the Nauvoo authorities and the authorities of the Illinois State Government; the riots; the murder of Joseph Smith and his brother by a mob; and the final expulsion of the entire Mormon population from Illinois, are matters within the memory of many living. It is a shameful record, for which Illinois should blush to her latest day.

Even the worst and wickedest of men, the lowest criminals that earth ever saw, should be safe from such outrages as were perpetrated in Nauvoo.

The effect of all this persecution on the Mormon people was simply to make them tenfold more Mormon than before; to add to their already fanatical enthusiasm the unquenchable fire of the martyr-spirit. Religious persecutors never realize how much more their methods build up than overthrow. Delusions, which let alone would die out, thrive and spread the instant men attack them with bigoted fury. No rallying cry for masses has ever been found, comparable to the watch-words of martyrdom. A man will think twice about inconveniencing himself, and hesitate to make himself poor, for his religion; but show him that he may have to lay down his life for it, that another man stands ready to slay him for adhering to it, and he is instantly aflame with readiness to do battle, not so much for the religion as for his right to believe in it if he chooses.

It was on the 6th of April, 1841, that the corner-stone of the great temple was laid in Nauvoo. In less than eight years Nauvoo was deserted, and its entire Mormon population, some twenty thousand people, driven out at the point of the bayonet, their leader murdered, their property confiscated. The history of the Mormon emigration from Illinois to Utah, between 1846 and 1849, is one of almost incredible hardships and sufferings. The road was literally marked by graves. There are many women alive in Utah to-day who can tell the story of that emigration: women who, weak from hunger, walked the greater part of the way, carrying their infants in their arms, or drawing aged parents in small hand-carts.

The narrative has never been fully written out. There is not in all the world's history anything fully its parallel. It will be a surprise to most persons to learn that up to this time polygamy was not one of the avowed Mormon doctrines; in fact, rumors charging the sect with polygamous practices had been met by unqualified denials and formal assertions that the church inculcated no such doctrine. On what, then, was all this persecution based? It is not, at first, easy to discover. Neither the statements of the Mormons nor those of their enemies fully explain it.

Theologically, the Mormon doctrines seem to be almost identical with those of the orthodox Christian churches. To these are added a belief in baptism for the dead, and in the efficacy of the laying on of the elders' hands and of anointing with oil—both founded on a literal interpretation of the Christian Scrip-

tures, which they heartily embrace, and avow as a rule of faith and conduct; holding in equal reverence with them, however, what they believe to be God's latest revelations, through Joseph Smith and his successors in the priesthood.

The Baptist clergyman, alluded to in the opening of this paper as a brother of Squire Wilson, wrote after his conversion to Mormonism a series of letters in which is to be found a clear statement of the Mormon theology. These letters were originally written to a brother minister in the Baptist church, who had been greatly distressed by his friend's change of belief.

He says:

"You ask me to give an account of the faith which I have embraced.

"I believe that Jesus Christ is God, co-eternal with God the Father, and that such as have the knowledge of the Gospel and believe upon him will be saved; and such as believe not will be damned. I believe the Old and New Testaments to be the Word of God. I believe that every person should be born, not only of the Spirit, but also of the water, in order to enter into the kingdom of God. There are three that bear witness on earth, as there are three that bear record in heaven: the Spirit, the water, and the blood bear concurrent testimony to one obedience on earth; for the want of any one or all of these witnesses on earth, in our favor, there will be no registry of our perfect acceptance in heaven. Hence the baptism for the dead. . . . I believe in the resurrection of the dead, the righteous to life eternal, and the wicked to shame and everlasting contempt. I believe that repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ are elementary and cardinal truths of the Gospel. . . . I believe that every church in gospel order has a priesthood consisting of prophets, apostles, elders, etc., and that the knowledge and power of a priesthood, ordained of God as the ancient priesthood was, is indispensably necessary to the prosperity of the church. I do not believe that the canon of sacred Scripture was closed with the revelation of John; but believe that wherever God has a true church, there He makes frequent revelations of his will. . . . I define priesthood to be that order of authoritative intelligences by which God regulates, controls, enlightens, blesses or curses, saves or condemns all beings. To it, under God, all things are subservient in righteousness, whether in heaven, earth, or hell. God the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is at the head of all genuine priesthood. But as it is His will that all men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father, Jesus now stands accredited as the Apostle and High Priest of our profession. Subordinate priests in the same apostolic order of the Son of God are such as He has put in His church. . . . The priesthood exhibits a regular gradation of knowledge and authority, from Jesus, the great High Priest in Heaven, to the lowest description of ordination in the church below."

These were at the outset the salient points of the Creed of the Latter-Day Saints. It would not seem that there could be in them any just ground of offense to those who accept the Christian Bible as literally inspired.

Their belief in the existence of revelations from God in the present age, and in the direct

inspiration of their leaders, has been called blasphemous by some of their opponents. But it would be difficult to say anything on this head which would not have been equally applicable, in the time of Christ and of the prophets, to all who, in that day and generation, believed on them. There is, therefore, no logic in the accusation; but it is one likely to appear well founded to those who feel that there is direct insult to Christ's teachings and dispensation in the idea of God's having supplemented them by any others. even indorsing and amplifying them.

But there was under the hue and cry of blasphemy, and apparent zeal to protect the things of God, a concealed and much more powerful anxiety to protect the things of Caesar. Mormon populations were unmanageable factors in political affairs. The Mormon vote was sure to be a unit. The centralized, systematized power of Mormon organizations was of necessity a dangerous element in a state.

"Whatever orders of civil government, or order of domestic compact, or order of business transaction, or order of religious worship, or rule of commercial transaction, may contravene the established order of priesthood, the same must bow to the requisition of the inspired priesthood of God, and God acknowledges no other power with approbation," says the converted Baptist clergyman already quoted from; and there are other definitions and laws to be found in Mormon books no less subversive of civil authority than this.

Given such a principle as this, with banded communities of religious fanatics ready to act on it, wherever it might lead, whatever it might involve, and it would be only necessary to add to the formula the presence of leaders wicked in design and unscrupulous in method, to have as complete a magazine of deadly mischief as the most revolutionary could desire.

Just here was, no doubt, the real animus of the persecution of the Mormons. While seeming to strike at the Mormon's liberty of conscience, the thing it really struck at, feared, and hated, was his lack of liberty of action. It was a new shape of an old hatred—the hatred of alliance between Church and State. The Mormon's specious device of calling it all "church" did not avail him.

Lumping all a man's acts, all the transactions of daily life, all the interchanges and obligations of commercial and financial intercourse, all customs of society and relations of human beings under the head of religion, and then leaving to the authoritative decision of the priests of that religion the perpetual and minute regulation of each and every such act,

transaction, interchange, obligation, custom, and relation, was an ingenious scheme, with not a loop-hole left in it. If it worked at all, it covered the ground. This has been the great secret of the success of the Mormon movement.

On page 429 of a Mormon book called "Doctrine and Covenants" is to be found the record of a "Revelation," purporting to have been given to Joseph Smith at Nauvoo, January 19th, 1841. It is the revelation commanding the building of the Nauvoo temple. In it are many passages such as these:

"Behold, verily I say unto you, let my servant George Miller, and my servant Lyman Wight, and my servant John Snider, and my servant Peter Haws, organize themselves and appoint one of them to be a president over their quorum for the purpose of building that house."

"And they shall form a constitution whereby they may receive stock for the building of that house."

"And they shall not receive less than fifty dollars for a share of stock in that house, and they shall be permitted to receive fifteen thousand dollars from any one man for stock in that house."

"And if any pay stock into their hands, it shall be for stock in that house, for himself and for his generation after him, from generation to generation, so long as he and his heirs shall hold that stock, and do not sell or convey the stock away out of their hands, by their own free will and act, if you do my will, saith the Lord."

"Therefore I say unto you concerning my servant Vinson Knight, if he will do my will, let him put stock into that house for himself, and for his generation after him, from generation to generation."

"If my servant Sidney will do my will, let him not remove his family into the eastern lands, but let him change their habitation even as I have said."

"Behold, it is not my will that he shall seek to find safety and refuge out of the city which I have appointed unto you, even the city of Nauvoo. Verily I say unto you, even now, if he will hearken unto my voice, it shall be well with him. Even so. Amen."

"And again, verily I say unto you, if my servant Robert D. Foster will obey my voice, let him build a house for my servant Joseph, according to the contract he has made with him."

"And let him repent of all his folly, and clothe himself with charity, and cease to do evil, and lay aside all his hard speeches."

"And pay stock also into the hands of the quorum of the Nauvoo House for himself and for his generation after him."

After several paragraphs, ordaining one "servant William" as a preacher, counselor, etc., come these extraordinary statements:

"That whoever he blesses shall be blessed, and whoever he curses shall be cursed; that whatsoever he shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever he shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

"And these signs shall follow him: he shall heal the sick, he shall cast out devils, and shall be delivered from those who would administer unto him deadly poison."

"And he shall be led in paths where the poisonous serpent cannot lay hold upon his heel, and he shall

mount up in the imagination of his thoughts as upon eagles' wings:

"And what if I will that he should raise the dead, let him not withhold his voice."

"Therefore let my servant William cry aloud and spare not, with joy and rejoicing, and with hosannas to him that sitteth upon the throne forever and ever, saith the Lord your God."

Another of Joseph Smith's revelations, contained in the same book, is of interest as indicating the financial methods by which the Church of the Latter-Day Saints has attained its present wealth. This revelation is said to have been given in answer to the question, "O Lord, show unto thy servants how much thou requirest of the properties of the people for a tithing."

"Verily, thus saith the Lord, I require all their surplus property to be put into the hands of the Bishop of Zion, for the building of my house and for the laying of the foundation of Zion, and for the priesthood, and for the debts of presidency of my church."

"And this shall be the beginning of the tithing of my people."

"And after that, those who have thus been tithed shall pay one-tenth of all their interest annually, and this shall be a standing law unto them forever, for my holy priesthood, saith the Lord."

"Verily I say unto you, it shall come to pass that all those who gather unto the land of Zion shall be tithed of their surplus properties, and shall observe this law, or they shall not be found worthy to abide among you."

This revelation was received July 8th, 1838, at Far West, Missouri.

The more closely one examines these avowed methods by which the Mormon leaders, having first created an absolutism of ecclesiastical power, proceeded to secularize it, the more difficult it is to believe in the sincerity of their apparent religious fanaticism. But whatever be believed or disbelieved in regard to the leaders, there can be no manner of doubt that the masses of the people, the rank and file, were and are passionate fanatics.

Will anything else, anything less, explain the momentum of the movement? The psychological phenomenon of thousands of men believing in, and submitting to the rule of, such revelations as those above quoted? Of such a system being able to exist in this "latter day," side by side with the steam-engine, the telegraph, and the electric light? It is well-nigh incredible, even in face of all the facts. But the facts are patent, and cannot be evaded. There is in the Territory of Utah to-day a people, over a hundred thousand in number, held together by this bond: the strongest bond that the strongest passions of human nature can knit. In each individual man, moreover, if he be sincere in the faith, the highest virtues he possesses all ally themselves to this bond. The more honest, industrious, simple-minded, and upright a man is,

the better Mormon will he be, if he be Mormon at all. How these old-fashioned virtues thrive on a diet of fanatical religion, the prosperous farms of Utah give proof. The Mormon gospel is a gospel of labor. Industry and simplicity of living are its strongest precepts. The Bee-hive is its formally adopted emblem; and in its earlier days almost equally recognized badges were the calico gown and sun-bonnet of the women.

It is upon the women that the brunt of the Mormon movement has fallen; the brunt of the obloquy; the brunt of the suffering. The privations and woes they endured in the old conflicts and emigrations were bitter enough; but they must be as the light dust in the balance in comparison with what they have endured since. A true understanding of the conscientious, religious Mormon woman's position and belief would work a revolution in the general sentiment of the outside world toward her.

The doctrine of polygamy, or, as the Mormons prefer to call it, plural marriage, or the patriarchal order of marriage, was not openly avowed until 1852. The revelation establishing it is said to have been given to Joseph Smith July 12th, 1843.* It is called "The revelation on the eternity of the marriage covenant, including plurality of wives," and is an extraordinary document. The doctrine met with great opposition from both men and women. Many left the church in consequence of it; and to this day there are occasional defections based solely on disbelief in the doctrine, or dislike of its practical workings.

The doctrine, to be completely studied, must be considered both from the man's point of view and the woman's, the two being, for many reasons, not identical. But it is the woman's view of it, her belief and position in regard to it, which are most misrepresented and misunderstood by the world. If the truth were known, there would be few persons in whose minds would be any sentiment except profound pity for the Mormon woman—pity, moreover, intensified by admiration. There has never been a class or sect of women since the world began who have endured for religion's sake a tithe of what has been, and is, and forever must be, endured by the women of the Mormon Church. It has become customary to hold them as disreputable women, light and loose, unfit to associate with the virtuous, undeserving of any esteem. Never was a greater injustice committed.

This has been partly due, however, to a mistake many enthusiastic Mormon women have themselves committed, in trying to uphold the plural marriage system—perhaps even to fortify their own powers of endurance of it—by declaring that they were happy in it; by not admitting that it entailed suffering—a pathetic and bootless deceit! The most intelligent among them now make no such pretense.

Said one of them to me: "I implored my own daughters, and I do the same to all young women over whom I have influence, 'Do not marry into polygamy, never think for one moment of marrying into polygamy, unless you are sure that religion is more to you than all else in this world. Nothing else can enable a woman to endure the torture of it, or to live up to the precepts of the church."

"One of my daughters, especially, I wept and prayed over, to keep her out of it. I feared that it was beyond the power of grace to so modify her natural temperament as to make the life endurable to her."

"Of course, it is nothing but selfishness in us which makes this torture. And if we were wholly Christians and good Mormons, we should rise above that selfishness, and never have any jealousy or pain; but it is born in all of us, and there is no getting free from it."

"We know that we are committing sin every time we have an unkind feeling toward anybody,—how much more toward our husbands' other wives, who ought to be just like sisters to us! We are no good Mormons if we do not live on kind and friendly terms with them; but anybody that says it isn't a terrible suffering doesn't know Mormon women—nor human nature either, I should think. There are very few who are fit to live in polygamy!"

This is a woman born in New England, led into the Mormon Church by the conversion of her own mother; married at seventeen to a Mormon bishop—one of six wives then; after the death of this bishop, married again to another prominent church official—this time, also, one of six wives; she is a competent witness on all points relative to the position and belief of the Mormon woman.

She is now the editor of a newspaper published in Salt Lake, called the "Woman's Exponent," advocating woman's suffrage, as well as the doctrines of the Mormon Church. She is a woman of education and refinement; a finely organized person, with the emotional

* This date is two years previous to a formal denial of the doctrine given by the Church in 1845, in these words: "Inasmuch as this Church of Christ has been reproached with the crimes of fornication and polygamy, we declare that we believe that one man should have but one wife, and one woman but one husband; except in case of death, when either is at liberty to marry again."

and religious traits largely developed. For forty years she has been an earnest and devout Mormon woman—wife and mother. There are thousands like her in earnestness and devotion to the faith, though few, perhaps, who are her equals intellectually.

The two doctrines which most help the Mormon woman to endure the suffering of living in "plural marriage" are the doctrines of preëxistence and of the eternal continuance of the patriarchal order. The mere revelation from Joseph Smith, to the effect that polygamy was to be permitted and was praiseworthy and desirable, would never, alone, have brought the Mormon women to hearty acceptance of the institution.

They are taught, and most unquestioningly believe, that the universe is full of spirits waiting, and waiting impatiently, to be born on this earth. These spirits have already passed through one stage of discipline and probation, and are to enter upon a second one here. The Rev. Edward Beecher once published a book setting forth a similar doctrine. The Mormon doctrine goes farther than Dr. Beecher's, inasmuch as it teaches that these spirits may select of their own free will where and how they will be born into their earthly probation; and that they are, one and all, anxious to be born in the Mormon Church, as the one true Zion, where alone are to be found safety and salvation. They also believe that the time is limited during which these spirits can avail themselves of this privilege of being born into Zion. They look for the return of Jesus Christ to the earth before long, and for the establishment then of the millennial dispensation, after which no more of the spirits can be reborn and reclaimed. Hence the obligation resting upon every faithful Mormon woman to bring into the world, in the course of her life, as many children as possible. Not only does she thus contribute to the building up and strengthening of the true church, but she rescues souls already existing and in danger of eternal death. It is easy to sneer at this doctrine as inconceivable rubbish; and, in truth, it must be admitted that it is hard to conceive of an educated mind receiving it; but it is no more absurd or unprovable than hundreds of kindred speculations and notions which have been devised, preached, and passionately believed in times past. Neither has the absurdity or non-absurdity, falsity or truth of the belief, anything to do with our judgment of its believers.

The Mormon women hold this belief as the most sacred and inspiring of their consolations; and, however sure we may feel that it is silly, we cannot call it selfish or ignoble.

On the contrary, it is unselfish and lofty in its aim.

The second doctrine, of the permanence of the patriarchal order, must also be inspiring and elevating. To those accepting the patriarchal order upon earth, it could not fail to be a comfort to know that the emoluments, dignities, and benefits of that order were to be eternal. And so they are taught that the wider a man's family circuit, so to speak, is here, the greater will be his power and influence for good in the millennial and heavenly dispensations. In this scheme, as in that of secularizing ecclesiastical power, interweaving finance and revelation, the Mormon leaders have shown great ingenuity. Given the enthusiastic believer, the scheme has not a loop-hole; it covers the ground.

Brilliant and vivid in the devout Mormon woman's mind is the picture of the future Zion, the redeemed of all nations gathered into it, the earth purified and made fit for holy habitation, and the families of the Latter-Day Saints, each in its own fullness and entirety, centering around its patriarchal head, the man continuing through all eternity in perfect blessedness, power, and influence. Add to these two briefly outlined beliefs the implicit faith in Joseph Smith's revelation ordaining polygamy, and we have the triple secret of the Mormon woman's acceptance and endurance of a system which does violence to her every natural instinct, and turns her life into a daily martyrdom too terrible to describe, or even to dwell upon in fancy. The more one reflects on it, the more astonishing it appears that the institution can have survived so long; the more incredible is it that there are women ready to-day to endure, for its sake and for love of the men who have led them into it, all that the ancient martyrs endured for their religions.

The passage of the Edmunds Anti-Polygamy Bill, disfranchising all persons living in polygamy, and making the practice of it a penitentiary offense, has, so far as can be at present judged, only kindled new flames of self-sacrifice in the hearts of Mormon women.

There was in the penitentiary in Salt Lake City last spring a young woman with her infant. She was put there for refusing to tell the name of the father of her child. She was kept there three months, still refusing. She declared that if the United States authorities kept her there till she died, she would never tell. No doubt she would have kept her word. The authorities set her free, and she has returned to her home in southern Utah, with the babe, to which will never be given a father's name so long as the Edmunds bill stands in force.

This sort of spirit in Mormon women was not reckoned on, probably, by those who thought that polygamy could be greatly affected by legislation. To a woman honestly and fanatically believing that her marital relation with a man had been ordained of God—was not only in the direct line of her service to God, but the most acceptable offering she could make to Him—a little more or less obloquy in the outside world would be a small matter. It is entirely within the power of the Mormon women to turn any anti-polygamy bill into a farce, if they choose, by precisely the course of conduct pursued by the young woman above described. There would not be penitentiaries enough to hold them, nor funds to feed them at the United States' expense; and it is not easy to see what further device the baffled authorities would employ.

The passage of the Edmunds bill, in spite of the grave question as to its constitutionality, may have been a wise step,* as an expression of the general sentiment of the country in regard to polygamy, an expression which the leaders of the Mormon people, the determiners of the future policy of the Church, will be foolish to ignore.

They may evade the operation of this particular bill; they may even get it rescinded. There are a thousand ways and means to such ends. Legislative enactments are creatures of circumstance and opportunity, and in political weather, to-day gives small inkling of to-morrow.

* Judge Jeremiah Black pronounced the bill "a direct and flat violation of the constitution." His long argument before the Committee on the Judiciary, setting forth the points in which the bill conflicted with fundamental constitutional law, is the strongest weapon ever put into the hands of the Mormon leaders.

But true signs of the times no wise leaders will disregard. The Mormon people, as a people, are too upright, industrious, and moral, have worked too long and well, and achieved too splendid a success, to have their future again imperiled by being brought into active hostility with the majority of their fellow-countrymen. It will be a cruel thing if the church authorities permit it. That it is in the power of the church authorities to prevent it goes without saying. The same power that instituted the odious and abhorrent polygamy can do away with it as no longer suited to the age, or advancing the best interests of the church. If Joseph Smith has now any direct means of communicating with his followers, and has their best interests at heart, he will speedily advise them to that effect by a strenuous revelation.

There are still to be seen, here and there in the outskirts of Salt Lake City, the remains of an *adobe* wall, by which the original founders of the city intended to inclose it and keep it forever separated and safe from the rest of the world. The wall was never finished. The bits of it still standing have sunk and crumbled away, under rains and winds, till they bear no semblance whatever to a wall; are merely weed-grown, shapeless mounds of earth, soon to disappear forever. These seemed to me profoundly significant of the sure and certain crumbling away of the spiritual walls by which those same leaders expected forever to surround the consciences and the lives of the Mormon people.

H. H.

ONE WAY OF LOVE.

I CANNOT measure for thee, drop by drop,
Thy draught of love, my hands, dear, tremble so;
Behold the chalice, how the bright drops glow!
And still I pour, although thou bid'st me stop,
Till the rich wine mounts to the goblet's top,
And the dry earth receives the overflow.
Too generous am I? Ah, say not so!
Love that doth count its gifts is a weak prop
Whereon to stay a weary human heart.
Yes, draw me closer, love. Perchance I may,
Clasped in thine arms, forget the dreaded day
When thou, my love, my soul, my life's best part,
In cold satiety wilt turn thee round,
And dash the poor cup broken to the ground.

Eliza Calvert Hall.

ON THE TRAINING OF PARENTS.

Forty or fifty years ago, when the middle-aged and old people of the present day were children or young people, the parent occupied a position in the family so entirely different from that in which we find him to-day, that the subject of his training was not perhaps of sufficient importance to receive attention from those engaged in the promotion of education. The training of the child by the parent, both as a necessary element in the formation of its character and as a preparation for its education in the schools, was then considered the only branch of family instruction and discipline to which the thought and the assistance of workers in social reform should be given.

But now that there has been such a change, especially in the United States, in the constitution of the family, when the child has taken into its own hands that authority which was once the prerogative of the parent, it is time that we should recognize the altered condition of things, and give to the children of the present day that assistance and counsel in the government and judicious training of their parents which was once so freely offered to the latter when their offspring held a subordinate position in the family and household.

Since this radical change in the organization of the family a great responsibility has fallen upon the child; it finds itself in a position far more difficult than that previously held by the parent. It has upon its hands not a young and tender being, with mind unformed and disposition capable, in ordinary cases, of being easily molded and directed, but two persons with minds and dispositions matured, and often set and hardened, whose currents of thought run in such well-worn channels, and whose judgments are so biased and prejudiced in favor of this or that line of conduct, that the labor and annoyance of their proper training is frequently evaded, and the parents are remanded to the position of providers of necessities, without any effort on the part of the child to assist them to adapt themselves to their new condition.

Not only has the child of the present day the obvious difficulties of its position to contend with, but it has no traditions to fall back upon for counsel and support. The condition of family affairs under consideration did not exist to any considerable extent before the middle of the present century, and there are no available records of the government

of the parent by the child. Neither can it look to other parts of the world for examples of successful filial administration. Nowhere but in our own country can this state of things be said to prevail. It is necessary, therefore, that those who are able to do so should step forward in aid of the child as they formerly aided the parent, and see to it, as far as possible, that the latter receives the training which will enable him properly to perform the duties of the novel position which he has been called upon to fill. It is an injustice to millions of our citizens that the literature of the country contains nothing on this subject.

Whether it be done properly or improperly, the training of which we speak generally begins about the fifth or sixth year of parentage, although in cases where there happens to be but one trainer it often begins much earlier; but in these first years of filial rule the discipline is necessarily irregular and spasmodic, and it is not until the fourteenth or fifteenth year of his parental life that a man is generally enabled to understand what is expected of him by his offspring, and what line of conduct he must pursue in order to meet its views. It is, therefore, to the young people who have lived beyond their first decade that the great work of parent-training really belongs, and it is to them that we should offer our suggestions and advice.

It should be considered that this revolution in the government of the family was not one of force. The father and the mother were not hurled from their position and authority by the superior power of the child, but these positions have been willingly abdicated by the former, and promptly and unhesitatingly accepted by the latter. To the child then belongs none of the rights of the conqueror. Its subjects have voluntarily placed themselves under its rule, and by this act they have acquired a right to consideration and kindly sympathy which should never be forgotten by their youthful preceptors and directors. In his present position the parent has not only much to learn, but much to unlearn; and while the child is endeavoring to indicate to him the path in which he should walk, it should remember that the feet of father or mother are often entirely unaccustomed to the peculiar pedestrianism now imposed upon them, and that allowance should be made for the frequent slips, and trips, and even falls, which may happen to them. There is but little

doubt that severity is too frequently used in the education of parents. More is expected of them than should be expected of any class of people whose duties and obligations have never been systematically defined and codified. The parent who may be most anxious to fulfill the wishes of his offspring, and conduct himself in such manner as will meet the entire approval of the child, must often grope in the dark. It is, therefore, not only necessary to the peace and tranquillity of the family that his duties should be defined as clearly as possible, but this assistance is due to him as a mark of that filial affection which should not be permitted entirely to die out, simply because the parent has voluntarily assumed a position of inferiority and subjection. It is obvious, then, that it is the duty of the child to find out what it really wants, and then to make these wants clear and distinct to the parents. How many instances there are of fathers and mothers who spend hours, days, and even longer periods, in endeavoring to discover what it is that will satisfy the cravings of their child, and give them that position in its esteem which they are so desirous to hold. This is asking too much of the parent, and there are few whose mental vigor will long hold out when they are subjected, not only to the performance of onerous duties, but to the anxiety and vexation consequent upon the difficult task of discovering what those duties are.

Among the most forcible reasons why the rule of the child over the parent should be tempered by kind consideration, is the high degree of respect and deference now paid to the wants and opinions of children. In this regard they have absolutely nothing to complain of. The parent lives for the benefit of the child. In many cases the prosperity and happiness of the latter appears to be the sole reason for the existence of the former. How necessary is it, then, that persons occupying the position of parents in the prevalent organization of the family should not be left to exhaust themselves in undirected efforts, but that the development of their ability and power to properly perform the duties of the father and mother of the new era should be made the subject of the earnest thought and attention of the child.

It is difficult for those whose youth elapsed before the revolution in the family, and who therefore never enjoyed opportunities of exercising the faculties necessary in the government of parents, to give suitable advice and suggestion to those now engaged in this great work; but the following remarks are offered in the belief that they will receive due con-

sideration from those to whom they are addressed.

There can be no doubt that it is of prime importance in the training of a parent by the child that the matter should be taken in hand as early as possible. He or she who begins to feel the restrictions of filial control, in the first years of parental life, will be much less difficult to manage as time goes on than one who has not been made aware, until he has been a parent for perhaps ten or twelve years, that he is expected to shape his conduct in accordance with the wishes of his offspring. In such cases, habits of self-consideration, and even those of obtrusive self-assertion, are easily acquired by the parent, and are very difficult to break up. The child then encounters obstacles and discouragements which would not have existed had the discipline been begun when the mind of a parent was in a pliant and moldable condition. Instances have occurred when, on account of the intractable nature of father or mother, the education intended by the child has been entirely abandoned, and the parents allowed to take matters into their own hands, and govern the family as it used to be done before the new system came into vogue. But it will nearly always be found to be the case, in such instances, that the ideas of the parent concerning his rights and prerogatives in the family have been allowed to grow and take root to an extent entirely incompatible with easy removal.

The neglect of early opportunities of assuming control by the child who first enables a married couple to call themselves parents, is not only often detrimental to its own chances of holding the domestic reins, but it also trammels to a great extent the action of succeeding children. But no youngster, no matter how many brothers and sisters may have preceded it, or to what extent these may have allowed the parents to have their own way, need ever despair of assuming the control which the others have allowed to elude their grasp. It is not at all uncommon for the youngest child of a large family to be able to step to the front, and show to the others how a parent may be guided and regulated by the exercise of firm will and determined action.

If, as we have suggested, parental training is begun early enough, the child will find its task an easy one, and little advice will be needed by it; but in the case of delayed action there is one point that should be kept in mind, and that is that sudden and violent measures should, as far as possible, be avoided. In times gone by it used to be the custom of many parents, when offended by a child, to administer a box to the culprit's ear. An un-

expected incident of this kind was apt to cause a sudden and tremendous change in the mental action of the young person boxed. His views of life, his recollections of the past, his aspirations for the future, his ideas of nature, of art, of the pursuit of happiness, were all merged and blended into one overwhelming sensation. For the moment he knew nothing on earth but the fact that he had been boxed. From this point the comprehension of his own status among created things, his understanding of surrounding circumstances, and of cosmic entities in general, had to begin anew. Whether he continued to be the same boy as before, or, diverging one way or the other, became a better or a worse one, was a result not to be predetermined by any known process. Now, it is not to be supposed that any ordinary child will undertake to box the ears of an ordinary parent, for the result in such a case might interfere with the whole course of training then in progress; but there is a mental box, quite as sudden in its action, and as astounding in its effect upon the boxee, as an actual physical blow, and it is no uncommon thing for a child to administer such a form of correction. But the practice is now as dangerous as it used to be, and as uncertain of good result, and it is earnestly urged upon the youth of the age to abolish it altogether. If a parent cannot be turned from the error of his ways by any other means than by a shock of this kind, it would be better, if the thing be possible, to give him into the charge of some children other than his own, and let them see what they can do with him.

We do not propose to liken a human parent to an animal so unintelligent as a horse, but there are times when a child would find it to his advantage, and to that of his progenitor, to treat the latter in the same manner as a sensible and considerate man treats a nervous horse. An animal of this kind, when he sees by the roadside an obtrusive object with which he is not acquainted, is apt to imagine it a direful and ferocious creature, such as used to pounce upon his prehistoric ancestors, and to refuse to approach its dangerous vicinity. Thereupon the man in charge of the horse, if he be a person of the character mentioned above, does not whip or spur the frightened animal until he rushes madly past the terrifying illusion, but, quieting him by gentle word and action, leads him up to the object, and shows him that it is not a savage beast, eager for horseflesh, but an empty barrel, and that the fierce eye that he believed to be glaring upon him is nothing but the handle of a shovel protruding above the top. Then the horse, if there is any good in

him, will be content to walk by that barrel; and the next time he sees it will be likely to pass it with perhaps but a hasty glance or two to see that its nature has not changed; and, in time, he will learn that barrels, and other things that he may not have noticed before, are not ravenous, and so become a better, because a wiser, horse. We know well that there are parents who, plodding along as quietly as any son or daughter could desire, will suddenly stop short at the sight of something thoroughly understood and not at all disapproved of by his offspring, but which to him appears as objectionable and dangerous as the empty barrel to the high-strung horse. Now, let not the youngster apply the mental lash, and urge that startled and reluctant parent forward. Better far if it take him figuratively by the bridle, and make him understand that that which appeared to him a vision of mental or physical ruin to a young person, or a frightful obstacle in the way of rational progress, is nothing but a pleasant form of intellectual recreation, which all persons ought to like very much, or to which, at least, they should have no objections. How many such phantasms will arise before a parent, and how necessary is it for a child, if it wish to carry on without disturbance its work of training, to get that parent into the habit of thinking that these things are really nothing but phantasms!

When it becomes necessary to punish a parent, no child should forget the importance of tempering severity with mercy. The methods in use in the by-gone times, when the present condition of things was reversed, were generally of a physical nature, such as castigation, partial starvation, and restrictions in the pursuit of happiness; but those now inflicted by the children, acting upon the mental nature of the parents, are so severe and hard to bear that they should be used but sparingly. Not only is there danger that by undue severity an immediate progenitor may be permanently injured, and rendered of little value to himself and others, but there is sometimes a reaction, violent and sudden, and a family is forced to gaze upon the fearful spectacle of a parent at bay!

The tendency of a great portion of the youth who have taken the governing power into their own hands is to make but little use of it, and to allow their parents to go their own way, while they go upon theirs. Such neglect, however, cannot but be prejudicial to the permanency and force of the child-power. While the young person is pursuing a course entirely satisfactory to himself, doing what he likes, and leaving undone what he does not like, the unnoticed parent may be

concocting schemes of domestic management entirely incompatible with the desires and plans of his offspring, and quietly building up obstacles which will be very difficult to overthrow when the latter shall have observed their existence. Eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty, but it is also the price of supremacy. To keep one's self above another, it is necessary to be careful to keep that other down. The practice of some fathers and mothers of coming frequently to the front, when their presence there is least expected or desired, must have been noticed by many children who had supposed their parents so thoroughly trained that they would not think of such a thing as causing trouble and annoyance to those above them. A parent is human, and cannot be depended upon to preserve always the same line of action; and the children who are accustomed to see their fathers and mothers perfectly obedient, docile, and inoffensive, must not expect that satisfactory conduct to continue if they are allowed to discover that a guiding and controlling hand is not always upon them. There are parents, of course, who never desire to rise, even temporarily, from the inferior positions which at the earliest possible period they have assumed in their families. Such persons are perfectly safe; and when a child perceives by careful observation that a parent belongs to this class, it may without fear relax much of the watchfulness and discipline necessary in most families, and content itself with merely indicating the path that it is desirable the elder person should pursue. Such parents are invaluable boons to an ambitious, energetic, and master-

ful child; and if there were more of them the anxieties, the perplexities, and the difficulties of the child-power among us would be greatly ameliorated.

Even when parents may be considered to be conducting themselves properly, and to need no increase of vigilant control, it is often well for the child to enter into their pursuits, to see what they are doing, and, if it should seem best, to help them do it. Of course, the parents are expected to promote and maintain the material interests of the family, and as their labor, beyond that necessary for present necessities, is generally undertaken for the future benefit of the child, it is but fair that the latter should have something to say about this labor. In the majority of cases, however, the parent may in this respect safely be let alone. The more he gives himself up to the amassing of a competency or a fortune, the less will he be likely to interfere with the purposes and actions of his children.

One of the most important results in the training under consideration is its influence upon the trainer. When a child has reduced its parents to a condition of docile obedience, and sees them day by day, and year by year, pursuing a path of cheerful subservience, it can scarcely fail to appreciate what will be expected of it when it shall itself have become a parent. Such observation, if accompanied by accordant reflection, cannot fail to make easier the rule of the coming child; and, in conclusion, we would say to the children of the present day: Train up a parent in the way he should go, and when you are old you will know how to go that way yourself.

Frank R. Stockton.

THE REPROACH.

WITH my silence thou dost task me,
Why I sing no more dost ask me:
"Once," thou say'st, "in lavish fashion
Love poured out his lyric passion;
When I ope'd my door, upon it
I was sure to find a sonnet;
Blossoms took I, white or rosy,—
There'd be verse within the posy;
If I rode, or read, or slumbered,
I was mightily benumbered;
If I frowned, dear love, on thee —
Straight, behold, an elegy!
Has some beauty, then, outshone me,
Since thou mak'st no rhymes upon me?"

Ah! thou little needest telling
That this heart is ne'er rebelling;—
After one proud, short endeavor
It was lost,—and lost forever.
But, though I'm thy slave and poet,
What's the need I still should show it?
Shall I sing my songs thrice over
To so well-besung a lover?
Nay, I'm too serenely quiet
For the pulses' rhyming riot,
Of my frenzy now I'm cured,
Of thy constancy assured;
Song is pain, and perfect pleasure
Gloats in silence o'er its treasure.

Edmund Gosse.

TRADES-UNIONISM IN ENGLAND.

THE social revolution which is in progress in every country of Europe has reached a point at which it is seriously alarming the upper classes. They are, no doubt, easily panic-stricken, but it is impossible to deny that they have good grounds in these days for anxiety. Occasional outbreaks of vivid flame—at Paris or Cartagena, in Russia or Ireland—come as warnings of what is smoldering everywhere below the surface of society, and not so very far below the surface. "Magnificence side by side with misery; altars blazing with jewels amidst homes unfit for human beings; luxury, enjoyment, and fine clothes, hustled by want, and care, and rags," have been a common enough sight since man first gathered in great cities; but the contrast has probably never yet been so marked, or so vividly felt, as in these later days. The enormous strides which material civilization is making only add to the trouble. Steam, electricity, the cheap press, have been doing their leveling work throughout Christendom. By these and other means, the "party of discontent"—as that vast majority of every people which must live from hand to mouth has been somewhat unfairly called—has been educated, until its members are not only able to feel the misery and hopelessness of their own condition and prospects under the existing competitive organization of society, but to act with great and constantly increasing power for the overthrow or modification of that organization. It cannot be too clearly understood that the great unrest of our time, though taking different names,—coöperation, communism, socialism, nihilism,—and having different superficial characteristics in England, France, Germany, Russia, Italy, springs really from the same root, and looks to the same goal. That root is the hopelessness of the conditions of life for the great majority under the prevailing industrial and commercial systems, which tend more and more to the accumulation of all surplus wealth in the hands of one small class. That aim is so to alter the organization of society as to bring all this surplus wealth, and the enjoyment, leisure, culture which go with it, within reach of the excluded majority. And, widely as the methods differ by which this aim is sought to be attained in different countries, there is one characteristic which may be noted in all of them: association of one kind or another is the lever by which the "party

of discontent" are trying to move the world. They have learned practically the truth of the old fable of the bundle of sticks, and know by experience that unless united they are powerless. And so the free right of association has been the watch-word of the labor movement all over Europe; and it may be safely taken as a general rule that the danger to the upper classes and to existing institutions, or the revolution now in progress in each nation, varies in proportion as that right has been recognized.

It is this master fact which gives character and its deepest interest to the social revolution in the midst of which we are living, and which, but for the progress of association in many different forms, would present so dreary and menacing an outlook. But hope comes in through this window. The more carefully we watch the rise of the democratic tide, the more clearly does the Industrial Association stand out as the channel into which the waters of the flood may safely flow for the healing of the nations, and into which they will surely flow in increasing volume if allowed to follow their natural course. Whatever danger the advancing wave may seem to threaten to existing institutions, arises from attempts to block the channel.

The people's credit-banks of Schultze-De-litsch in Germany and Italy, and such associations as those established by MM. Leclair and Godin in France, are at once the best answer to the alarms of the well-to-do classes, and the best antidote to the teachings of Karl Marx and the extreme Communists. And if the attempt to confiscate the possessions of the rich, and to make the State the sole proprietor of wealth and employer of labor, is to be averted, it will be by the multiplication and free growth of such institutions, the members of which will be found the most efficient champions of all the legitimate rights as well of property as of labor.

It is, then, by studying the position which association amongst the working class has attained in each country, that we can best judge not only of the condition of individuals of that class, but of the prospects of the nation to which they belong. In England, with which alone we are concerned here, the prospect is, on the whole, full of hope, for the right of association has been freely acknowledged by the legislature, and the law-abiding

temper of the people has led them to exercise that right freely without abusing it. How far this has been done already, and with what results, we will endeavor to show so far as our limits will allow.

Before coming to the associations to which our attention must be mainly directed, namely, the trades-unions and coöperative societies,—the proper outgrowth of the new revolutionary era,—we must look for a moment at the root out of which these later organizations have sprung. This is the ordinary Friendly Society, which has been the school in which the English working class has been learning self-government for generations in a quiet, plodding, humdrum, and (till recently) shiftless fashion. There is scarcely a hamlet in which the Friendly Society has not struck root, generally in the first instance, in the form of a small local society living from hand to mouth, and too often expiring periodically in consequence of the inadequacy of the contributions to insure the promised benefits, or of the unwillingness of young men to join, or of the constant temptation to divide the accumulated fund.

Of late years, however, friendly societies have assumed a new and more permanent and healthy form. The tendency to federation has done its work in one direction, and the constant pressure from the Registrar in another. The scattered clubs and lodges have been grouped in county societies, or have been affiliated to one of the great orders of Odd-Fellows, Foresters, or Druids. These orders, to their great credit, and at much expense, have submitted the whole of their rates of contributions and payments—their incomings and outgoings—to actuaries named or approved by the Registrar, and have adopted tables thus certified as sufficient to secure the payment of all sums insured. So that this great effort of the English poor for self-help by mutual insurance may be looked on as sound, and likely to hold its own for the present, even though it may be gradually superseded by and absorbed in other forms of association more suited to the conditions and requirements of the new time. The returns of the Registrar show that in 1880 the number of members in England and Wales of friendly societies making returns was 4,650,754, and that their accumulated funds stood at £12,741,191. In Scotland and Ireland, where the Friendly Society has struck much less firm root, the number of members scarcely exceeds 600,000, and the accumulated funds £800,000.

It is in this school, then, that the English working class has been trained, and has learned that habit of combination which is so

rapidly changing the political and social outlook, and stands out as the most serious problem with which statesmen and politicians have to reckon. The old Friendly Society accepted the order of things which it found in existence. It said to the poor man: "You are liable to sickness and accident; you must get old, you must die; against all these ills to which flesh is heir you ought to make the best provision you can, and this method of mutual insurance which we offer is the best open to you." The new forms of combination to which we must now turn, though no doubt the legitimate offspring of the old Friendly Society, take very different ground. So far from accepting the established order, they are in direct protest against it. They may be divided into two great groups, the trades-unions and the coöperative societies. The former occupy, indeed, the old ground of the ordinary Friendly Society, that of mutual insurance; but they do not stop where the Friendly Society stopped; their main object being, so far as insurance is concerned, not to provide payments and allowances to the sick, or the aged, or the families of deceased members, but to maintain those of their body who are out of work, and by this means to bring pressure to bear on employers for the regulation of wages and of the arrangement and management of factories and workshops. It is this weapon which has enabled them to fight the battle of labor, and to win the position they now hold, which friend and foe alike admit to be one of very great and constantly increasing influence.

Trades-unionism, in its present highly organized form, is the product of the last thirty years. Up to 1849–50 there was scarcely any coherence between societies in the same trade. They had ceased to be absolutely illegal since the repeal of the Combination Laws in 1825, but remained outside the protection of the law as regarded their funds, and were scattered up and down the country, each holding its own as well as it could in its own locality. In these years the first steps toward federation were taken, the engineers and machinists being the leaders in the movement. Their efforts were successful, and their union, known as the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, had scarcely been organized a year before they were in collision with their employers on the vexed questions, over-time and piece-work. The men had old standing grievances on both subjects, and were eager to test the power of their new organization (which seemed to them irresistible) to give them a voice in settling such questions. But the battle-ground was not judiciously chosen, and the army was not disciplined. The re-

sult was a serious defeat. After a lock-out of four months, and the expenditure of the whole of the accumulated funds of the Amalgamated Society, the employers opened their works again, and the men went back on the old terms. Had the Amalgamated Society broken up, as was confidently expected at the time, the labor movement might have been thrown back for a quarter of a century, and the danger was great. A considerable minority of the members were thoroughly beaten and discouraged. The policy of amalgamation was seriously attacked by the employers for the moment, united under the pressure of a new danger, and but for the ability and firmness of purpose of the officers and council, the federation might have dissolved. As it was, the defeat proved better than a victory. It was the turning-point in the history of the Amalgamated Society, which rapidly recovered its losses, and at the end of two years was stronger than ever. From that time it has steadily increased, until it numbers upward of forty-five thousand members, and has branches in all the great colonies and in the United States. It has never had a second pitched battle with the employers, but has to be reckoned with on all questions affecting production and the conditions of labor. The example of the engineers was soon followed by the other leading industries, and the scattered societies of carpenters and joiners, iron-workers, miners, masons, printers, tailors, shoemakers, and, lastly, agricultural laborers and railway servants, went into union with more or less success. In most cases, the precedent of 1851 was followed only too faithfully; and one after another of the amalgamated societies, in the early days of their union, tried their strength against their employers in strikes or lock-outs, which spread through large districts and disturbed great industries. The conflict had clearly entered on a new phase. The press echoed the alarm of the employers, and denounced these combinations in unmeasured terms. The trade of the country would be ruined by these great unions of the working classes, controlled by irresponsible councils whose authority was blindly obeyed, and which were composed of men whose profession was agitation, and whose living depended upon fostering disputes. Capital, withdrawn from production at home, would seek other countries where employers could do what they pleased with their own, free from all interference. The fears of society were tersely and forcibly summed up by the present Lord Sherbrooke in one of his House of Commons speeches against the Reform Bill of Lord Russell's government, in 1866, when he urged that the same machinery which was

already brought into play in connection with strikes would be applied by the working classes to political purposes. "Once give them votes, and that machinery is ready to launch those votes in one compact mass on the institutions and property of the country." Notwithstanding these protests, in the next year the act was passed by a Tory government which gave almost every trades-unionist in the kingdom a vote. A dissolution followed, but "the institutions and property of the country" remained unassailed. In the new Parliament, notwithstanding the vast increase of the electorate, there was no direct representation of the unions; but their growing influence had made itself felt in the most legitimate manner. Legislation on the labor question became an imperative necessity. Upon the report of a royal commission, which sat for eighteen months and instituted the most searching inquiries into the action of the unions throughout the kingdom, an act was passed which gave them a definite legal position. A second commission sat in 1874, mainly for the purpose of dealing with the law of conspiracy as applicable to combinations of workmen, which still bore unfairly (so the unions contended) on their organizations. This question was also dealt with in the next session of Parliament; and, although the unions failed to obtain the entire exemption which they claimed, the terms of the settlement were such as to satisfy all but extreme partisans. They are now distinctly recognized as legal bodies, and can, if they please, register under the Friendly Societies acts, and obtain protection for their funds and the right of prosecuting and defending actions in their corporate capacity.

Their progress outside Parliament has been equally remarkable. Its most noteworthy feature has been the institution of yearly congresses, to which every trades-union in the kingdom is free to send delegates, and at which all questions bearing on the condition of labor are discussed from the workman's point of view.

The first of these was held in 1867, when the appointment of the Royal Commission, and the pending inquiry, brought home to their leaders the necessity for a closer alliance and united action. These congresses have been held annually ever since, and year by year have grown in numbers, and have shown greater capacity for dealing with public questions. At first they were employed upon the amendments in the law directly affecting themselves; but, as these have been settled, the scope of their action has steadily widened; and, though still nominally abstaining from all party politics, they consider, discuss, and endeavor to influence legislation on all

questions directly or remotely bearing on the interests of labor. This congress is represented by a Parliamentary committee elected at the yearly meetings, but sitting permanently, whose duty it is to watch legislation and the action of the Government, to keep in communication with and advise the unions, and in case of need to summon delegates or act in the name of the united body. The position which the united trades have thus won for themselves will be best appreciated by looking in some detail at the proceedings of the Congress which was held in London during the week commencing on the 12th of September, 1881.

The number of delegates was 157, representing 122 societies and trade councils, with an aggregate membership of 463,899, a considerable advance on any previous congress. It is not, however, on this account that any special interest attaches to the congress of 1881. A steady increase in the numbers of the societies in union may be looked for year by year, the attraction of the union having become too strong to be resisted by smaller bodies, now that all the amalgamated societies have given in their adhesion. But no previous congress has obtained the same recognition either in the press or from the constituted authorities; nor has any one had to deal with questions so delicate and difficult as were solved successfully by the assembled delegates in September, 1881.

As regards recognition, the associated trades-unionists have at last been formally acknowledged as the representatives of the skilled labor of the United Kingdom.

In former years the congress has been looked upon, as a rule, with no friendly eye by mayors and corporations. Nor can this be wondered at, seeing that municipal government in England remains still almost exclusively in the hands of employers of labor. There are probably not a dozen corporations in the United Kingdom which number a workingman amongst their members; and in London, where the corporation has been strong enough to resist reform, none but a wealthy man can hope to become even a Common Councilman, much less to don the furred gown of an alderman, and so to become entitled in his turn to fill the civic chair, and to taste for twelve months the sweets of being a lord and a privy councillor. It results, as a natural consequence of this plutocratic constitution, that in no town in the kingdom is class prejudice, and the stolid power of resistance to new ideas, more ripe than in the metropolis.

It may be looked on, therefore, as a significant sign of the times that the late Lord

Mayor should have invited the delegates of the Trades-Union Congress to an entertainment at the Mansion House, and the proceedings in the Egyptian Hall on that evening are not a little curious to students of the labor question. The chief magistrate of the greatest commercial and manufacturing city in the world welcomed the delegates as the rank and file of the great industries of the country. He went on to say that he looked on it as an important part of his duty to recognize the position they held in relation to the trade of England, and hoped his invitation might convince them of his desire to see strengthened the bonds which should unite employer and employed. In reading the reports of their proceedings during the week, he learned that the business which called them annually together was that they might act as interpreters of the wishes and aspirations of the industrial classes whom they represented, and serve as a conductor between the legislature and the working masses of whose peculiar wrongs and grievances legislators might be ignorant, so that all unequal laws affecting the interests of labor might be removed by legal means. Such demands were only fair and reasonable, and every statesman admitted their claim to equal laws to be for the interest of the whole nation. He was glad to admit that their work had not only benefited trades-unions, but the whole of the working class. The work of our miners, seamen, factory workers, had been made safer and more tolerable by recent acts of Parliament, some of which had been initiated and all supported by them. In reviewing the past, they had every reason to be satisfied with their history and success. They had proved to the working people of the United Kingdom that, with justice on their side and judicious counselors at their back, all wrongs could be righted by the use of moderation and patient but persistent labor. This would apply not only to legislation, but to the relations between capital and labor, which should be of the most intimate kind; and he looked forward to the improvement of those relations in the interests of trade, and therefore of the nation. And then, after congratulating them on the conduct of their secretary, Mr. Broadhurst, as their representative in the House of Commons, where he had discharged his duties with an ability and faithfulness which had earned the respect and esteem of all parties, his lordship concluded by saying that he had had during his mayoralty to receive the representatives of all classes of the community, but that there were none whom he had been more glad to welcome than his guests of the evening.

To whom replied, shortly and gravely, Mr. Coulson, delegate from the Bricklayers' Union and president of the congress, thanking the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress for their hospitality, and hoping that their deliberations as trades-unionists might benefit not only their own order, but the whole nation. The president was followed by Mr. Broadhurst, M. P., secretary of the Parliamentary Committee, and delegate of the Masons' Operative Society of England and Wales, who ventured to congratulate the Lord Mayor on his recognition of the value of trades-unions as initiators of legislation, and on the example he was setting to the chief magistrates of other great towns, from whom the congress had received scant courtesy, and who, if they would inquire for themselves, instead of accepting second-hand evidence, would find that trades-unionists, while determined to have their rights, were never unreasonable or desirous of infringing on the rights of others. Such, in condensed form, was what passed on this occasion, surely as noteworthy a one as any royal, military, or other reception which has taken place in that center of civic magnificence for many years.

But the action taken by the assembled delegates, in a matter vitally affecting the constitution and character of their organization, gives a yet more special significance to the Congress of 1881.

The necessity for such action arose as follows: The depression of all branches of industry in the last few years had revived the hopes of those who have never frankly accepted free-trade principles. This party, though not numerous, as the result has proved, are rich and energetic, and spared neither expense nor trouble in using the bad times for their own purposes. It would have been useless to attack in front under the banner of "Protection to native industry," as in England no public men with characters to lose could have been found to lead such a forlorn hope. But a flank movement, it seemed, might have some chance of success; so the plausible cry for "fair trade" was raised, and an association formed to promote the new policy and press it on candidates and constituencies. A certain amount of success, more superficial than real, rewarded these efforts. The "fair trade" cry was raised at several by-elections, and the refusal to treat the question as one of practical politics was supposed to have injured more than one candidate. Here and there, too, there were signs that the work-people in the depressed trades were inclined to listen to the voice of the protectionist charmer; or, at any rate, so said persons who assumed to speak for them. The theory that those who

are combined to keep up wages and improve the conditions of labor cannot be genuine free-traders was maintained with much plausible reasoning in middle-class newspapers. In fact, the time seemed ripe for an effort to bring the trades-unions into the Fair-Trade camp; and the association saw the opportunity for making it at the yearly congress, and set about the business with considerable skill.

The congress was called for Monday the 11th of September; so a Fair-Trade conference was announced for the Friday and Saturday of the previous week. To this conference certain trades-unionists from Bristol, Glasgow, Birmingham, and other towns, were invited, who were known as fair-traders, the association agreeing to pay their expenses to London and give them 15s. a day, upon condition that they should afterward attend the Trades-Union Congress, and should raise there the question of foreign export bounties, and otherwise promote the Fair-Trade cause. The persons so invited accordingly offered their gratuitous services to the trades-unions or trades councils to which they belonged; and several of those bodies, in their anxiety to save expense, fell into the trap, and appointed them as delegates to the congress. In other cases, the appointments were not formally made; but the usual credentials were given by the secretary or other officer of the society, on his own authority.

A compact body of Fair-Traders was thus introduced into the Trades-Union Congress. The attempt to use their organization for party purposes had been made before, but never with such ingenuity, nor on so large a scale. Rumors of what had been done were rife, and it was felt that the matter was of grave importance and must be promptly dealt with, and it was referred to the Standing Orders Committee to report upon. The rule had always been that delegates should be formally elected, and their expenses paid by the societies which sent them, but this rule had not been strictly enforced. A note from the secretary of a society naming a delegate had been allowed to pass as sufficient credentials, and the inquiry as to the payment of expenses had been somewhat lax. The Standing Orders Committee, after careful inquiry, on the second day advised Congress to declare that no one should be eligible as a delegate whose expenses were not borne by the society sending him. This was passed at once by a large majority; and on the third day the committee presented their report, recommending that, in future, all delegates' credentials should be signed by at least two officers of the appointing society, and instancing by name several persons who had failed to es-

tablish their right to sit in the present Congress, their expenses not having been paid by the societies they professed to represent.

Upon this report the question of the expulsion of the named delegates was raised in the most direct manner, in spite of the doubts and warnings of not a few timid or over-cautious persons, who feared that such a course might lead to serious trouble, possibly to the break-up of the Union. Were not the Fair-Traders a strong body, with much to say for their views? Could the congress risk drawing the reins so tightly, after having been lax for so many years? The rumor of their divisions had already leaked out; would not a public struggle over the expulsion of these men rejoice all their enemies and create a scandal of the most serious character? Timid counsels, however, did not prevail, and half measures were put resolutely aside. The case of each named delegate was brought up in turn, and a motion made that he be not allowed to sit in this congress. In each case the delegate himself and his friends were heard; and in every case, the facts found by the Standing Orders Committee remaining unshaken, the motion was carried by heavy majorities. This action was confirmed by resolutions framed with a view to guard all future congresses against outside influences. Contrary to expectation, there has been no secession, or even protest, from any society belonging to the organization. The tone of a special report recently issued by the Parliamentary Committee shows how serious the danger had been in the opinion of those most competent to judge. A glance at the subjects which were brought before the congress will show how rapidly the ideas of trades-unionists are growing as to what are "working-class questions." Thus the report and resolutions of the Congress of 1881 deal not only with proposed legislation on the inspection of factories and workshops, the liability of employers for accidents, and the hours of labor, but with the extension of the suffrage, the patent laws, the codification of the criminal law, the land laws, national defense, imprisonment for debt, labor representation in Parliament, and foreign export bounties. Here, then, we get the best evidence that the old line of abstention from politics has been abandoned. Indeed, in his opening address, the chairman formally noted this change. "Two things," he says, "are quite clear: first, that, while we do well to avoid party politics, and to guard ourselves carefully against party influences, especially such as come from the ruling classes, at the same time the hard and fast line we endeavored formally to draw between political and trade questions has been broken

down, and cannot be maintained; and, secondly, that we cannot stand aloof from the interests of our brethren of other countries." And again: "There should be the firmest alliance between the workmen of different countries, for their enemies are the same, and union is strength between workmen of different countries as between workmen of different trades. . . . We are engaged in the same great struggle for our full share in the social and political life of our time."

In short, the first part of Lord Sherbrooke's sinister prophecy has come true; and "the same machinery which is brought into play in connection with strikes is being applied to political purposes." It remains to be seen whether, now that their position is assured and their aims are defined, the second part of that prophecy will also be fulfilled,—whether the machinery of the unions will be "launched in one compact mass on the institutions and property of the country." It is useless to deny that the problem is an awkward one, in England as elsewhere. "Given the condition," as Lord Derby has put it, "that nearly all political power is virtually in one class,—as under our system of household suffrage it is, whenever that class chooses to take it,—and that nearly all surplus wealth which men desire is in the hands of another class, how long will you be able to prevent an explosion?" Let us look it in the face so far as the trades-unions are concerned, endeavoring fairly to measure what they have done already, and to infer, so far as materials serve, what may be expected of them in the future:

First, as to trades' disputes. It was confidently expected that these would grow in numbers and intensity as the unions spread over larger areas and perfected their organization; and at one time the expectation seemed likely to be fulfilled. We have already noted that one after another of the trades, as their societies were amalgamated, followed the example of the engineers, and tried a fall with their employers. But of late years, the number of these great strikes has notably diminished; and every year the chances of such lamentable contests seem likely to decrease. For in many of the great staple industries, permanent courts of arbitration and conciliation have been formed, composed of employers and workmen in equal numbers, before which all disputes are brought in the first instance. The decisions of these tribunals are not, indeed, absolutely binding; but as a rule, they have been accepted, and loyally acted upon by both sides. The example has spread in trades where no such courts have been established, so that, when a dispute arises, there is almost always an effort, and generally

a successful one, to refer the matter in dispute to arbitration. Moreover, several of the most powerful unions in the kingdom have made a rule, that in no case shall aid be given to any local branch engaged in a strike, unless it can be proved that, before going out, a *bona fide* offer of arbitration has been made to the employer. It is beyond question that this remarkable change has been effected in consequence and not in spite of the more perfect organization of the societies and the establishment of the union represented by the annual congress and the Parliamentary Committee. And this has been the work of the leaders,—partisans no doubt, or they would never have been elected; but men who have as a rule signally disproved the accusations so persistently made against them as "paid agitators." "Paid" they are, no doubt; but there is not one of the secretaries who draws the salary of a good clerk; and the allowances to committeemen for attendances scarcely cover necessary expenses. "Agitators" they are, too, in a sense, as it is their special function to watch and protect the interests of their members, which involves frequent controversies with employers and appeals to their own members. But the serious responsibility which is thrown on them has had, in the vast majority of cases, the effect of sobering and steadying even extreme partisans; and it may be safely affirmed that, in nine cases out of ten, strikes are most rare in the best organized trades, and that the central council is far more cautious and peaceably inclined than local councils, and local councils than the workmen in any given establishment. So far, then, the increase in power of the unions has made their action less aggressive. There seems at present no reason to doubt that this will continue to be the case.

Secondly, as to wages. Whether the action of the trades-unions has had any effect in raising these is a question still warmly disputed. The orthodox economists have maintained, and have apparently persuaded the general public, that it is impossible. Nevertheless, whether it be *post hoc* or *propter hoc*, the fact remains that in England the standard of wages has gone up in all trades of late years, and to that extent the employers' share in profits has been reduced, and that of their workmen increased. The struggle for a greater share of these profits is, of course, one of the main objects of the unions, and brings them into direct antagonism with employers; but it is satisfactory, at any rate, to note that much of the old blindness and bitterness has disappeared. The voluntary courts of arbitration and conciliation may be credited with this result. In them, the union representatives

get a real knowledge of the difficulties and fluctuations of trade, and come into personal relations with employers, by which both sides learn to make allowances. Disputes as to the rate of wages can never cease until the development of association has made the interests of employer and employed identical. When that time comes, trades-unions will disappear. Meantime, they have done this signal service, that the conflict is now, on the workman's side, maintained by an organized force and not by bands of guerrillas.

Thirdly, as to the quality and quantity of work. Complaints on these points have become general of late, and the deterioration has been generally attributed to the influence of the unions. It is said that they are the cause that less work is done in a given time than formerly; that the work that is done is of inferior quality; that the best workmen are brought down by their rules to an equality with the worst, and that both are demoralized. There is some truth in these complaints, as the unions themselves admit in the defense which they put forth in their report for 1881. It runs:

"We fear that this (speculative building) is not the only branch of the trade of the country in which durability has been sacrificed to cheapness. This scamping of work and cheating of purchasers is not the fault of the artisan; it is his misfortune. We know by experience that the properly trained and highly skilled workman is the first to suffer. When circumstances press him into this circle of competition, he has to undergo a second apprenticeship to acquire this sleight-of-hand system. During this period he earns less than the initiated; and when good fortune brings him back to his original class of work, he has again the labor, however short, of renewing his former habits. We could wish to see the end of this spurious class of work, but the prospect of such a desirable change is not immediate. There are employers who would not hesitate to destroy the reputation of a trade, or, for that matter, of a nation, for the sake of rapid and increased profits, and then charge the wrong upon those whom they have demoralized in their demand for cheap production."

It is a melancholy "confession and avoidance." The employers must, no doubt, share the blame with their workmen; but these cannot shift it from their own shoulders. They are powerful enough now to insist, if they choose to do so, that no unionist shall work in shops where such practices prevail. Moreover, much of the scamping and dawdling complained of is that of men in establishments of good repute, where the employers desire that the work should be done in the best manner and the shortest time. That the unions have not made common cause with such employers in the past is a weak point in their case. It may fairly be hoped that the renewed interest in thoroughly good work of all kinds may influence these powerful bodies.

The fact that they denounce scamping as "a crime" in a recent report is a good sign; but if their action stops there, it will be of little use. What is wanted is that the prejudice against manual labor, which has undoubtedly grown of late among our artisans, should be rooted out, and the pride in fine work encouraged; and that not only "scamping," but wasting time which is paid for, should be marked as disgraceful by the public opinion of the handicraftsmen of England. The trades-unions could effect this if they set about it in earnest, and at present they are probably the only agency through which it could be effected.

Fourthly, the moderation with which the political power of the unions has been used hitherto, is best illustrated by the fact that it is only recently that any public officer has been appointed on their application. In the spring of 1881 the Parliamentary Committee waited on the Home Secretary to suggest that inspectorships under the Factory and Workshops acts were posts which skilled workmen were well qualified to fill. Sir William Harcourt at once met them half-way, and offered the first vacancy in his gift to Mr. Broadhurst, their secretary and M. P. for Stoke-on-Trent. On his declining, Mr. J. D. Prior, the secretary to the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, accepted the post, for which no one doubts his entire fitness. In fifteen years, one sub-inspectorship of factories stands out as the result of the attacks of the unions on the institutions of the country, though it must be admitted that they look forward to "a larger share in the civil administration, which will assuredly fall to the lot of those who succeed us, even should we not live to see it." In such modest phrase they celebrate the first appointment of one of their number to a humble post in the civil service. On the other hand, they have managed to send two representatives to the House of Commons,—Mr. Burt, president of the Miners' National Union, and Mr. Broadhurst, secretary of the Parliamentary Committee,—both of whom, by their moderation and good sense, by their firmness in present-

ing the views of their own class and their readiness to consider those of opponents, have won the respect of the House and the country.

So far, then, the institutions or property of the country have no reason to distrust the growing power of the trades-unions. The social democracy of England, as represented by them,—and, to a considerable extent, they are its genuine representatives,—although solicited again and again by zealous propagandists from the Continent, have steadily refused to adopt the ideas of German State Socialists or French Communists. They have made no claim that the State shall interfere with private property, or with the organization of labor. They do not ask that it shall become the sole owner of land, the sole capitalist, the universal employer. They believe that the claims of labor can be fairly met, and the condition of the working classes made what it ought to be, by the working out of the traditional policy of trades-unionism on the old lines.

But is it possible for those who are not trades-unionists to share this belief? Surely not. The fact is, that they do not even pretend to solve the great industrial problem. As long as the present system lasts, employers and workmen must remain rivals; and so long it is well that each side should be thoroughly organized, as thereby the chances of open collision are minimized, and when a battle does come the laws of war are better observed. The unions, it is true, encourage arbitration; but even if arbitration were universally to prevail, the antagonism would be only dormant, not extinguished. At best, it can only result in establishing a temporary truce on reasonable terms, when disarmament and final peace is what is needed. And this is the truth which has been firmly grasped by the Coöperators, who form the other great branch of the industrial movement in England. They maintain that the rival interests must be reconciled, and that they can be reconciled and are being reconciled by their methods. How far they are justified in these hopes, and what progress they have made toward realizing them, we hope to examine in a future number.

Thomas Hughes.

ONE SEA-SIDE GRAVE.

UNMINDFUL of the roses,
Unmindful of the thorn,
A reaper tired reposes
Among his gathered corn:
So might I, till the morn!

Cold as the cold Decembers,
Past as the days that set,
While only one remembers
And all the rest forget,—
But one remembers yet.

Christina G. Rossetti.

CHIEF JOSEPH, THE NEZ-PERCÉ.

CHIEF JOSEPH, or "Young Joseph," as it became the habit to call him during his father's life-time, fought for that which the white man calls patriotism when it has been crowned with success. He and the survivors of his band are now exiles in the Indian Territory. He has appealed to the authorities at Washington, claiming that by the terms of his surrender, as he understood them, they were to be allowed to return to Idaho, and to settle on the Nez-Percé Reservation.* This reservation lies at the bottom of the trouble with Joseph's people. They prided themselves on having received Lewis and Clarke, Bonneville, Fremont, and other white men, with the hand of friendship, and on never having falsified their early promises. Up to the time of Joseph's outbreak, though Nez-Percés had been killed by white men, only one white man had fallen by the hand of a *Chu-lé-pa-lu*, the slayer being *Sa-poon-mas*, of Big Thunder's band.

Joseph's father joined the other independent chiefs of the tribe in a formal treaty concluded in the Walla-Walla Valley on June 11, 1855, but which was not ratified until 1859. By this treaty, the Indians gave up all claim to the country excepting certain specified tracts. Old Joseph and *Appush-wa-hite* (Looking-glass) entered into the contract with great reluctance, and only on the express stipulation that the Wallowa and Imnaha Valleys should be guaranteed them as their especial district. Soon the white man wanted these valleys, and in 1863, a supplementary treaty was made (ratified 1867), taking those valleys away from Old Joseph. But he would have nothing to do with this second treaty, he and his band becoming known as the non-treaty Nez-Percés. He said: "I have kept my faith; let the whites keep theirs." A majority of the other chiefs, however, agreed to the new allotment, for their particular interests were not injured; and the commissioners for the United States claimed that Joseph was bound by a majority of his peers. False as was the whole theory of treating with the Indians, the inevitable evil results could have been softened only by good faith on both sides. The faith pledged to Joseph in 1855, when the country was a wilderness, could not now be kept in its spirit, and through that loop-hole the commissioners sought escape. But no matter how consistent their

action may have seemed to them, to the Indians it was false and absurd. With them, as with all warlike, nomadic peoples, the decision of a majority is not regarded as binding the minority; this principle is unknown. In their institutions, the autonomy of the individual is so complete that a chief approaches absolutism only in proportion to his personal strength of character, and the strongest never dreams of such an attempt at power, but acts upon the will of his people expressed in council; and if there be but one man who dissents, his right to depart from the action of the others is unquestioned.† So Old Joseph would not leave his valleys, and there he died and was buried, and *Im-mut-tu-ya-lat-lat* (Thunder Rolling in the Mountains), or "Young Joseph," took his place. On the same principle, "Young Joseph," since his confinement in the Indian Territory, points out that to his mind the essential thing about a contract, namely, "the agreement of the minds," was wanting in this supplementary treaty. His parable in effect is as follows: "A man comes to me, and says, 'Joseph, I like your horses, and I want to buy them.' I say I do not want to sell them. Then he goes to my neighbor and says, 'Joseph has some good horses, but he will not sell them,' and my neighbor says, 'Pay me and you may have them.' And he does so, and then comes to me, and says, 'Joseph, I have bought your horses.'"

He first came into notice as chief during the Modoc troubles of 1873. His band became very restless and defiant. A commission was ordered, and on its recommendation the Wallowa was set aside for Joseph's exclusive use by an executive order of June, 1873. But this valley was so beautiful and fertile that two years later the order was revoked. Joseph, however, resisted intrusions into his territory; and in 1876 one of his Indians was killed by a white man, in a quarrel over some stock. This led General Howard, the commander of the military department, to ask for another commission to "settle the whole matter, before war is even thought of." This commission recommended that if the principle of decision by majorities should be held to apply, Joseph ought to be required to go upon the reservation. Thereupon, at the request of the Interior Department, General Howard was directed to occupy the Wallowa Valley with troops,

* [Thirty-two women and children and one man have since been allowed to return to Idaho.—Ed.]

† The character of the tribal Germans as presented by Cæsar and Tacitus is in many respects in interesting parallelism with that of the native North Americans.

and, if necessary, to drive Joseph upon the reservation. Indian runners were sent out to inform the "non-treaties" of the decision against them. They refused to hearken to such messages, and prepared to defend themselves.

Joseph would not believe that his case had been truthfully presented, and yet not determined in his favor. He hastened to the agent at Umatilla, and declared that the interpreter at Lapwai could not have spoken the truth to the mixed commission. He begged for another interview. Two councils were held, one at Umatilla, and one at Walla-Walla, in neither of which Joseph appeared, but sent his brother Ollicut (killed in the last fight) to represent him. A general council was called to meet at Lapwai. Joseph and all the non-treaty bands were to be present. For several days the motley hordes poured in from the mountains. There were men, women, and children, with troops of horses, and all the picturesque paraphernalia of the camp.

They came singing the monotonous chants of the wilderness, with gaudy blankets flaunting in the wind or girded at the loins. The horses were daubed with color and plumed with eagle feathers. As they galloped and curveted, the fantastic head-dresses, crests, and flowing locks of their riders, the red leggings or bare brown legs, arms, and breasts, the eagle-feather and bear-claw trimmings, made a highly colored and animated picture.

On May 3d, the first day of the council, Joseph spoke of the importance of the subjects to be discussed, and asked for delay till all could be present, and for plenty of time for deliberation. He was told that White Bird would be waited for if he wished it. Here an old *toot* (priest) stood up and said to the interpreter: "For the sake of the children and the children's children of both whites and Indians, tell the truth!" The orders of the Government were interpreted to the Indians, and they were told that the department commander and the Indian agent were there to hear all they had to say, no matter how long it might take; but that the Indians must comprehend at the outset that the views of the Government would be enforced.

On the second day White Bird was present, and the debate became so hot and so hostile that Joseph suddenly asked for an adjournment. The next day the council opened more calmly, but finally *Too-hul-hul-suit*, whose anger had forced Joseph to seek the adjournment the day before, said plainly: "The others may do as they like. *I will not go on the reservation.*" For this he was arrested and confined. Thereafter Joseph and White Bird managed the council smoothly.

They either agreed or seemed to agree to everything, and promised to be on the reservation by June 14. At their request *Too-hul-hul-suit* was released. On June 14, 1877, the non-treaty bands began their horrible murders of men, women, and children. The small band which began the work swept over the Camas Prairie and Salmon River country, falling upon the unsuspecting dwellers in the lonely cabins, firing the houses, and throwing the living into the flames. Soon after his capture, while he was a prisoner in a little tent on the bank of the Missouri, Joseph said to the writer: "I intended to go on the reservation. I knew nothing of these murders. Had I been at home, they would not have happened; but I was away on the other side of the Salmon River, killing some beef for my wife, who was sick, and I was called back by messengers telling me what the young men had done. Then I knew I must lead them in fight, for the whites would not believe my story." Nevertheless, the story may be true. About a year after this talk with Joseph, an Indian in Idaho told me that after the last council with General Howard, at Lapwai, the allied bands of non-treaties met in a rocky cañon near the Salmon River, and argued peace and war for ten days; that Joseph urged peace, and the others war, even taunting him with cowardice; that on the last day two young men whose fathers had been killed by the whites took three companions and committed the first murders.

News of the outrages was received at Fort Lapwai, the nearest military post, not far from Lewiston, June 15, and by eight o'clock in the evening the garrison, consisting of two companies of cavalry, was on the march. By dawn of the next day they entered White Bird Cañon, a basaltic-walled, rough-ridged defile leading from the table-land of Camas Prairie to the Salmon River, six miles distant. Into this cañon the troops marched, accompanied by some citizen volunteers. The Nez-Percé record had been one of such unbroken peacefulness toward white men, that no one knew what sort of antagonists they would prove. Our advance was met four miles from the entrance to the cañon by nearly the entire hostile force—some three hundred warriors. Leaving their women and children and non-combatants—in all about seven hundred souls—in the camp behind them, they advanced, throwing out a line of mounted skirmishers which deployed and maneuvered in fine order. They came on yelling, under cover of a herd of horses driven ahead of them, and by military skill and savage adroitness combined, they soon turned our flank and poured in a deadly fire. The citizen volunteers, who had

been given the key position to hold, broke and fled, panic-stricken.

This demoralized the soldiers, and the sad affair was only saved from being a rout and total massacre by the coolness of the few who preserved military order and thereby escaped alive. The Nez-Percés returned to their camp completely victorious, and probably suffered very slight loss. During the heat of this fight Joseph's wife gave birth to a daughter. At his surrender this was the only child left to him, his other daughter, a girl about ten years of age, having been cut off from camp, and lost during the *mêlée* of the final engagement.

After this fight or "massacre" at White Bird Creek, the Indians had the country to themselves. The whites fled to Idaho City, and hurriedly constructed a stockade; and the hostiles gathered into the mountain glens most of the horses of the region, and pillaged the settlements and slaughtered the cattle. General Howard concentrated all the troops of his department as quickly as possible, and, putting himself at their head, moved on the hostiles. These abandoned their lair in the White Bird Cañon, and crossed the Salmon River into the heart of the Craig Mountains just as the troops reached the river-bank. Now began a doubling chase in this rugged country. Joseph, with his great herds of horses and ranch cattle, which he killed as he needed them, chose the nearly inaccessible paths; and the incessant rain, the slippery or rocky steeps, all combined to foil the breathless efforts of his pursuers. Returning to the Camas Prairie in a wide sweep through the mountains, Joseph penned up two companies of cavalry in a stockade, and cut off and killed St. Rains and ten men who had been sent out to reconnoiter.

Encouraged by this continued success, which he hoped would draw malcontents to him from the neighboring reservation, Joseph went into camp on the North Fork of the Clearwater, and here, by redoubled exertions, the troops overtook him on the morning of July 11. It was a test case—all the hostiles under Joseph against all the soldiers under General Howard. The Indians, naturally a brave tribe, now flushed by success and rendered desperate by their lot, seemed not unwilling to try the issue. Leaving their picturesque camp and cone-like teepees protected by the broad mountain stream, they crossed over to meet us, and, swarming out of the river-bottom, occupied the rocks and fir-crowned heights of the ravines transverse to the main valley, leaving the troops only the alternative to deploy as skirmishers, and throw themselves flat on the sunburnt grass of the open. Joseph promptly took the initiative, and tried

the favorite and hitherto successful tactics of working around our flanks and getting in the rear; but in this he was checked each time, and our line finally developed into a crescent with the baggage and hospital at the rear and center. Nothing could be bolder or more aggressive than the conduct of these Indians. Twice this day they massed under shelter, and, leaving their war-horses in the timber, charged our line so savagely that they were only repelled by as fierce a counter-charge, the two lines advancing rapidly till they almost met; and when the Indians turned they did so only to regain cover. Their fire was deadly, the proportion of wounded to killed being but two to one. A large number of the casualties occurred in the short time before each man had protected himself by earth thrown up with his trowel bayonet. At one point of the line, one man, raising his head too high, was shot through the brain; another soldier, lying on his back and trying to get the last few drops of warm water from his canteen, was robbed of the water by a bullet taking off the canteen's neck while it was at his lips. An officer, holding up his arm, was shot through the wrist; another, jumping to his feet for an instant, fell with a bullet through the breast. So all day long under the hot July sun, without water and without food, our men crawled about in the parched grass, shooting and being shot. The wounded were carried back to an awning where the surgeons were at work; the dead were left where they fell. All day long the Indians fought hard for the mastery. Among the rocks and scrubby pines their brown naked bodies were seen flying from shelter to shelter. Their yells were incessant as they cheered each other on or signaled a successful shot.

Joseph, White Bird, and *Too-hul-hul-suit*, all seemed to be in command, but—and as one of Joseph's band told the writer—Joseph was after this fight called "the war-chief." He was everywhere along the line; running from point to point, he directed the flanking movements and the charges. It was his long fierce calls which sometimes we heard loudly in front of us, and sometimes faintly resounding from the distant rocks. As darkness covered us, the rifles grew silent, till only an occasional shot indicated each side's watchfulness.

The packers and non-combatants had been set cooking, and during the evening a sort of pancake and plenty of ammunition were distributed to each man. A spring in a ravine was secured, but one man sent to fill canteens never returned, and it was found that the enemy were in possession of it. Next day, however, the spring was retaken. All through

the night, from the vast Indian camp in the river-bottom, rose the wail of the death-song and the dull drumming of the *toots*. The dirge of the widows drifted to us through the summer night—now plaintive and faint, now suddenly bursting into shrieks, as if their very heart-strings had snapped. But mingling with these unpleasant sounds came the rapid movement of the scalp-chant, *hum, hum, hum*, hurrying to the climax of fierce war-whoops.

With the dawn the stray popping of rifles grew more and more rapid, till as the sun shot up into the sky both sides were hard at work again. Joseph, unlike his men, did not strip off his clothes for battle, as is the Indian custom, but wore his shirt, breech-clout, and moccasins; and though (as I was told by one of his men) he was wholly reckless of himself in directing the various fights, he did not receive a wound.

On this second day, the Indians being more determined, if possible, than on the day before, and our side having received reinforcements, General Howard, at two o'clock in the afternoon, ordered a charge upon their position. Colonel Marcus Miller led the attack, which was desperately resisted. Some of the Indians made no effort to retreat, and were killed in their rifle-pits. But this ended the fight. They fled across the river, hastily gathered the women and children who had not been sent off the night before, and throwing on pack-animals such effects as they could secure in their haste, they were soon seen speckling the distant hills, as they streamed away to Kamiah ferry and the Lo Lo trail.

Much of their camp was taken standing, the packs and robes lying about, and the meat cooking at the fire. Evidently, the enemy had not anticipated defeat. We followed them to Kamiah ferry, which they destroyed, and disputed the river, while they robbed their kinsmen, the Kamiah Indians, and collected their herds in a mountain glade. At this place Joseph sent in a flag of truce; some of the wounded and some young braves came in, but he did not. The writer was told long afterward, by an Indian of that region, that Joseph wished to surrender rather than leave the country or bring further misery on his people, but that, in council, he was overruled by the older chiefs, *Ap-push-wa-hite* (Looking-glass), White Bird, and *Too-hul-hul-swit*; and Joseph would not desert the common cause. According to this informant, Joseph's last appeal was to call a council in the dale, and passionately condemn the proposed retreat from Idaho. "What are we fighting for?" he asked. "Is it for our lives? No. It is for this land where the

bones of our fathers are buried. I do not want to take my women among strangers. I do not want to die in a strange land. Some of you tried to say, once, that I was afraid of the whites. Stay here with me now, and you shall have plenty of fighting. We will put our women behind us in these mountains, and die on our own land fighting for them. I would rather do that than run I know not where."

But, the retreat being decided on, he led this caravan, two thousand horses and more, women, children, old men, and old women, the wounded, palsied, and blind, by a seemingly impassable trail, interlaced with fallen trees, through the ruggedest mountains, to the Bitter Root Valley, where (a fact unprecedented in Indian warfare) he made a treaty of forbearance with the inhabitants, passing by settlements containing banks and stores, and near farms rich with stock, but taking nothing and hurting no one. So he pushed on; he crossed the Rocky Mountains twice, the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers, and was within one day's march of Canada when he was taken. Not knowing that General Gibbon had been summoned by telegraph to intercept him, Joseph, after leaving Bitter Root Valley, encamped to rest awhile on the banks of Big Hole Creek, in the valley of the Big Hole, situated in Montana.

After making a reconnoissance and finding (with slight loss) that the Indians had a rear guard holding the narrow Lo Lo trail, we hurried to reach the Bitter Root Valley by the Mullan road; but Joseph made a demonstration in the shape of a raid on Kamiah, and such were the reports and the popular feeling that General Howard abandoned the Millan road and returned to push in on the Lo Lo trail. For ten days we toiled along this pathway. The marching hour was sunrise, the camping hour sunset. Often the hill-sides were so steep that we could not sleep comfortably without digging out a bed. Each cavalryman had been required to start with ten pounds of grain for his horse, but several times horses and patient pack-mules were tied up at night without a mouthful of any kind of fodder. Meanwhile, General Gibbon had hurried down from Fort Shaw, and, finding that he was three days too late to head off Joseph, pressed on his trail over the Rockies toward the Big Hole. On August 6 we were still locked in the mountains, but were encamped in a beautiful glen, where, for the first time, there was good grazing. Hot springs gave delightful baths, and a cold brook furnished trout for supper. Every one, down to the most stoical mule in the pack-train, felt cheered. Soon a courier from

General Gibbon arrived in hot haste, informing us of his intentions and whereabouts. A sergeant was sent with similar information to General Gibbon; and before daylight next morning we were harder at work than ever, trying to overtake Gibbon before he should strike the Indians. For three days we pushed on with no word from our courier. Then (August 10) General Howard, with an aide-de-camp and twenty Indian scouts and twenty cavalymen, commanded by Lieutenant Bacon, made a forced march ahead of his command to join Gibbon. The latter had discovered Joseph's camp in the bottom-land of the head-waters of the Big Hole. This bottom-land was covered with thickets of willow bushes, and was full of treacherous bogs. Jutting into it from the western side were the timber-covered knolls and promontories of the Rocky Mountain foot-hills, while away to the east rolled the open Big Hole prairie. At dawn General Gibbon made his attack; and though he had less than one-third the force of the enemy, so complete was the surprise that with almost any other Indians there would have been a rout. The soldiers poured into the camp, firing into the teepees,* and, in the gray light, shooting indiscriminately everything that moved. Naked warriors with only their rifles and cartridge-belts ran into the willows and to the prairie knolls overlooking the camp, and instantly from these positions of vantage opened a telling fire. Women and children, roused from sleep, ran away screaming with terror, or, surrounded by enemies, begged by signs for mercy. (It is needless to say that no women or children were intentionally killed.) Some few women armed themselves in desperation, but most of them fled or hid under the overhanging banks of the creek or in the bushes.

The yells of the soldiers, the wild war-whoops of the Indians, the screams of the terrified women and children, the rattle of rifle shots, shouts of command, the cursing of the maddened soldiers already firing the nearest teepees, contributed to the horrors of the battle, which was made more terrible by the presence of mothers and babies in the blue rifle smoke that made the dawn more dim. Joseph soon had his men strongly posted on the commanding positions, and their destructive fire stopped further firing of the camp, and drove the soldiers to one of the timbered knolls. General Gibbon's horse was killed, and he himself was shot through the thigh; but he kept command, and, sitting propped against a tree, directed the construction of some rifle-pits and log fortifications.

Stung by the attack, but more (as Joseph afterward explained) by the loss of their women and children, the Indians took the offensive most savagely. They fired the long grass and timber, but a fortunate change of the wind saved the wooded knoll. They wormed through the grass to within forty or fifty feet of the rifle-pits. They climbed to the tree-tops. One of them was so securely perched behind a dead log that he killed four men in one rifle-pit before he himself was picked off, and then his naked yellow body fell so close to the fortification that his friends did not venture to recover it. This night, after burying the dead, Joseph sent his women and impedimenta under escort by way of the Lemhi country, where they again made a treaty of forbearance with the settlers. All the next day the fight continued, but about midnight the last of the warriors withdrew and hastened after the main body.

General Howard with his small party bivouacked this same night about twelve miles from Gibbon's position, being unable to proceed because of the darkness. At twilight he had captured some citizen stragglers from Gibbon's wagon camp, who told a dismal tale of utter annihilation. General Howard was too experienced in deserters' stories to credit all this, but nevertheless he caused camp fires to be built as if his whole command was at hand, and with the earliest dawn was sweeping along at a gallop to give the aid of his fifty rifles to Gibbon. Some naked and mutilated bodies of our people were passed, a howitzer wheel was found by the trail, and the wagon camp was found silent and deserted; so it was with forebodings that we rode on, to be cheered, however, as we turned the point of a hill and came suddenly upon Gibbon's camp, and were received with hearty hurrahs. The commander himself was dressing his wound, and directing the soldiers in the care of their comrades; for no medical officer was with this command, and about one-half of them were killed or wounded.

Joseph had turned north-eastward toward the National Park of the Yellowstone, and his rear-guard had crossed the Corinne stage-road a few hours before General Howard's command reached the same point. This was a great disappointment, as we had every reason to believe that this time we would intercept him. The next night we encamped in a prairie dotted with clumps of cottonwood trees and camas meadows.† That night, just before dawn, our sleeping camp was startled into half-bewildered consciousness by a rattling fire of rifles, accompanied with the *see-sip* of

* The conical skin tents.

† *Camas* is a tuber which forms a staple article of food with the Indians.

bullets through the air and through tent canvas, and by unearthly war-whoops. It was a back hit from Joseph. Our men, still half stupid with sleep, groped about for shoes and cartridge-belts and swore at the mislaid articles; but each one knew his drill, and as fast as he equipped himself he crawled away from the dangerous white tents, formed on the line, and began replying to the enemy. The mule-herd, successfully stampeded, was flying in a terror momentarily increased by the naked Indians yelling demoniacally at its heels, while Indians in front were shaking the bells stolen from the necks of the lead-animals. These Indians had crawled in among the herd during the night, and cut the hobbles and taken off the bells. Our cavalry were at the picket line trying to saddle, and at the same time to control, their frightened horses, while the Indians who had remained behind were doing their best to stampede and add to the disappearing mule-herd. Our own Indian scouts, naked and lithe and silent, glided through the bushes and from rock to rock. The dawn showed the mule-herd far away over the prairie, disappearing toward the hills. The cavalry was already in hot pursuit, and overtook and recaptured the herd, but only for a moment; for Joseph had so calculated his plans that at this point our troops ran into an ambush of the whole Indian force, and could not pay any attention to the herd, the most of which Joseph finally secured. The foot troops then moved to the support of the cavalry, and the engagement became general, and was only ended at about two o'clock in the afternoon by the withdrawal of the Indians. We then returned to our camp, and made a reduction and rearrangement of baggage to suit the crippled pack-train. Joseph said after his surrender that about forty of his youngest men had made all the noise and firing of the first attack. The herd being stampeded, all joined in at the rear, and hurried to where he was waiting to receive them and cover their retreat. He said that that night he was camped about twenty miles from us, and had been watching us all day, and at sunset or a little later had started the stampeding party on their dangerous expedition. He said further that he was tired of always finding General Howard close behind him, and wanted to "set him afoot," but that he was very much disappointed in finding the cavalry horses picketed that night, for he would rather have had the horses than the mules, and expected to get them both; for said he, "You didn't picket your horses other nights, so I didn't expect it this time."

The loss of pack-animals, and the destitu-

tion and sickness among the men, compelled a halt of three days, during which time Joseph reached the Lower Geyser Basin of the National Park, and captured some tourists. His young men first came upon them and shot the men. A Mr. Oldham was shot through both cheeks, but we found him wandering through the woods. Mr. Taft also escaped. A Mr. Cowan was shot from his horse, and again shot through the head while his wife held him in her arms. He was left by the roadside supposed to be dead, but the wife and her sister were not harmed, and after being held in Joseph's camp for some time were released. White Bird took them out of camp, showed them their ponies, and said, "Go. That is the way. Do not stop to water your horses. Hurry! hurry!" Both he and Joseph feared they would be waylaid by the young warriors. Mr. Cowan was found by us in a dying condition, but strange to say recovered; and he and his wife were eventually restored to each other. A miner named Snively also escaped to us from the hostile camp. He said he was well treated, and that Joseph used him as guide, for he was wandering in these mysterious regions without any exact knowledge of the country. The time he thus lost enabled us to take a shorter line and press closely on him. General Sturgis and the Seventh Cavalry, fresh in the field, were ahead of Joseph; and again we confidently expected to hold him in the mountains, from which there was but one pass in the direction Joseph was going, and another toward the Stinking Water. But every attempt to communicate with Sturgis was, as we afterward found, unsuccessful. The bodies were found of every courier sent out, of every miner or white man caught in the mountains; for at this juncture the Indians spared nobody. Joseph made a feint toward the Stinking Water pass, and having got General Sturgis moving in that direction, he slipped out under cover of the hills, by way of Clarke's Fork, and crossed the Yellowstone toward the Musselshell basin. He had led his whole people much over a thousand miles through the ruggedest wilderness of the continent, and now he again paused to rest at Rocky Cañon. But Sturgis, reinforced by General Howard's freshest cavalry, overtook him here, and again he started the caravan of women, children, and old men, under escort, while he and the warriors held their position and protected the retreat. Thus he made a running fight of two days, extending one hundred and fifty miles to the lakes near the Musselshell. Here he distanced all pursuit, and was never again overtaken until he had crossed the Missouri, nearly completing a retreat of almost two thousand miles, and

was within thirty or forty miles of the British line, and not much farther from the vast hostile camp of Sitting Bull. During this march every vicissitude of climate had been felt: the cold, drenching rains of early spring, and the heat of summer, the autumn extremes of temperature, when the midday in the mountains was very hot, and at night water froze an inch thick in the buckets. The men who pursued Joseph through his entire course were mostly foot troops. They were necessarily reduced to the most meager supplies, and found the country ahead of them swept clean by the hostile tribe.

On September 12, General Howard sent word to General Miles that Joseph had foiled all attempts to stop him, and earnestly requested him to make every effort to intercept the Indians. This dispatch was received by General Miles September 17, and the next day he began the march which resulted in Joseph's capture. Joseph, who did not know of any other available troops in the field, and was watching only Generals Howard and Sturgis, was encamped along Eagle Creek. The country around was all bare, rolling, grass prairie, at this time covered with a light fall of snow. The camp lay in the sheltering hollows—the lowest, and therefore for fighting purposes the worst situation. A blinding snow-storm shielded General Miles's approach on the morning of September 30, till he was almost upon them. Instantly, on discovering the advance, the Indians seized the crests of the knolls immediately surrounding their camp, and the cavalry charge was successfully repulsed. Every officer or non-commissioned officer who wore a badge of rank was killed or wounded, save one. Joseph and his elder daughter were on the other side of the creek, among the horse-herd, when the first charge was made. Calling to the girl to follow, he dashed across and joined his men, taking command; but his daughter and many others were cut off by the cavalry charge, which captured and drove off the herd. These people fled to the distant hills; some were murdered by the Sioux; some probably perished from the severe weather; but Joseph's daughter was restored to him some six months afterward. The troops held most of the higher crests commanding the camp. The Indians with wonderful labor and ingenuity literally honey-combed a portion of the site of their camp, and other more advantageous transverse gulches, with subterranean dwelling-places, communicating galleries, etc. Their dead horses were utilized as fortifications and as food. Here they held their own, refusing all offers of surrender, and saying in effect: If

you want us, come and take us. Joseph visited General Miles under flag of truce, but at that time would not surrender. His people held Lieutenant Jerome as a hostage till Joseph was returned to them. Had he not lost the herd that moved his motley horde, it is more than probable that Joseph would have made another of his successful fights in retreat. On October 4 General Howard, with two aides, two friendly Nez-Percés (both of whom had daughters in the hostile camp), and an interpreter, arrived in Miles's camp while the firing was still going on. The two old Nez-Percés, "George" and "Captain John," rode into Joseph's camp next day. They told him General Howard was there, with promises of good treatment; that his whole command was only two or three days behind him. With tears in their eyes they begged Joseph to surrender. Joseph asked if he would be allowed to return to Idaho. He was told that he would, unless higher authority ordered otherwise.

Then old "Captain John" brought this reply (and his lips quivered and his eyes filled with tears as he delivered the words of his chief):

"Tell General Howard I know his heart. What he told me before—I have it in my heart. I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking-glass is dead. *Too-hul-hul-suit* is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men, now, who say 'yes' or 'no' [that is, vote in council]. He who led on the young men [Joseph's brother, Ollicut] is dead. It is cold, and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people—some of them—have run away to the hills, and have no blankets, no food. No one knows where they are—perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children, and to see how many of them I can find; may be I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs; my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun *now* stands, I will fight no more forever!"

It was nearly sunset when Joseph came to deliver himself up. He rode from his camp in the little hollow. His hands were clasped over the pommel of his saddle, and his rifle lay across his knees; his head was bowed down. Pressing around him walked five of his warriors; their faces were upturned and earnest as they murmured to him; but he looked neither to the right nor the left, yet seemed to listen intently. So the little group came slowly up the hill to where General Howard, with an aide-de-camp, and General Miles waited to receive the surrender. As he neared them, Joseph sat erect in the saddle, then gracefully and with dignity he

swung himself down from his horse, and with an impulsive gesture threw his arm to its full length, and offered his rifle to General Howard. The latter motioned him toward General Miles, who received the token of submission.

Those present shook hands with Joseph, whose worn and anxious face lighted with a sad smile as silently he took each offered hand. Then, turning away, he walked to the tent provided for him.

His scalp-lock was tied with otter fur. The rest of his hair hung in a thick plait on each side of his head. He wore buckskin leggings and a gray woolen shawl, through which were the marks of four or five bullets received in this last conflict. His forehead and wrist were also scratched by bullets. White Bird, the only other surviving chief, would not surrender, but with his immediate family passed between the lines that night and went to British Columbia. As has already been explained, Joseph could not have controlled this, even if he had known of it. In surrendering he could really act only for those willing to follow him.

On the second day after the surrender the prisoners were disposed of according to the terms of the following letter, the final result being that they were taken to Fort Leavenworth, where many died of malarious fever,

and the others removed to the Indian Territory, where they now are :

"HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE COLUMBIA. IN THE FIELD. BATTLE-FIELD OF EAGLE CREEK, NEAR BEARPAW MOUNTAIN, MONTANA. October 7, 1877.

"COLONEL NELSON A. MILES, FIFTH INFANTRY, COMMANDING DISTRICT OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

"COLONEL: On account of the cost of transportation of the Nez-Perce prisoners to the Pacific coast, I deem it best to retain them all at some place within your district, where they can be kept under military control till next spring. Then, unless you receive instructions from higher authority, you are hereby directed to have them sent, under proper guard, to my department, where I will take charge of them and carry out the instructions I have already received.

"O. O. HOWARD,
"Brigadier-General, commanding Department."

Joseph at this time must have been about thirty-seven or thirty-eight years old. He is tall, straight, and handsome, with a mouth and chin not unlike that of Napoleon I. He was, in council, at first probably not so influential as White Bird and the group of chiefs that sustained him, but from first to last he was preëminently their "war-chief." Such was the testimony of his followers after his surrender, and such seems to be the evidence of the campaign itself.

C. E. S. Wood.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Military Morality.

READERS of Mr. Spencer's books on sociology are familiar with his doctrine that society is slowly emerging out of militarism into industrialism. It may be doubted whether any "essentially militant" types of society have ever been known; a society in which war was the sole occupation could scarcely be called society, neither could it subsist. It may be hard to enforce upon all individuals the Scripture law, "If any man will not work, neither shall he eat;" but it is certain that some must work or none can eat. Doubtless, however, there was a time when the males among our ancestors did little else but fight, and the warriors were fed by the labors of their women. From this "essentially militant" society the evolution of the more peaceful and beneficent forms of social life goes on very gradually; the arts and methods and maxims of peace steadily propagate their kind, seeding the thought and life of the race. But much that belongs to that old régime still persists and crops out in unexpected places; it is evident that many a day will pass before militarism will be extirpated, and the millennial harvests cover the whole earth.

Industrialism itself, if we may appropriate Mr. Spencer's word, is still infected with militarism. The

political economy which undertakes to expound the relations of capital and labor assumes and justifies a state of conflict between the interests of the employer and the interests of the workman. The two classes are expected to struggle for the profits of production—the laborers to get it if they have the power, and the capitalists to keep it if they can. No violent methods are approved by economists; but it is assumed that unmitigated competition is the only sound theory of distribution; and the idea is that the interests of both classes will be promoted when each class disregards the welfare of the other, and pushes strenuously its own exclusive claims. In short, it is assumed that, although in some remote and transcendental sense the interests of capitalists and laborers are identical, yet in their habitual behavior they must regard each other as antagonists, and that each party must seize as much as it can, and yield no more than it must, of the goods for the possession of which they are contending. This may fairly be regarded as a survival of militarism in political economy. It is certainly an open question whether a more pacific theory would not bear better fruit.

In politics the militant maxims still hold almost undisputed sway. But a fraction of the members of either party is able to conceive of the other party in

any other light than that of an enemy. All the phrases of the caucus and the stump involve this conception. The average Republican thinks that the principal object to be secured by political action is the defeat and destruction of the Democratic party; and the average Democrat heartily reciprocates this sentiment. Each will admit that some good men may be found in the other party; but each will contend that the party to which he does not belong is the foe of the State. Out of this persistent notion grow many of the evils of our political contests. Politics is war, and "everything is fair in war." Artifices and stratagems of all kinds are freely resorted to with little sense of dishonor. Misrepresentation and falsehood are part of the game of war, and they are employed without compunction in politics. Any statement, no matter how partial or unfair, that will hurt the enemy, is freely made by organs and advocates. What is even worse, each party constantly endeavors to trick the other into the adoption of measures and the taking of positions that are known to be detrimental to the State. Each party is glad to have the other make gross blunders, and pursue hurtful and vicious policies, even though the public may suffer greatly in consequence. "The worse they behave," says the partisan, "the better we shall like it, for then we can turn them out of office all the sooner." It is not merely the political leaders who talk in this tone; the same sentiment is often heard from intelligent and reputable men, who have no political ambitions. When each party wishes that the State may be harmed rather than served by every act of the other, when each party rejoices in the injury done to the State by the other because of the advantage that may thus accrue to itself, it is evident that we have militarism enough, and more than enough, in politics.

Something of this spirit survives even in the dominions of the Prince of Peace. It is hard for the separate sects to refrain from treating one another as rivals, if not as enemies. The militant temper often exhibits itself in the relations of churches. But chiefly is this habit of mind displayed in the discussions of fundamental truth. Very few of those who esteem themselves called to defend the faith are capable of regarding questioners or critics in any other character than that of foes. The very title "defender of the faith" involves the military conception. It is assumed by the great body of believers that all men are either assailants or defenders of the doctrines held by themselves; that all discussion of religious truth partakes of the nature of warfare. Those who do not agree with them are enemies to be overcome, not friends to be counseled with and aided in their investigations. Accordingly, the maxims and habits of warfare are continually employed in theological discussions. They are often styled polemics, and justly. A modern champion in the arena announces it as one of his chief aims to discover "strategic" positions in theological debate. The word itself uncovers a great evil. "The strategic" is matter of too great concern. The question of holding positions now occupied, or of gaining an advantage over the critics who assail them, is with many far more important than the question, What is truth? In the current discussion respecting the Bible, for example, there are many who seem to have resolved stubbornly to dispute the ground with the critics, inch by inch, rather than candidly to in-

vestigate the subject, and frankly to accept what is clearly proven. This polemical temper is not the right temper for learners or for teachers; and Christianity is suffering continual losses from the prevalence of a militant theology.

It is too much to hope that this spirit will soon be exorcised. The theory of Hobbes that a state of war is the natural state of man rests on a great array of facts drawn from history and observation. Yet it is evident that peace is better than war, and there is reason for hoping that the warlike maxims and conceptions may at length give place to those of peace. It will be a great gain to industry when the employer and the laborer cease to regard each other as antagonists, and come to think and speak of each other as partners and co-workers; our politics will be speedily civilized when the welfare of the State rather than triumph over the opposing party becomes the main-spring of political action; and the kingdom of heaven will come, when militant theologians are ready to sheathe their swords, and to sit down and reason together as friendly seekers after truth.

Wanted: A Party of Progress.

THE great political need of this country at the present time would seem to be a party of progress, a party that would pursue a policy of reform from love of reform itself, and not merely in obedience to popular clamor. Reforms of various kinds are now urgently needed, and they can be properly dealt with only by a party earnestly devoted to the work. We want our system of taxation reformed, we want the reform of the civil service completed, and many other matters of more or less importance will demand treatment in the near future. Nor is it for the near future alone that such a party is needed, but for as long a time as American society continues to progress.

The progress of society does not depend exclusively nor even mainly either on political agencies or partisan agencies; yet it cannot continue for an indefinite period without a concomitant progress in politics. With the lapse of time, abuses grow up that require to be removed, old institutions grow obsolete, and new laws are perpetually required to meet the exigencies of advancing civilization; and unless these wants are supplied, the progress of society will be impeded.

This being the case, the need of a party of progress is obvious, for no other can be depended on to do the work required. A party whose leaders take no interest in reforms, and will not take a step in advance until driven by public opinion to do so, is wholly inadequate to the work; yet this is the only kind of party we have in the country now. The Republican party held the right position on the slavery question, and did a great work for progress in setting the bondmen free; but since the slavery issue passed away, the party leaders have rarely taken up important reforms except when public opinion has compelled them to do so. As for the Democrats, they have for many years been avowedly a conservative party, and only a radical change of policy on their part can convert them into a party of progress.

The people, however, are determined on having certain reforms effected, and they will not much longer endure a policy of inaction from both their national

parties. The American people are determined on a career of progress. Already their material progress has been wonderful, and intellectual and moral progress will not be long delayed. They demand, therefore, a progressive policy on the part of their rulers, and the party that will pursue such a policy is the party that will rule the country in the future. Politicians, then, would do well to give heed to this fact. It is of slight importance, comparatively, which party wins the election next autumn; but it is a question of no little interest what party will take its stand in the path of progress in the years to come. If party leaders are wise, therefore, they will look beyond the present year and the conditions of immediate success, and will adopt a policy that will bring their party into harmony with the progressive tendencies of the people, and make it a potent agency in promoting the national destiny.

But after we have said this, we are inclined to add that the present condition of affairs has its compensations, and that there are, moreover, indications that the old political order may be to some extent passing away. Perhaps, after all, even political reforms may be accomplished in the future in America without the identical partisan methods which heretofore have generally been thought necessary. There are many reforms to be made in the system of government, and in our national and State legislation, which can be, perhaps, quite as well accomplished by those intelligent on these subjects inside the various established parties. This way of doing things is now in great favor, and may be more and more useful, perhaps even necessary, as our population increases and extends, especially in a country covering such an enormous area as ours, and with such varying exigencies and social interests. At any rate, while we are waiting for the great reform party of the future, each citizen can be his own party of reform, and "make himself felt" not only individually, but by acting in concert with others who are with him interested in special reforms.

The Dorsheimer Copyright Bill.

WE trust that before this reaches the eyes of our readers Congress will have removed the stain of literary piracy from our national honor, by the passage of Mr. Dorsheimer's excellent International Copyright Bill. It would be curious to imagine on what grounds Members or Senators can longer resist the petitions on this subject of the writing classes of the country, which at various times for *forty-seven years* have protested against the iniquitous disregard of the rights of intellectual property. If these classes are not to have weight in our legislation, especially on a moral and non-partisan question, it is difficult to see the use of education. Here is a measure, the principles of

which have been advocated in the past by Clay, Webster, Everett, John Quincy Adams, Rufus Choate, and Charles Sumner, and by every American author of note, and are now being urged upon Congress by the entire guild of authors, some six hundred in number, known as the American Copyright League, including the presidents and members of faculty of Harvard and Johns Hopkins Universities, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Williams, Dartmouth, and other colleges in all parts of the country, by the body of the daily and weekly press, and by the leading clergymen and ministers of different denominations; and advocated, mark! almost with unanimity, as a *measure of justice*. These principles, moreover, have the indorsement of the Administration, as expressed in the wise and statesman-like letter of the Secretary of State to the Executive Committee of the League. They are cordially indorsed by most of the leading publishers, and it is announced will not be opposed by the others; while even of the piratical reprinters the two most prominent have announced their conviction that the bill is a desirable one. Against this array of advocates are the other "pirates" and a few theorists who are playing into their hands. And the civilized world, which for half a century has pointed the finger of scorn at us for this tolerance of wrong-doing, is looking on with little expectation of an honest issue of the contest.

As we write, the opponents have raised as a cover for their greed the cry that the bill will make books dear, as if it were a function of Congress to keep commodities cheap (in this case, by authorizing theft), and not, first of all, to establish justice. One of the opponents of the bill has much to say of the unwillingness of the public to give themselves the "luxury of doing justice," if English books are to be made dearer, as he exaggeratingly assumes they will be made, by the bill. We think too well of the American people to assume that they deem justice a luxury, and not a necessity. Said Daniel Webster in his oration on Judge Story, in 1845, "Justice, sir, is the great interest of man on earth." Many friends of the reform, disheartened by hope deferred, will not believe that it is likely of accomplishment even now; but we cannot imagine that any body of Americans will deny such a righteous and widespread demand by the best classes of our citizens, merely on the ground that justice may cost something. Justice always costs. Indeed, if it cost nothing to be just, then the honest man were no better than the rogue. It is because the interests of national honor and morality, which are largely in the special keeping of Congress, are paramount to business interests (or in this case to *assumed* business interests) that the list of names of those who vote for the Dorsheimer Bill, as it has been reported to the House of Representatives, will be a roll of honor forever.

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OPEN LETTERS.

Three Years' Experience in Managing a Tenement-House.*

ABOUT four years ago my attention was called by chance to the neglected condition of a large tenement-house in one of the poorer wards of Boston, and in November, 1879, a friend agreed to take with me a lease of the building for one year, at a rental of one thousand dollars, in order to see whether by careful management and constant supervision we could improve the character of its occupants, and at the same time secure a sufficient pecuniary return for the time and money invested in the enterprise. We were encouraged to believe that such results were possible by the previous experience of Octavia Hill and Mrs. Miles, who—the one in London and the other in New York—have demonstrated clearly that a very effectual means of helping the poor is by establishing a definite relation with them, such as is secured by the positions of landlord and tenant.

The house in which our experiment has been tried successfully for more than three years contains in all twenty-seven tenements, fourteen of which were occupied when it came into our possession. Although originally called a "model building," it had fallen greatly out of repair, and its moral character had degenerated in proportion to its decay. When we first examined the property, with a view to hiring it, we were told that the house had a bad name, and was half empty, because of the desperate character of some of its occupants. Certainly the foul sinks, dirty entries, and ill-kept stairs bore evidence of great neglect.

Our landlord generously agreed to paint the house and to make the necessary repairs, among which were included a means of lighting and ventilating the sinks, and of devoting one room on each landing to the construction of suitable wood-closets for the tenants, who had previously been obliged to keep their fuel in the cellar of the building. The torn and moldy paper in the entries was also replaced by a fresh coat of plastering, which from year to year we are able to renew by whitewashing, thus giving to the house a clean and cheerful appearance.

Under these favorable circumstances we began our first year of work, and we were very successful. The building is in a central locality, and is open to the air on three sides, to which advantages was largely due the fact that the rooms were soon let, and in most instances to worthy families. Though very curious in regard to our motive in taking the house, our tenants manifested no unwillingness to have new and untrained landladies in place of their former rent-collector, and I can remember no instance of any lack of courtesy in welcoming us to their homes on rent-day.

Our printed rules in regard to the daily sweeping of the stairs and entries and the care of the sinks were rigorously enforced, until after a time the fact that it was a common benefit seemed to dawn upon

the tenants, and the necessity for daily supervision in these matters diminished.

The punctual payment of rent was insisted upon, except in cases of sickness or great distress, when it was our experience that a little delay was keenly appreciated, and resulted in no ultimate loss to us.

Habitual drunkenness we never tolerated; but when it was possible by threats or expostulations to make some impression on the general character of the offender, we had patience with occasional transgressions, believing that such leniency, when not carried too far, was productive of good results.

Some of the reforms which we instituted were very acceptable to the tenants—noticeably the custom of giving a receipt for rent received. One woman told me she had paid rent in the building for eleven years, and had never had any receipt to show for it.

The tenants also learned in time to appreciate the advantage of having the street-door locked at night, each tenant being supplied with a pass-key. It had been no unusual occurrence for men and women to sleep in the entries; and, although at first both lock and door were frequently broken, the greater privacy and safety secured to the tenants by the rule of locking the door at ten o'clock gradually brought about the result that they themselves became responsible for the regular performance of this duty.

It was our custom to visit either the former home or the employer of any person who applied to us for rooms; and we found that the invariable rule, "references required," saved us much trouble and expense by excluding the more degraded class of tenants.

At the close of the first year there was a balance on hand of \$111.67. During the year \$1,257.05 had been collected. Of this only \$10.50 had been spent for repairs, as the house was already in good order; \$61.45 had been paid out for scrubbing and general care of the house and drains; and the water, gas, and other bills amounted to \$73.43. The rent paid for the building was \$1,000. The balance, therefore, amounted to eleven per cent. on the rent we had to pay, or six per cent. after allowing for the cost of a paid agent, an expense which we were saved because we preferred to collect the rents ourselves.

We also considered it important to keep another sort of balance-sheet, where we estimated the loss we had sustained because of the advantages we offered to our tenants over and above those they could have obtained elsewhere. It was one of our rules, in order to prevent overcrowding (which is one of the great evils of the tenement-house system), to allow a family to hire a second tenement for very much less rent than they paid for the first one. If for the first tenement of two rooms they paid \$1.25, we gave them the second tenement for seventy-five cents additional. Our loss, as compared to the actual rental of these rooms at their full value, was in the first year \$145.99; but we considered it very necessary, from the outset, to inculcate ideas of cleanliness and decency by encouraging families to occupy a number of rooms.

* (Read at a general conference of the Associated Charities of Boston, Nov. 23d, 1883.)

As a premium on prompt payment, we also allowed ten cents weekly to be deducted from the usual rental if the rent was prepaid. This rule has worked admirably. The amount deducted being the same for all, the proportion was larger and the gain more important for the poorer tenants than for the richer ones; and though it involved to us a loss of \$27.90 in the year, we considered it a desirable stimulus to thrift and industry. We have often heard the remark, "I wish I could get ahead again; that ten cents a week helps me a good deal."

Through rooms that were unlet we lost \$186.

For the greater convenience of those who are interested in the financial result of the experiment, I will call attention to the comparative statement of the three years' receipts and expenses, which want of space obliges me to give without detail at the close of this report. The various fluctuations which will be observed are due to the inevitable changes which take place from year to year. For a number of months in 1882 we were obliged to employ a paid agent, and there have been incidental expenses of painting and plastering or whitening. It will be seen, however, that notwithstanding the low rates at which we leased the rooms, our profit has always been over eleven per cent. on the rent we had to pay (or six per cent. after allowance for an agent), and this, too, in a building which we do not own, but are under the necessity of hiring.

Of the surplus which we have had yearly, a portion has been reserved as a fund for any unforeseen emergency, and a small amount has been expended for the benefit of the tenants. During the second winter we gave the children a stereopticon exhibition; the following year we distributed blankets among the various families; and last Christmas a pitcher, bowl, and washstand were supplied to each household. Recently we have changed or renewed the papers in many of the rooms, but only on condition that the tenants themselves should first clean and prepare the walls. We have never found that these efforts to increase their comfort tended to pauperize the tenants.

We have had occasion in these three years to raise the rent twice, but as the advance in each instance was only twenty-five cents weekly on a tenement of two rooms, the measure was accepted cheerfully, and recognized as just, in view of the improvement in the times.

I have endeavored to set forth our financial position, in order to show that such an undertaking as this need not involve a loss to its managers; but there is a far more important side to any such work, and of this I cannot speak too earnestly.

A tenement-house need not be a den of disease and iniquity. Our house has been very healthy during the years of our tenancy, and we have been fortunate in securing a respectable class of tenants, although the prices asked for our rooms are almost the lowest in the city.

We have had time in our three years of experience to see the slow but steady improvement in some of our tenants, and noticeably in the general tone and character of the house. Just as we have seen that from the weekly scrubbing of the entries, on which we have insisted, and for which we have paid, it has come about that almost every tenement is voluntarily

cleaned and scrubbed on Saturday, so we have seen that a certain degree of improvement is manifest in the homes and manners of the tenants.

Of course there are many instances where this is not the case, because of the unavoidable changes which take place. In any large tenement-house, which is intended to meet the needs of the poorest classes, the population must of necessity be somewhat floating, and so less subject to improvement than if it were more permanent; but, on the whole, the result has been very encouraging. There are at present eighty-three souls in our building; and of the nineteen families which compose that number, only five have been with us since the time that we first took the house.

We have seen that in dealing with the poor there is nothing which is so important as to help them to preserve their self-respect, and this is a delicate and difficult task. We have had to stand by and see many a desperate struggle with poverty, many an instance of such self-denial as is unknown in a richer class; and yet no lesson has been so impressed upon us as that the best way to help these people is to allow them to help themselves. Those tenants who receive outside assistance for which they do not give a fair equivalent in labor, are almost invariably the most difficult class with which we have to deal.

We have seen a young woman rise from a position where she could not afford to buy meat at eight cents a pound, to a point where she can command by her honest labor ten dollars a week; and we have watched a workman who was literally in the depths of poverty struggle for, and obtain in time, a modest competence which enabled him to remove his family from the city; but only once have I infringed our rule and given a dollar in charity. Their independence and self-respect are worth more than food or home to these people, and surely any one who interferes with their right to provide for themselves assumes a grave responsibility.

There are, however, other ways in which they can be helped. There are many matters about which they are glad to have kindly and disinterested advice, and they often ask it with a frankness which goes far to prove that their feeling toward us is a friendly one.

Then there are the sick to be cared for, perhaps a child to be taken to the dispensary or hospital, or a young girl to be placed in a safe and desirable situation; or work is to be found, or we are asked to speak a good word for a deserving mechanic. Occasionally we have been able to secure prompt payment for some one of our people whose employer withheld the hard-earned wages, although such cases are rare. In short, there are various ways in which we can help our tenants, and we always find them grateful for such assistance.

It is not my intention to present too bright a side of a picture where we all know there is a reverse. There are many trials and discouragements to be met with in any such work. How can it be otherwise when the evils of ignorance and superstition, and most of all intemperance, are so active in the world?

All I claim is, that it is of much value for men and women of the better educated classes to know something of, and do something for, their less fortunate brethren.

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would give a little more of their attention to the poor who would be glad to be their tenants, better results would certainly follow than where the management of the homes of the poor is left to landlords who are but little higher in position, and occasionally even more steeped in ignorance, than the tenants themselves. That tenement-houses are an evil, none will deny; that they are in most large cities a necessary evil, we are all obliged to admit. What I wish to urge is, that those who are willing to help the poor would do so by being to them kind and equitable landlords, thus establishing a relationship in which there should be a common interest and a mutual sympathy. To any one who wishes to undertake such work I would say:

Choose a central locality; let no one become your tenant whose previous history you have not investigated; make a few strict rules and adhere to them closely; and you are sure of success, if your heart is in your work.

Of course, experience is of service; but so far as our own individual works concerned, we feel that the greatest value of the experiment is, that it may induce others to come forward to profit by its success, and in this hope we have presented the report of what has been done.

Alice N. Lincoln.

BOSTON, May, 1883.

	Receipts.	Repairs.	Care of house.	Sundries.
1879-80.....	\$1357.05	\$10.50	\$ 61.45	\$ 73.43
1880-81.....	1422.05	59.17	87.34	117.87
1881-82.....	1441.77	40.00	116.60	166.89
	Rent.	Total of expenses.	Balance on hand.	
1879-80.....	\$1000.00	\$1145.58	\$111.67	
1880-81.....	1000.00	1264.58	157.47	
1881-82.....	1000.00	1325.49	116.28	
	Loss by allowance on extra rooms.	Loss by prepayment.	Loss by rooms unlet.	
1879-80.....	\$145.99	\$27.90	\$186.00	
1880-81.....	159.30	29.70	70.75	
1881-82.....	133.45	31.50	47.50	

Since the above was written a second tenement-house has been taken in the same neighborhood, and has been managed substantially in the same way for nine months with gradually increasing prosperity and success.

Though hired by the Boston Co-operative Building Company, this building has been under the same control and subject to the same rules as the one to which the article refers; and it is gratifying to find that an experience of even three or four years has been of much service in undertaking a second enterprise of the same nature.

That "Hurricane Reform."

Among the "Open Letters" in the December CENTURY, I have read with great interest the article of my friend Dr. Washington Gladden entitled "Hurricane Reform." I happen to be one of the three hundred and twenty thousand in Ohio who do not agree with him on that subject; and, feeling that it is a matter of grave importance to this State, I beg the privilege of a friendly reply.

1. The first point of Dr. Gladden's argument against constitutional prohibition is that it would "forestall public sentiment and prevent the free expression of the popular will in legislation." Now, if this means that it would prevent free popular discussion on this subject, preparatory to legislation, I fail to see any force in the language. For example, we have had for thirty years a constitutional provision forbidding

license. Does Dr. Gladden intend to say that such provision has prevented the free expression of the popular will on that subject? If I mistake not, there has always been, and especially for the last ten months, the freest possible expression of the popular will in regard to license. Why should it not be so if the Constitution should forbid the existence of the liquor traffic itself? The truth is that the free expression of the popular will, preparatory to legislation, never has been and never can be prevented by anything in the Constitution.

If the above language means simply that the Legislature would be "shut up to one method," and not at liberty to try any other experiment, it is pertinent to ask, in the first place, how long, and to what extent? The Constitution is not the laws of the Medes and Persians. It can be changed whenever the popular will sees fit, and the Legislature chooses to submit a proposition for that purpose. In the second place, the Legislature would always have the utmost room for the play of ingenuity in perfecting legislation for the execution of the organic law. And it could hardly damage the Ohio Legislature to be shut up for a season to this one method, now that it has tried license for fifty years, and regulation without license for thirty more, and has ignominiously failed in both either to reduce or to mitigate the evils of the liquor traffic. Our fathers, in deciding to have a Constitution at all, seemed to think it important to have some things settled long enough to fairly test their efficiency. Indeed, the great advantage of constitutional over statutory prohibition is that it would, so far as law is concerned, lift this, the greatest moral question of the age, above the fluctuations incident to party scrambling for office and power. It may seem to the people of this State that, after three-quarters of a century of legislative trifling with this infinite evil, a few years of something else would be a blessing.

2. The second point of Dr. Gladden's argument is that prohibition would not work if secured. "It could not be enforced." This is a prophecy which has been repeated by many good men, together with the whole liquor fraternity, for many years in this State. On what is it based? What does it mean, to say that, among a certain class of citizens, constitutional law "cannot be enforced"? It means that the liquor fraternity are *law-breakers*, that they will not be governed by righteous laws. It means rebellion. Dr. Gladden knows that the average saloon-keeper in Ohio is a law-breaker, not simply as an individual, but by organized conspiracy against all law that tends to restrain his business. This admission is just as fatal against regulation as against prohibition.

Has it come to this, then, that the law-abiding majority of Ohio must succumb to the law-breaking minority? Is anarchy to be our rule for the future? I submit that, if law cannot be enforced among such men, that is a reason for striking at the existence of the traffic itself by constitutional enactment, rather than for playing at legislation any longer with professional criminals. To say that public sentiment will not sustain prohibition even if it were carried, means one of two things: either that it would be carried by a minority, which is impossible, or that it would not be sustained by the public sentiment of the law-breakers, which is not to be expected. It seems to be for-

gotten that whenever a majority of voters put prohibition in the Constitution, it will have the public sentiment at its back.

3. In the article under discussion, the remarkable assertion is made that, in Ohio, "the long era of free rum is the natural fruit of a constitutional provision forbidding license." I beg to call my friend's attention to the fact that he quite overlooks the history of the liquor traffic in this State. He seems to imagine that the no-license clause has been in the Constitution from the birth of the State, and that free rum has arisen from that circumstance. What are the facts? Ohio had the license system from 1802 to 1851. Did those forty-nine years of license abolish or diminish or even check the evils of intemperance? Did the liquor traffic dwindle and die under that treatment? The reverse is the fact. It grew to such enormous proportions that the people rose up in alarm and demanded the prohibition of license. The "popular will" has been expressed on that subject, and cannot be now turned back. It was during that long era that rum became free. For thirty-two years, now, we have had regulation without license. Has the evil been abated? No man will assert that it has. No; the fifty years of license gave the liquor traffic its legal standing, and the thirty years of regulation, not daring to touch the evil itself, has only attempted to mitigate its appalling results, and has failed even in that. And yet Dr. Gladden informs us that "free rum in Ohio is the natural result of a constitutional provision forbidding license." I venture the assertion that rum always will be "free" till a new thing happens in Ohio: till the whole weight of organic law is thrown, not against its consequences, but against the existence of the evil itself. When the heel of Government is put squarely down on the head of the viper, instead of the tail, we may begin to hope. When a sovereign State by its fundamental law prohibits and exhausts its power to enforce the prohibition of a great, organized, aggressive, defiant public evil, it has reached the ultimatum in both legislation and morals. If it fails then, it can at least die with a clear conscience.

4. Dr. Gladden's chief hope is in the tax-law. For one, I have no objection to taxing the liquor men of Ohio. I would as soon tax the business to death as prohibit it to death, if that were possible. But granting all that may be claimed for the Scott law, it is a poor, half-way measure, which does not appreciably reduce the evil against which it is aimed. While it recognizes and practically authorizes the traffic, its one redeeming feature—the local-option clause—is now well known to be an absolute failure. No man can truthfully assert that license and tax laws have ever really abolished the evil or even materially abated the evils of the liquor traffic in any State of this Union. On the other hand, prohibition has, until recently, been tried on a large scale only in one State; and there, on Dr. Gladden's own admission, it has been a success.

5. But a fifth point in this argument is that, under prohibition, "The distilleries would be all running and the breweries all closed." "Whisky would take the place of beer as the popular beverage." "Therefore, legislation having that tendency would certainly be ill-advised." This conclusion is certainly true, but what about the premise? Is it true? Does anybody, apart from Dr. Gladden, believe that a constitutional

law forbidding the manufacture and sale of all intoxicants as a beverage would keep all the distilleries running? Has anybody ever discovered such an anomaly? Are the distilleries all running in the State of Maine? How many are there, and where? Scotland is referred to. Was there ever in Scotland any "ill-advised" prohibitory law, such as we advocate here, which gave rise to the exclusive use of whisky? There were restrictions placed upon ale which may have had that tendency to some extent, but any parallelism between that case and ours is difficult to see.

6. The last objection that Dr. Gladden advances is one which seems to have a good show of fairness. "It would destroy the larger part of the capital now invested in the manufacture of spirituous and fermented liquors" (which looks a little as if Dr. Gladden did not really expect "all the distilleries to be running"). John Bright is quoted on this point to the effect that "if a trade is permitted by law, that trade has a right to be defended by law." A sentiment which no one will question; a sentiment, too, which suggests the madness of permitting by law what we do not wish to defend by law. I would commend this utterance to all the friends of license. But Dr. Gladden claims that, after allowing men for a long period of time to invest their capital in a certain kind of property without censure of law, it would be unjust to extinguish that property by law without some compensation. I agree with Dr. Gladden on this principle. It may be the duty of the State to compensate the brewers and distillers. The State could better afford to do that than to build asylums for inebriates, *provided* these men will absolutely abandon the business. There is one difficulty even with that. Nearly every man engaged in the liquor business, distiller, brewer, and saloonist, both in theory and in fact, is a conspirator against the laws of Ohio. When men stand in that relation to the laws of their country, a plea for indemnity does not come with very good grace. Dr. Gladden should remember that prohibition is sought, if at all, as a protection from a crime against society.

There is on foot just now in this State a benevolent movement for a State asylum for inebriates; each inmate is to be received after due conviction before a magistrate or a county court as a confirmed drunkard, and hence as a criminal; and to be put to penal service till cured. I should favor such an institution, provided the other class of criminals whom Governor Foster calls rebels against the laws, and who help to make the drunkards, could be received on similar terms. That might possibly help to solve the problem of State compensation for the loss of property.

On the whole, I recognize the argument of Dr. Gladden as able and adroit; but he does not seem to me adequately to grasp the moral aspects of the case. He seems to believe in license, but does not say whether it is morally right to legalize an essentially bad business. He advocates taxation, but does not tell whether taxing a saloon "disinfects it so that it will not produce pauperism and crime." He does not touch the question whether the payment of a tax lessens the vice of putting the bottle to our neighbor's lips, or whether it mitigates the doom of the drunkard and the woe of his family. He does not inform us whether, in the sight of God, law-makers, charged with the government of

moral beings and the welfare of the State, have done their whole duty when they have simply levied a tax upon law-breakers who are daily inflicting upon society an immeasurable wrong.

Dr. Gladden's suspicion that he would be called a "rummy" or a "wine-bibber" for uttering his sentiments on this subject, it is to be hoped, is not well founded. He is too well known as an earnest, active preacher of God's Word, to be liable to any such epithets. But many will regret that he, who is so forward in all good works in other directions, should take a position twenty-five years behind the wave of Christian progress in this.

James Brand.

OVERLIN, OHIO.

Comment.

MR. BRAND has placed me under great obligation by the courtesy of his reply. It is, so far as I know, the first answer from a prohibitionist to the arguments which I have lately ventured to print, that has not contained more or less of personal abuse or mean insinuation. To meet a gentleman in this field of controversy is really a very great pleasure. Let me speak, as briefly as I can, to the points which my friend has raised.

1. By the expression of the popular will, of course, I meant legislation, and not discussion. Popular opinion or prejudice may be expressed in talk; the popular will is expressed by legislation. A prohibitory amendment to the Constitution is intended to prevent the people from passing any other kind of laws respecting the liquor traffic except prohibitory laws. So long as this amendment should remain a part of the Constitution, the Legislature would be shut up to the alternatives of prohibition or free rum. It is true, as Mr. Brand says, that the Constitution might be amended; but it is a difficult matter to secure an amendment to the Constitution of Ohio; it takes time, in any case; and the real reason for desiring a constitutional amendment is that it would, so long as it existed, forbid the Legislature to pass a tax-law, or a local-option law, or a high-license law. It is an attempt to control future action. Now, this is precisely one of those subjects about which laws that do not express the *present* opinion of the people are seen to be futile and mischievous. The people of Ohio might have had prohibition this year if they had elected a Legislature that would enact a prohibitory law. And if the law had been successful in controlling or lessening drunkenness, and had commended itself to the people of Ohio, they certainly might have elected a Legislature two years hence that would have refused to repeal the law. If at that time the law had proved a failure, then it ought to be repealed. Any law, on a subject like this, that cannot steadily and continuously justify its own existence, ought not to be continued in existence. The prohibitory amendment is an attempt to obstruct the removal from the statute-book of a law which may have lost its hold on the convictions of the community—to perpetuate a dead letter. The argument for such an amendment reduces to this: "We can crowd the people up to the enactment of prohibition this year, but we fear that those who will vote two years from this time could not be trusted to maintain prohibition, so we will do what we can to

put it beyond their power to repeal it." The whole movement springs either from distrust of the people or distrust of the efficacy of the law, or both. If the law will do what is claimed for it, the people will know it; and if they care about having drunkenness suppressed, they will see to it that a Legislature is chosen every two years that will sustain and strengthen the law by which it is suppressed. If they do not care enough about prohibition to choose continuously such a Legislature, then they do not care enough about it to enforce a prohibitory law; for it takes a much stronger moral sentiment to enforce a law like this than to enact it. It is simply because it is found that the people cannot be kept up to the sticking point on this question that this amendment is proposed. It is a device of feebleness and faithlessness. It is an attempt to entail a moral rule upon future voters whose convictions we are not able to trust; to preserve upon the statute-books a law respecting conduct, behind which there is no adequate moral sentiment.

It is not only a device of feebleness and faithlessness; it is a device of foolishness. The notion that constitutional prohibition is going to "settle" this question, or lift it out of politics, is chimerical and quixotic. Any Legislature may repeal a prohibitory law, no matter how stringent the Constitution may be, and may adjourn without passing any new law, leaving the traffic in liquor wholly free. No constitutional amendment can compel legislative action. The whole subject rests, so far as any positive action is concerned, with the Legislature, and there it will rest. It cannot be taken out of politics by a constitutional amendment, any more than the malaria can be taken out of the atmosphere by constitutional amendment. The attempt to settle it once for all, and have it out of the way, is like the scheme of "getting religion" once for all. This fight with intemperance is not a three months' campaign, nor even a thirty years' war; it will not be fought out for many generations, and any resort to shifty expedients or factitious advantages is folly. It ought to be kept steadily before the people, and made a vital issue in every political campaign.

2. I think that Mr. Brand does not get the point of the argument that a prohibitory law, in the present state of moral sentiment in Ohio, could not be enforced. To say this, he says, is to say that "the liquor fraternity are law-breakers." By the "liquor fraternity" he means the liquor-sellers. But if liquor-sellers are law-breakers, liquor-buyers are their accomplices. If it is a crime to sell liquor, the buyer is *particeps criminis*. It cannot be morally wrong to sell liquor unless it is morally wrong to buy it. Mr. Brand will pardon me for saying that he, and all those who stand with him, utterly "fail to grasp the moral aspects of this case," when they put the whole weight of their legal condemnation on the sellers of liquor, and none on the buyers. They always indignantly deny that they seek to make it a crime to buy liquor; they only wish to make it a crime to sell it! Now, I think that the sellers and the buyers stand together under the same condemnation. The traffic originates with the demand of the buyer, though it is doubtless increased considerably, as every business is, by the supply which the seller furnishes. How large, then, is that "certain class of citizens" which resists the

enforcement of prohibitory laws? Mr. Brand argues as though it consisted merely of the sellers and manufacturers of liquor. That is the amazing assumption on which prohibitionists always rest. The truth is that this class of citizens includes all the buyers and drinkers of liquor, as well as the sellers. That is to say, it includes nearly if not quite half of all the voters in this State. I have lived here long enough to be able to affirm with confidence that a moiety of the voters here drink intoxicating liquors more or less habitually, and think that they have a perfect right to do it. I do not believe that so many as half of the voters are consistent total abstainers. If this is so, then the attempt to enforce a law which makes the liquor traffic criminal, is an attempt of one-half of a community to make the other half criminals, or the accomplices of criminals; and this is a legislative absurdity. It never yet has been done anywhere, and it never will be done. So long as the practices and sentiments of the people of Ohio respecting the use of these articles remain what they now are, a prohibitory law in large portions of the State would be a dead letter; and this not merely because the liquor-sellers would resist it, but because the liquor-sellers would be solidly supported in their resistance by the great army of liquor-buyers.

3-4. I have no time here to go into the history of liquor legislation in Ohio; but I have heard it said by intelligent temperance men a hundred times since I came to this State, that the anti-license amendment, which was supposed to be a temperance measure, has resulted in making the traffic practically free; and that it has had the effect to prevent legislation by which the traffic might have been restricted. Two or three statements that follow seem to me conspicuously inaccurate. The Scott law has reduced the number of saloons by more than three thousand. I should call that an "appreciable" result. Its local-option clause is not known to me to be an absolute failure. I know several communities where it is in full force. To say that license or tax laws have not materially abated the evils of the liquor traffic in any State of the Union, is to fly in the face of facts. And it is equally hazardous to assert that prohibition has, until recently, been tried on a large scale only in one State; it was faithfully and thoroughly tried in Massachusetts.

5. How could a law against "the manufacture and sale of liquors as beverages" be enforced against distilleries? Suppose the distiller asserts that he is manufacturing this liquor for use in the arts; who can disprove his assertion? It is possible that laws might be framed which should make such a constitutional provision effective against manufacturers; but it has always seemed to me that such a qualified provision would be easily evaded. To prove that a distiller making high-wines was manufacturing them *to be used as a beverage*, would be somewhat difficult.

6. I am glad to see that Mr. Brand feels the force of the considerations urged against a sweeping confiscation of property. I am sure that he will feel it all the more strongly when he considers that the traffic which is a "crime against society," and which prohibition seeks to prevent, has sprung from the demand of a large portion of the community, and that the attempt to make the liquor-sellers responsible for the whole of it is a monstrous injustice. I am well aware,

however, that in the persons of these liquor-sellers we have an organized and powerful body of men, with whom we shall be called to wage a long and fierce battle; and I am for this reason all the more anxious that in our controversy with them we shall never put ourselves in the wrong, nor take a single step in which they may charge us with encroaching on their rights.

As to Mr. Brand's concluding queries, I can only answer that while, as a teacher of ethics, I hold up before individuals an ideal rule of morality, I never expect while I live to secure conformity to the ideal of morality in the legislation of Ohio. Any law, though framed by angels, that the people did not want and would not enforce, would not be a good law for the people. Legislation on moral questions must follow, and not try to force, public opinion. Divorce for slight causes is an "essentially bad business," but it was wisely "licensed" by divine authority. The intentional slaying of an innocent man is an "essentially bad business," but it was "licensed" under the same authority, with good reason and with good results. Questions as to whether this is morally right are respectfully referred to Moses, who wrote the decalogue as an ideal rule of morality, but who adjusted his laws to the moral condition of the people. I am not, however, in favor of license in Ohio, since I believe that taxation, combined with local option, is a more practicable method. Mr. Brand will pardon me for saying, in conclusion, that, while I recognize his purpose as the highest, he seems to me fatally to miss the moral aspects of this case. His notion appears to be that the chief agency for securing the great reform which he seeks to promote is law—that is, force; that the first thing to do is to get the law passed, if it be only by a bare majority, and then work up public opinion to its support. The whole prohibitory movement, as at present managed, puts physical force at the front, and sends the moral forces to the rear. This is fatal error. The whole community must be stirred, from the top to the bottom, by a genuine, profound, mighty moral enthusiasm on this subject before anything will be accomplished by means of sweeping legislation. This is not guess-work. About some things I am not at all confident, but I do know something about the moral order of this universe; and I know that it can be depended on, and that it has got to be observed. I know that the cause comes before the effect; the blossom before the fruit; the spring before the summer; the lightning before the thunder; and I know, just as well, that any attempt to control by means of stringent law the social life of a community, before a thorough preparation was made in the convictions and the personal habits of that community for the changes introduced, would be a reversal of the divine order, and that it would end in a miserable failure.

Washington Gladden.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

"Prohibition in Kansas."—A Reply.

[The following is one of many letters of similar import received from responsible persons claiming acquaintance with the subject.—EDITOR.]

A CORRESPONDENT in Abilene undertakes to enlighten the readers of THE CENTURY in regard to the workings of prohibition in Kansas. His state-

ments are so wide of the truth as to awaken doubt whether he has ever been outside of that "town of some four thousand inhabitants." He assures us it is "one of the most thriving, intelligent, and moral communities in the State;" yet coolly adds, "We have six open saloons and one wholesale liquor house run in open defiance of the law, and there is no attempt on the part of the authorities or citizens to close them." Most people would raise the question, "What kind of morals have they in Abilene, anyhow?" It surely cannot boast of a *very high* standard of morality, that openly defies the laws of the State, and tramples the Constitution under foot! Let me give the proof.

But when he affirms that "a similar condition of affairs exists in *all parts of the State*," he maligns and defames our noble commonwealth. And when he adds, "Instead of getting better, the condition of things is growing worse," he states what is exactly the reverse of the truth!

Proof: Six months ago there were open saloons in Topeka, Lawrence, Emporia, Newton, Wichita, and many other cities, where you will not find one to-day. More saloons have been closed in the last three months than during any similar period since the law first went into effect. It is true there was a reaction after the election of Governor Glick. The liquor-sellers imagined it was a victory over prohibition, and grew bold and defiant. But they "reckoned without their host," just as your correspondent has done. He claims that "the amendment does not owe its existence to a strong, healthy public sentiment, but to the carelessness of easy-going, experiment-loving citizens." Perhaps he can tell us how it happened that the whole Republican ticket, nominated on a strong prohibition platform, was elected, with the single exception of its candidate for Governor, by twenty-five to thirty thousand majority; and why the Legislature—a majority of whom were chosen at the same time—*refused* by a large majority to *resubmit* that amendment to the people! The fact is, the great body of the people of Kansas are more strongly in favor of the amendment to-day than they have ever been. The Atchison "Champion," one of the most influential papers in the State, and *not* a champion of prohibition, said recently, "There are scores of prohibitionists now where there was one two years ago." It says there is a growing respect for law, and disgust and alarm at the utter disregard by liquor-dealers of any restriction of the traffic. A Law-and-Order League has been organized in that city, officered by some of its leading business men, who declare that they can no longer bear the disgrace which the lawlessness of these men is bringing upon their city. Prosecutions have been commenced, and forty-five saloon-keepers indicted. The Atchison "Globe," a strong anti-prohibition paper, said recently, "A sense of duty compels us to remark that, notwithstanding our earnest opposition, the cause of prohibition is *gaining ground every day*."

No one who reads the reports of the success that has attended efforts to enforce the law, in all parts of the State save in a few cities, like Leavenworth, Atchison, and Abilene, can doubt the truth of the above statements. Prosecutions are more frequent, and convictions usually follow. In Douglas County thirteen offenders were tried in the District Court last year, and every one convicted. In the justices' courts there were

five convictions and two disagreements. At the last term of court sixteen saloon-keepers pleaded guilty on forty counts, and were fined \$4200 and costs, and closed out because it didn't pay! The Secretary of the State Temperance Union reports that of four hundred and sixty cases tried in district courts, there have been three hundred and fifty-one convictions—or seven-ninths of the cases; in justices' courts, five hundred and twelve cases and three hundred and seventy-eight convictions, or three-fourths of the whole. The aggregate fines imposed exceed \$100,000 beside the costs, while eighty-one liquor-sellers have been sentenced to imprisonment for periods aggregating eleven years, five months, and nineteen days. There are to-day *more than fifty counties* in which there is not an open saloon; and of the three hundred reported in the remainder, one hundred and sixty are in the city of Leavenworth. In fact, take out a half-dozen places, and saloons are few and far between. Even in these excepted localities, public sentiment is steadily growing and crystallizing in favor of obedience to law, and it will not be very long before men engaged in defying it will find that "it is hard to kick against the pricks." If "prohibition in Kansas is a screaming farce"—as your correspondent affirms—we say, "All right! *Let it scream!*" We are very well satisfied to listen to such music. The only screaming that comes to our ears is the mournful cry of the convicted saloon-keeper, as he puts up his shutters and hangs crape on his door, beside the label "To Rent!" Prohibition was never so strong, its friends were never so hopeful, nor was Kansas ever so prosperous, as to-day. If your correspondent wants "high license," and more liberty, he had better emigrate to Missouri or Illinois. We have done with such foolishness in Kansas.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

A. M. Richardson.

William M. Baker.

THERE has been a good deal of surprise among that inner circle of readers who appreciated William M. Baker's work at its real value that his death created so little public interest. It seems to me that there were several reasons for this popular neglect of a man of power so abnormal and peculiar.

From a singular combination of circumstances, Mr. Baker stood more alone, probably, than any American author since Hawthorne. He was outside of all literary cliques; he had no following of influential friends, of sect or party, and hence had none of that professional backing and advertising which counts for so much with the public. Hawthorne might have remained "the obscurest man of letters in America" if Mr. Fields had not found him out and advertised him. In Baker's case the herdsmen did not signal, and the herd did not follow. He was Southern by birth, temperament, and sympathy, but he sided with the North from principle. Neither section, therefore, adopted or pushed him into success as a favorite son. He grappled the dangerous problems of thought with a courage bolder than that of any agnostic, yet liberal thinkers did not count him one of themselves because he was a Presbyterian clergyman, while Presbyterians could not boast of him as a representative sectary. He was too profoundly Christian to be the exponent of any narrower creed.

He had thus the advantage of nobody's beliefs or prejudices to urge him into popularity. He built on no man's land, but preempted his claim on the broad ground of humanity. What he built there I believe the American people will know and measure more accurately, now that he is dead. Posterity is a slow-witted judge, but inexorably just.

William Baker was of an eminent Georgian family; his youth was passed in Virginia, and the most of his middle age in the then wildernesses of the Southwest. He came of a race of preachers, or, in the significant old word, gospellers—earnest men, who, like Jacob, wrestled with God for the truth. He was born into the pulpit, so to speak; and, probably, if he had been asked at the last what work he had done in the world, he would have named only that of a Presbyterian minister. His novels were written rather as side issues to his life-labor; they were thrown off with feverish haste, their inequality showing how wholly they were the growth of the mood of the moment. He seemed to be as unconscious that the writing of them was his real power and vocation in the world as a child is of the beating heart or warm blood which nature has given it. If he had been less unconscious, if he had been a more skillful and careful artisan, he would have ranked among the foremost of living novelists. As it is, his readers complain that his books are deficient in plot. They are rather a collection of startling portraits of powerful, strong-featured characters, such as are common in the States. The oily politician, the clergyman whose nature is higher than his petty sectarian creed, the statesman slowly sinking into a drunken sot, the educated half-breed, at war with God, man, and himself—there they are, live men, whom we meet face to face, and love or hate ever after. They are not sketched in with countless, slow, patient touches, but photographed upon the page with a single electric flash. Baker himself saw with keen distinctness the naked souls of these men and women, and then dragged them out before us. He troubled himself but little as to what outer circumstances befell them. He brings you before Ross Urwoldt, with his red skin, his atheist's brain, and his weak woman's heart, and shows him to you. But it matters nothing to him what clothes Ross Urwoldt wears, or whether he loses his money or marries the woman he loves. All that interests the ordinary reader he treats with superb indifference, and he tells you very little of such gossip. Hence, the story as a mere story is a failure, the public grumble, and the author is unpopular.

But there is a peculiar indefinable power in these fragmentary sketches which sets them apart from any other American fiction. There is, too, a virility, an unsparing truth in them that sometimes, as we read, suddenly stops the breath and clogs the heart, as if too bold a hand had been laid upon our own secret of life.

William Baker may have been a careless worker; he may have lacked, as an artist, that shrewd cleverness that knows how to please the public taste; but no one can question his claim to that rare intangible quality which, for want of a better name, we call genius.

His principal books are: a life of his father, "The Virginians in Texas," "Inside," "The New Timothy," "Mose Evans," "His Majesty Myself," "A

Year Worth Living," and "Blessed St. Certainty." Besides these were innumerable short stories and studies which have never been collected. He held his pen until almost the last hour of life. During the earlier part of last year, while slowly dying, inch by inch, from the torture of a terrible disease, he wrote "The Blessed Ghost" and two books just published: "Thirlmore," pronounced by some to be the best novel that he wrote, and "The Ten Theophanies," a cry of faith out of the very shadow of death. "If ever a poor fellow put his whole heart into a thing, I have done it into this book," he wrote to a friend.

Of his private life I shall say nothing. The public have a right to nothing of a man but the work which he gives them. Only this, in justice to him. There was a singular contrast between his own character and that of his genius. One could hardly believe that the man who exposed shame with such pitiless scorn, who had dragged to the daylight some of the strongest natures and most brutal passions that sway our American life, could be this most gentle of high-bred gentlemen—pure, sensitive, and tender as a woman; impulsive, gay, and whimsical as any of the children whom he loved so much. There was something which reminded us of Hawthorne in his commanding presence, and in a certain old-fashioned, shy, stately courtesy, which even in his most cordial moments held him aloof. There was in both men, too, the same incompetency to understand business oddly joined to an airy arch shrewdness.

The trait in which William Baker's character and his creative power were as one, was his abnormal sympathy with nature. He did not describe trees, rocks, or sea; he did not look at them as an artist; he lived in them, with them. There are no word-pictures in his books, but the sun shines in them and the rain falls.

"A man," he says, somewhere, "must not climb a mountain now and then to say, 'How beautiful!' He must lose and forget himself in things. He must fly with the birds, blow with the winds. When you see buffalo grazing upon the slopes, you must have in your mouth the flavor and sweetness of their mesquite-grass. Many a time I have been simply another horse out on the prairie beside the one I rode."

After he had been shut up by months of merciless pain in a square brick house of a square brick Philadelphia block, he asked to be carried, if possible, to some place where he "could lie down for a while on the grass in real woods." But it was not possible.

So strong was this trait in his character, that when the word that he was dead came to us in the country last September, it seemed at the first moment selfish for us to sit in the yellowing harvest-fields, with the sun shining and the friendly trees crowding close, while he, blind and deaf, lay under the clay. But that was only the first foolish impulse. He is still alive to all who knew him. The Master whom he loved so faithfully knows what things he has need of. I am sure that, wherever he is, he can lie in the grass now, while the sun shines and the trees give him welcome. It seems to me after all that God could give no better rest than that after the long struggle of living, to him or to any of us.

Rebecca Harding Davis.

Recent American Novels.

"THE BREAD-WINNERS."

THIS story did not lack comment, more or less impassioned, during the course of its publication in *THE CENTURY*, and its characteristics will probably have been canvassed still more thoroughly before these pages meet the eye of the reader. From the first it was noticeable that the criticism it received concerned the morality of the story, and even the morality of the writer, rather than the art of either; and, on the whole, we do not see why this was not well enough. It was, we think, a wholesome way of regarding the performance, and, even in those who most disliked it, implied a sense of conscience and of thinking in the book, however warped, however mistaken. It was a better way of looking at it than a mere survey of its literary qualities would have been, and it marked an advance in popular criticism. The newspapers did not inquire so much whether this or that character was well drawn, this or that incident or situation vividly reported, as whether the writer, dealing forcibly with some living interests of our civilization, meant one thing or another by what he was doing; though they did not fail to touch upon its literature at the same time. The discussion evolved an interesting fact, which we recommend to all intending novelists, that among us at least the novelist is hereafter to be held to account as a public teacher; that he must expect to be taken seriously, and must do his work with the fear of a community before his eyes which will be jealous of his ethical soundness, if nothing else. What did the author of "The Bread-winners" mean by making his rich and well-to-do people happy, and leaving all the suffering to the poor? Does he believe that it is wrong for the starving laborer and operative to strike? Are his sympathies with the rich against the poor? Does he think workingmen are all vicious? Does he mean that it was right for Captain Farnham to kiss Maud Matchin when she had offered herself to him in marriage and dropped herself into his arms, unless he meant to marry her? Was he at all better than she if he could do such a thing? Was it nice of Mrs. Belding to tell her daughter of this incident? Ought Alice Belding to have accepted him after such a thing as that?

Some of these voices — which still agitate the air — are unmistakably soprano and contralto; some, for which we have less respect, are falsetto. We do not know whether it would be possible, or whether it would be profitable, to answer them conclusively. At any rate, we shall not attempt it; but we would like to call attention to the very important fact that the author of "The Bread-winners" shows no strong antipathy to strikers till they begin to burn and rob and propose to kill; and we will ask the abstract sympathizer to recall his own sensations in regard to the great railroad strike in 1877, after the riots began. In our own mind there is no question that any laborer, or any multiple of him, not being content with his hire, has the right to leave his work; and we should have been well content to see the strike of the telegraphers succeed, and not ill pleased to see those who thought them paid enough put to live awhile on their wages.

* *The Bread-Winners. A Social Study.* New York: Harper & Bros.

But if the striking telegraphers, like the striking railroad men, had begun to threaten life and destroy property, we should have wanted the troops called out against them. We cannot see that the author of "The Bread-winners" has gone beyond this point in his treatment of the question of strikes.

We cannot see, either, that he has in any sort a prejudice against the workingman as a workingman. We are all workingmen in America, or the sons of workingmen, and few of us are willing to hear them traduced; but, for our own part, they do not seem to us preëminent for wisdom or goodness, and we cannot perceive that they derive any virtue whatever from being workingmen. If they were lawyers, doctors, or clergymen, they would be equally respectable, and not more so. They are certainly better than the idle rich, as they are better than the idle poor — the two classes which we have chiefly, if not solely, to dread; and it is the idle poor whom our author does not like, whom he finds mischievous, as other writers of romance have long found the idle rich. It is the Offitts and the Botts and the Bowersoxes whom he detests, not the Matchins, nor even the Sleenys. These are treated with respect, and Sleeny, at least in the end, is rather more lavishly rewarded than any of the millionaires, if his luck in escaping the gallows is not more than neutralized by the gift of Miss Maud Matchin as a wife. But there is no doubt the author meant well by him; and we think there is no doubt that he means well by all honest, hard-working people. He has not made them very brilliant, for still "the hand of little employment hath the nicer sense"; he has not heaped them with worldly prosperity, and it must be owned that Divine Providence has done no better by them. Let us be just before we are generous, even to the workingman. Let us recognize his admirable qualities in full measure; but let us not make a fetish of him, impeccable, immaculate, infallible. We suspect that in portraying a certain group of people as he has done, the author of "The Bread-winners" meant no more nor less than to tell the truth about them; and if he has not flattered the likeness of his workingmen, he has done the cause of labor and the cause of art both a service. Workingmen are in no bad way among us. They have to practice self-denial and to work hard, but both of these things used to be thought good for human nature. When they will not work, they are as bad as club men and ladies of fashion, and perhaps more dangerous. It is quite time we were invited to consider some of them in fiction as we saw some of them in fact during the great railroad strike.

When we come to the question whether Captain Farnham ought to have kissed Maud Matchin, or turned from her with loathing, we confess that we feel the delicacy of the point. Being civilians, we will venture to say that we fear it was quite in character for an ex-army man to kiss her, and so far the author was right. Whether it was in character for a perfect gentleman to do so, we cannot decide; something must be conceded to human nature and a sense of the girl's impudence, even in a perfect gentleman. But, having dodged this point, we feel all the more courage to deal with another, namely, whether he was not quite as bad as she. We think not, for reasons which his accusers seem to forget. Miss Matchin did not offer herself to him because she loved him, but be-

cause she loved his wealth and splendor, and wished to enjoy them; and, though she was careful to tell him that she would only be his wife, it is not clear to our minds that if she could have been equally secure of his wealth and splendor in another way, there was anything in her character to make her refuse. He did behave with forbearance and real kindness to that foolish and sordid spirit; he did use her with magnanimity and do what he could to help her, though she had forfeited all claim upon his respect. He may not have been a perfect gentleman, but he was certainly a very good sort of man, in spite of that questionable kiss.

We might wish to have Miss Matchin other than she was for her own sake; but if she were different, she would not be so useful nor so interesting. She is the great invention, the great discovery, of the book; and she is another vivid and successful study of American girlhood, such as it seems to be largely the ambition of our novelists to make. She is thoroughly alive, caught by an instantaneous process, in which she almost visibly breathes and pulsates. One has a sense of her personal presence throughout, though it is in the introductory passages that we realize most distinctly her mental and spiritual qualities, and the wonderful degree in which she is characterized by American conditions—by the novels of the public library, by the ambitious and inadequate training of the high school, by the unbounded freedom of our social life. These conditions did not produce her; with other girls they are the agencies of inestimable good. But, given the nature of Miss Maud Matchin, we see the effect upon her at every point. We can see the effect, also, of the daily newspaper and of the display of Algonquin Avenue, with its histories in brick and stone of swift, and recent, and immeasurable riches. The girl's poetry is money, her romantic dream is to marry a millionaire. She has as solid and sheer a contempt for the girl who dreams of an old-fashioned hero and love in a cottage as she has for her hard-working father and mother. There are no influences in her home to counteract the influences from without. She grows up a beautiful, egotistic, rapacious, unscrupulous fool. But take the novels and the high school away, and she would still have been some kind of fool. The art of the author consists in having painted her as she exists through them. The novelist can do no more. He shows us this creature, who is both type and character, and fitly leaves the moralist to say what shall be done about her. Probably nothing can be done about her at once; but if she is definitely ascertained as a fact of our civilization, it is a desirable step in self-knowledge for us.

At the end the author's strong hand seems to falter a little in the treatment of Miss Matchin. We read of her "rosy and happy face" when the man she has driven to murder is acquitted, and the chief weakness of the book here betrays itself. Something should have been done to show that those people had entered hand in hand into their hell, and that thenceforth there could be no hope for them.

There are some admirable passages of casual or subordinate interest in the book, and a great many figures drawn with a force that leaves a permanent impression. The episode of Maud's canvass for the place in the public library, and her triumph through the "freeze-out" that leaves Pennybaker "kickin' like a

Texas steer"; the behavior of the rascal mayor during the strike; all the politicians' parlance; the struggle of Alice Belding with herself after her good-natured but not very wise mother has told her of Maud's offer to Farnham; her feeling that this has somehow stained or "spoiled" him;—these are traits vigorously or delicately treated, that may be set against an account of less interesting handling of some society pictures. The scenes of the riot and the attack on Farnham's house are stirringly done; that of the murderous attack on Farnham by Offitt less so; and it appears to us rather precipitate in Alice to fall asleep as soon as she hears that her lover is not fatally hurt. But these are very minor points. Generally speaking, we think the author has done what he meant to do. We believe that he has been faithful to his observation of facts. If the result is not flattering, or even pleasing, that is not his fault, and neither his art nor his morality is to blame for it.

W.

MISS HOWARD'S "GUENN." *

MISS HOWARD'S new story of "Guenn" is remarkably good reading; and it is a notable novel, inasmuch as it suggests a question to be answered by her next book: whether or not the class of novelists to which Miss Woolson belongs is to receive a brilliant recruit through the round, ripe art of Miss Howard? If "Guenn" were a story dealing with American life and manners as boldly, as strongly, as imaginatively as it does with the simple, passionate natures of Breton fisher-folk—the setting of the story being as picturesquely observed, and the workings of the conflicting characters being as genuinely felt—then Miss Howard, on the score of "Guenn" alone, would be entitled to a place near, if not with, American novelists of the first rank. It is true that Hamor, the artist-hero of "Guenn," is sufficiently American in his clever, self-sufficient, practical, selfish, ambitious way. But "Guenn" belongs distinctively to the "local color" class of novels, of which much has been said in connection with the camera-like talents of Mr. Crawford; and, as such, "Guenn" is "international" literature, and its author an unbiased cosmopolite, so far as a New England woman may be supposed capable of moral and mental neutrality as an observer of foreign life. But compared with Mr. Crawford's studies in local color, "Guenn" is more natural, more wholesome, more evenly brilliant in style, quite as absorbing, more dramatic, more mature in thought and sympathy, and far more important as history of the human heart and manners. Mr. Crawford has shown wider amplitude of ideas and of color, but he has exhibited neither the reserve nor the sustained fidelity and power of Miss Howard's tragic story.

When a powerful imaginative study of a foreign locality, like this Breton fishing village of Plouvenac, is set before a people of different notions and habits, the effect on the reader's mind is essentially that of romance, no matter how real the study might appear to the people who served as the subject. For this reason, while Miss Howard captivates us with her story of the waywardness of pretty Guenn Rodellec, the daughter of the brutal Breton fisherman; with Guenn's determi-

* *Guenn: A Wave on the Breton Coast.* By Blanche Willis Howard. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

nation not to pose for the American artist; with her submission; with her gradual absorption in Hamor's scheme of painting with her assistance as model, a picture which shall be the talk of the *Salon*; with the growth of an attachment without reciprocal foundation, so natural and so strong that when the slender chords break at Hamor's apparently deceitful departure, the poor dazed girl flies to swift destruction;—while Miss Howard captivates us, we have said, by this vivid, character-acting tragedy, we are not quite sure, after all, that we have not been juggled with; that we have not been hoodwinked with romance instead of real life.

On strictly American ground, therefore, "Guenn" serves to show us that important steps toward the "great American novel" might be expected of Miss Howard if she were as good a student of American life as of that of Brittany. But her first little book, "One Summer," though a slight sketch, is of more importance to American literature than "Guenn," which is far more the successor of "One Summer" in point of growth than is her second book, "Aunt Serena." No reader of that amateurishly clever but rather tame pastel picture of American girls abroad would have suspected Miss Howard of having the ability to write in the vigorous, flexible style of "Guenn," or to conceive such a dramatic combination of fresh characters and novel circumstances. Nannic, the demoniac cripple brother of Guenn, is sketched in with perfect art. Thymert, the young priest of the Lannions, which are adjacent islands, whose life is wrecked by the death of Guenn, is almost a heroic figure; but his existence is more real, perhaps, to the Protestant mind than a devout Roman Catholic would be willing to grant. And as for the incidents, the striking picture of village life which opens the story, the chatter of the gossips at the river on washing-day, the festival of the Pardon at Nevin, Guenn's rescue of Hamor and of "their" picture from the plot of her father and her disappointed suitor, and, above all, her bewildered and fatal effort, on learning of Hamor's departure, to reach Thymert's island in a sail-boat under full canvas, in a gale, are scenes which the most desultory novel-reader could not pass over slightly, or, having read, could not forget.

C. C. B.

MR. LATHROP'S "NEWPORT."

"NEWPORT" is Mr. Lathrop's third novel, and an advance from "In the Distance" and "An Echo of Passion," his first two stories, which were rich in observation and in the "properties," so to speak, of novel writing. But they were deficient in literary repose, in story-telling charm, in dramatic clearness and cohesion; and the former betrayed an awkwardness of method that was more like a mental characteristic than a curable attack of inexperience. While both of them commanded a certain respect, they awakened doubts as to their author's call to write novels, which may account for the degree of indifference attending the serial publication of "Newport" in the pages of the "Atlantic." One would suppose that so clever a study as "Newport," of summer life at the most charming and most fashionable of American water-

ing-places, would give a fillip to society talk, and command its share of printed comment and gossip. Perhaps there is weariness of curiosity among us in regard to a novel without plot, which deals with the fatigued, self-conscious, and butterfly types of a summer capital of fashion. But certainly the medium of publication was favorable to making the impression we have mentioned. Yet the serial form was undoubtedly against it, because "Newport" is a story of such nearness in point of date (as if it were a correspondent's relation of the happenings of yesterday), and of such realistic, and in a certain sense, commonplace quality, that you must take a good deal of it at once to appreciate the breadth of its motive.

In other words, it is a book to be read at a sitting; but not to be lightly forgotten. It seems to lack serious purpose beyond the apparent aim to photograph the most obvious and superficial side of Newport life. Undoubtedly its trivial, pleasure-loving characters are drawn to the life, but not one of them is actuated by other than commonplace motives, even the hero, Oliphant, being a young widower who, you are made to feel, deserves well of life only on account of a sort of negative manliness and generosity, handicapped by the recollections of an unhappy marriage, by a neutral ambition, and by narrow sympathies. He behaves well as friend and as acquaintance; he receives his jilting by the deliberate young widow coquette with rather fine self-possession and indignation; he recoils with weakness of character on a slight expression from Octavia Griffin of repentance for her cruelty; and he dies like a hero in the steam-boat collision, after giving up his piece of drift-wood to a woman with a babe. And really there is no good reason in the book why he should have been saved. His disappearance is a calamity to nobody except Josephine Hobart, who was every way more worthy of him than the widow, and who, after his death, finds little difficulty in consoling herself with the commonplace youth she had previously rejected. While Oliphant and his environment are described with noteworthy truthfulness to modern life, we should prefer to find working through such a story a little more of the saving elements of conviction and moral tendency.

However, "Newport" is worthy of commendation to novel-readers because it abounds in wit; because it has grace and quality of style; because it discovers numerous types of character, like the gossipy old beau, the trifling wife, the selfish jilt, the unprincipled speculator, the spurious Englishman, the unaffected though rather fatuous genuine Englishman (and others too numerous to mention, and we might add too numerous almost for the author to handle effectively)—types which are drawn with considerable distinctness. One chapter, describing the death of little Effie, shows depth of feeling and literary power.

C.

MISS LITCHFIELD'S "ONLY AN INCIDENT."*

"ONLY an Incident" is a young writer's first novellette, and if we do not misread its promise, we have in Miss Grace Denio Litchfield another American writer

*Newport. By George Parsons Lathrop. Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Only an Incident. By Grace Denio Litchfield. New-York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

who, with experience and criticism, is likely to become one of those to whom the public may look for faithful and entertaining interpretations of character. This little study of New England village life is in most respects admirable, and its defects do not impair the reader's confidence in the ability of its author to produce noteworthy work. Considering also her story of "One Chapter," in the December CENTURY, her work exhibits piquancy and buoyancy of narrative, a fine touch of comedy, an admirable sense of proportion in moral values and in construction, and withal a high-bred literary accent. Where the present volume comes short, one is inclined to say that it is a defect of mood rather than of power; and where it is satisfactory, one has a keen sense of personality. The contrast of the self-contained, ill-mannered New York woman, Gerald Vernor, with her love of animals and her dislike of children, with the confiding, humble, and devoted nature of Phebe Lane, of whom nothing is expected but service, is thoroughly indicated—more thoroughly, perhaps, than are the sources of the rector's love for Gerald, which supplants his attachment to Phebe. The bantering and wholly confident attitude of De Forest toward the petulance of Miss Vernor, to whom he is paying languid suit, is excellently in character. Despite an occasional excess of satire in the drawing of one or two scenes, the whole good-natured, gossiping village is presented as background, with an agreeable effect of *ensemble*. Minor personages are remembered by the reader with distinctness, though with a distinctness beyond the interest they excite in the progress of the story. Indeed, when we have finished the tale we wonder why we were not more moved in the recital. Perhaps it is that sometimes we feel the actuality rather than the reality of the story. The vessel on which the reader has embarked sometimes drifts so near the shore of fact, that the grating of the keel reminds us where we are when we are looking seaward, with all the feelings of mid-ocean. Miss Litchfield will do well to trust more to herself and less to her material, and to beware of cleverness.

R. U. J.

Does Prussia Love War?

I HAVE read Helen Zimmern's biographical essay on "Moltke," and while I trust that a certain statement of the writer, which I will quote, is due to a habit of off-hand generalization rather than to an absolute ignorance of the subject, yet this statement is so gravely unjust as to justify me in asking you for the privilege of calling attention to it.

We are told: "Neither in America nor England—countries that are rapidly outgrowing the love of war for war's own sake, in which respectively an Emerson and a Herbert Spencer have preached that this sentiment is one allied to barbarous times—is it possible fully to conceive that, at our very doors, in this latter nineteenth century, there exists a people strangely like the ancient Israelites—educated, yet combative, advanced in many directions of thought, yet left far behind in one of the most essentially civilizing. In Germany the army is the darling of the nation." etc., etc.

I have passed the better part of a quarter of a century in Germany, and another in this country; I was

born and educated in the very heart of Prussia; I served in the Prussian army, in obedience to the law, and can claim that I know its people, not only as they were twenty-five years ago, but, from visits made not long ago, as they are now; and I can truly say that, though I have met thousands of Prussians of all classes, professors, students, artisans, merchants, etc., etc., I have, professional soldiers excepted, never met a Prussian whose ideas of war were essentially different from those entertained by men like Herbert Spencer or Emerson. I distinctly claim that a personal acquaintance in various portions of Prussia, and a study of the papers of the day, newspapers, reviews, magazines, as well as of the most representative books published in Prussia, justify me in asserting that there is nowhere a more peaceful people than the people of Prussia. Spencer and Emerson, as far as their estimate of war is concerned, can be matched by hundreds of the best Prussian and German authors, and they reflect the feeling of the people at large. That Prussia has an excellent army is true; and that the people are willing to make every sacrifice for its being kept in an excellent condition is also true. Prussia or Germany was taught by bitter experience that her neighbors "loved war for its own sake." Was it a fault that she was able to strike such vigorous blows when France forced her to fight? Or ought she never to have tried to effect unity for Germany, only that France might not take it ill?

There are some publications in Prussia, as there are elsewhere, which treat of war. Perhaps no country with such a record has a smaller proportion of such works than Prussia. The works of peace are so prominent in Prussia, that there is no country in the world that has not been taught by Prussia in some striking way or other. Take the subjects of railroads, the telegraph, the postal service: in all these, and many others, Prussia ranks first.

But to praise one's own country is, like praising one's wife, a species of vanity. Let it suffice to state here, that if there is a people that loves war for its own sake, it is not the people of Prussia. I do not say it is the people of France, or, for that matter, of England. I know the people everywhere are essentially peaceful; but if one may judge from actual facts, it would seem that France with some five hundred thousand more of available soldiers than Germany, and Great Britain with her formidable navy and her constant complications (or interferences) in various quarters of the globe, might be a fitter subject to be charged with "a love for war," than Prussia, which has fought for the unity of Germany without interfering with the internal affairs of other nations.

Very respectfully,

C. A. Eggert.

IOWA CITY, IOWA.

"National Aid to Education."—A Reply.

IN the March number of this magazine Mr. J. B. Peterson discussed the above subject in both its phases—its constitutionality and its expediency. It is not the object of the present writer to notice the former, as it is a question upon which individual opinion is of little value, and which can be argued effectively only before the Supreme Court. Its expediency only comes before the tribunal of the people. It is

sufficient to say that while to many minds of judicial acumen there is no doubt about the constitutionality of such a law as the representatives of the nation have under consideration, the first and main problem to be solved is its advisability. To this we come.

The first objection urged is that the nation as such would have no oversight of the funds thus devoted for educational purposes. This is not a new objection, and may be met by asking why she should have. National machinery, to accomplish the purposes intended, would either be no better than that used by the States, or it would be very costly, and thus partly defeat its object. Besides, to be valuable, the funds ought to be made supplementary to the State funds, and could not well be made so except through the State machinery, which disburses its funds with more economy than any other department of government.

The second objection, that such a donation would put a premium on ignorance, is difficult to understand. How a State could encourage ignorance by getting a fund to remove that ignorance is a puzzle to the present writer, as the fund could only be used in removing that ignorance on which it is alleged to be offering a premium. The argument is self-destructive.

To the idea that the distribution of the fund ought rather to be proportionate to the present liberality of the States in supplying an efficient system, and not to illiteracy, it may be said that it is not the object of the bill to reward any State, but to supply a need seriously felt in our body-politic,—to lessen illiteracy, which, wherever done, accrues to the good of all. With universal suffrage (and it is useless to talk of any other kind) it becomes us to watch that cancer, illiteracy. Only an intelligent people can remain a free people. An ignorant man with a vote in his hand is like a child with a firebrand. It remains, therefore, to ask if there is any section which stands in need of this help and has a right to ask it. I reply in the affirmative. That section is the South, where illiteracy prevails to an alarming (but we trust lessening) extent.

Let a few facts be stated. The South is poor. The war dealt harshly with her. It stripped her of three-fifths of her net capital at one stroke (a good stroke, be it granted). The remaining two-fifths decreased in value fifty per cent. Lands were devastated and depreciated; barns and fences were out of repair; heavy personal debts were hanging over her citizens like Damocles' sword; her public school funds were all gone, or, where in a few instances they had been guarded with religious care, soon to be squandered by reconstruction governments; there was an illiterate generation, and a letterless race to be educated. Yet she put her shoulder to the wheel, dividing her school fund equitably between the races, one of them non-tax-paying to a great extent. She has been too poor; she is too poor; the burden is too heavy, and her cry for help has been heard. Will it be heeded? Should the burden of educating the colored man be thrown wholly on the South? Certainly not; else he must be left to grapple with a darkness that is only a less abject slavery than the former. It is not a matter of reward or charity that the South and the negro ask; it is a claim founded in justice.

The school systems of the South are as good on paper as any others. They need money to make them successful. Her people pay a larger tax in proportion to income than those of any other section. Yet the amount is inadequate. Will the Government give us that assistance which we have a right to expect from her overflowing treasury? Or will she, noting the direction from which the cry comes, close her ears to the appeal? Will not the whole nation help to bear this burden of educating the colored man? Assuredly it is her duty. Not a duty only, but a necessity,—a necessity that lifts its head above constitutions,—nay, threatens them, if not heeded.

The question of a limited suffrage, even if desirable, being out of the question, let us educate the voters till the necessity of a limitation be removed.

OAK RIDGE, N. C.

J. Allen Holt.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Ballade of Neglected Merit.

I HAVE scribbled in verse and in prose,
I have painted "arrangements in greens,"
And my name is familiar to those
Who take in the high class magazines;
I compose; I've invented machines;
I have written an "Essay on Rhyme";
For my county I played, in my teens,
But—I am not in "Men of the Time!"

I have lived, as a chief, with the Crows;
I have "interviewed" Princes and Queens;
I have climbed the Caucasian snows;
I abstain, like the ancients, from beans,—
I've a guess what Pythagoras means,
When he says that to eat them's a crime,—
I have lectured upon the Essenes,
But—I am not in "Men of the Time!"

I've a fancy as morbid as Poe's,
I can tell what is meant by "Shebeens,"
I have breasted the river that flows
Through the land of the wild Gadarenes;
I can gossip with Burton on *skemes*,
I can imitate Irving (the Mime),
And my sketches are quainter than Kean's,
But—I am not in "Men of the Time!"

ENVOY.

So the tower of mine eminence leans
Like the Pisan, and mad is its lime;
I'm acquainted with Dukes and with Deans,
But—I am not in "Men of the Time!"

Andrew Lang.

Ballade of Ballades.

TO AUSTIN DOBSON.

FROM the sunny climes of France,
Flying to the west,
Came a flock of birds by chance,
There to sing and rest:
Of some secrets deep in quest,—
Justice for their wrongs,—
Seeking one to shield their breast,
One to write their songs.

Melodies of old romance,
Joy and gentle jest,
Notes that made the dull heart dance
With a merry zest;—
Maids in matchless beauty drest,
Youths in happy throngs;—
These they sang to tempt and test
One to write their songs.

In old London's wide expanse
Built each feathered guest,—
Man's small pleasure to enhance,
Singing him to rest,—
Came, and tenderly confessed,
Perched on leafy prongs,
Life were sweet if they possessed
One to write their songs.

ENVOY.

Austin, it was you they blest:
Fame to you belongs!
Time has proven you're the best
One to write their songs!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

"The Morning After."

I HEARD a rustle in the hall
Where erst we stood 'mid waning tapers;
She met me in her breakfast shawl,
Her crimps all twisted in curl-papers.
The night before she looked a queen
In satin sheen and fluffy laces,
But now just where the rouge had been
Her powder-puff had left its traces.

Beneath the blazing chandelier
I felt so shy and she so wary;
My brain reeled with a sudden fear
That she might prove a lissome fairy
And vanish in a golden dream
On gauzy wings, if zephyrs wooed her,
Away from aught that she might deem
The hateful bane of gross intruder.

Alas! a tantalizing shade,
A cheat, she was, a vain delusion!
Is beauty ever thus to fade?
My mind had reached this sad conclusion.
"O face of nature, always true,"
The poet sang who never chaffed her;
But, lovely women, ye are few
Whose faces lure "the morning after."

Harold Van Santvoord.

The First Needle.

"HAVE you heard the new invention, my dears,
That a man has invented?" said she.
"It's a stick with an eye
Through which you can tie
A thread so long, it acts like a thong,
And the men have such fun,
To see the thing run!
A firm strong thread, through that eye at the head,
Is pulled over the edges most craftily,
And makes a beautiful seam to see!"

"What, instead of those wearisome thorns, my dear,
Those wearisome thorns?" cried they.
"The seam we pin
Driving them in,
But where are they by the end of the day,
With dancing, and jumping, and leaps by the sea?
For wintry weather
They won't hold together,
Seal-skins and bear-skins all dropping round
Off from our shoulders down to the ground.
The thorns, the tiresome thorns, will prick,
But none of them ever consented to stick!
Oh, won't the men let us this new thing use?
If we mend their clothes they can't refuse.
Ah, to sew up a seam for them to see—
What a treat, a delightful treat, 'twill be!"

"Yes, a nice thing, too, for the babies, my dears,—
But alas, there is but one!" cried she.
"I saw them passing it round, and then
They said it was fit for only men!
What woman would know
How to make the thing go?
There was not a man so foolish to dream
That any woman could sew up a seam!"

Oh, then there was babbling and scrabbling, my dears!
"At least they might let us do that!" cried they.
"Let them shout and fight
And kill bears all night;
We'll leave them their spears and hatchets of stone
If they'll give us this thing for our very own.
It will be like a joy above all we could scheme,
To sit up all night and sew such a seam."

"Beware! take care!" cried an aged old crone,
"Take care what you promise," said she.
"At first 'twill be fun,
But, in the long run,
You'll wish you had let the thing be.
Through this stick with an eye
I look and espy
That for ages and ages you'll sit and you'll sew,
And longer and longer the seams will grow,
And you'll wish you never had asked to sew.
But naught that I say
Can keep back the day,
For the men will return to their hunting and rowing.
And leave to the women forever the sewing."

Ah, what are the words of an aged crone?
For all have left her muttering alone;
And the needle and thread that they got with such pains
They forever must keep as dagger and chains.

Lucretia P. Hale.

A Tracer for John Burroughs

(MAY, 1882.)

I.

DEAR ENGLISH COUSINS: We have lost —
And crave your help to find him —
A farmer-poet, ocean-tossed,
With no address behind him.

Yes, though of song he write no stave,
We yet will call him poet:
His lines, as wave with following wave,
Make rhythm and never know it.

His pages grow rare fruits of thought,
Rare fruits of toil his furrows;
His name? Why hide it when you've caught
The rhyme I seek?—John Burroughs.

I doubt if in the London round
His eager feet will linger,
Till English greensward they have found,
With many a hedge-row singer,

And rare May mornings, fit to be
The best of God's creation,
With showers of lark-songs pouring free
On earth divine libation.

Or he'll compare, in lulls of rain,
Your thrushes with our cat-bird,
And quiz the lads in every lane
For news of this or that bird.

Him leaners over Stratford gates
Shall mark, by Avon strolling,
"A poacher?" Ay, but on estates
Not near their vision rolling.

When long on Shakspeare he has thought,
His course, like a carrier-pigeon's,
He'll hold toward some Wordsworthian spot,
To pay his next allegiance.

His "next"—ah! rather say his *first*,
Since friend is more than sovereign;
Of poets be the truth rehearsed:
To reign is not to govern.

To him the moor shall not be lone,
Nor any footstep idle
Where Nature hoards each lingering tone
Of the human voice of Rydal.

By poets led, he will not grope,
But be, from Kent to Cumberland,
At home as on his Hudson slope
Or Rip Van Winkle's slumberland.

II.

How shall you know him?—by what word,
What shibboleth, what mole-ridge? —
Him, who will find an English bird
Just by a line of Coleridge?

Of outward mark the quickest test
Is that he wears the shading
That sober Autumn loves the best —
Soft gray through iron fading.

Tinged, too, are beard and hair; and keen
His eye, but warm and witty;
A rustic strength is in his mien,
Made mild by love and pity.

A man of grave, of jolly moods,
That with the world has kept tune—
You'd call him Druid in the woods,
And in the billows Neptune.

Another sign that will not fail:
Where'er he chance to tarry,—
In copse, or glen, or velvet vale,
Or where the streamlets marry,

Or on the peaks whose shadows spread
O'er Grasmere's level reaches—
You'll note shy shakings of his head
Before his Saxon speeches.

III.

Ah me! by how poor facts and few
A stranger may detect us,
While friends may never find the clew,
Though keenly they inspect us.

Of things that make the *man*—alack!
I've hardly even hinted;
We speak of them—behind his back,
But here?—this might be printed.

Still . . . he'd not know the portrait his—
His modesty so blinds him —
But no! . . . to learn what Burroughs *is*
Shall be his fee who finds him.

R. U. J.

A Letter to John Burroughs,

ON THE BUILDING OF THE CHIMNEY.

I.

My chimney is builded
On a hill by the sea,
At the edge of a wood
That the sunset has gilded
Since time was begun
And the earth first was done:
For mine and for me,
And for you, John Burroughs,
My friend old and good,
At the edge of a wood,
On a hill by the sea,
My chimney is builded.

II.

My chimney gives forth
All its heat to the north,
While its right arm it reaches
Toward the meadows and beaches,
And its left it extends
To its pine-tree friends.
All its heat to the north
My chimney gives forth.

III.

My chimney is builded
Of red and gray granite;
Of great split bowlders
Are its thighs and its shoulders;
Its mouth—try to span it.

'Tis a nine-foot block,
The shelf that hangs over
The stout hearth-rock.
Then the lines they upswell
Like a huge church-bell,

Or a bellying sail
In a stiff south gale
When the ship rolls well
With a blue sky above her.

IV.

My chimney—come view it;
And I'll tell you, John Burroughs,
What is built into it:
First the derrick's shrill creak,
That perturbed the still air
With a cry of despair;
The lone traveler who passed
At the falling of the night
And saw not its mast
Stood still with affright
At a sudden strange sound—
Hark! a woman's wild shriek,
Or the baying of a hound?
Then the stone-hammer's clink
And the drill's sharp tinkle,
And bird-songs that sprinkle
Their notes through the wood
(With pine-odors scented),
On their swift way to drink
At the spring cold and good
That bubbles 'neath the stone
Where the red chieftain tented
In the days that are gone.

Yes—'twixt granite and mortar
Many songs, long or shorter,
Are imprisoned, I repeat.
And when red leaves shall fall,
Coming home, all in herds,
From the air to the earth,—
When I have my heart's desire,
And we sit by the hearth
In the glow of the fire,
You and I, John of Birds,
We shall hear as they call
From the gray granite wall,—
You shall name one and all.

There's the crow's caw-cawing
From the pine-tree's height,
And the cat-bird's sawing,
The hissing of the adder
That climbed this rocky ladder,
And the song of Bob White;
The robin's loud clatter,
The chipmunk's chatter,
And the mellow-voiced bell
That the cuckoo strikes well:
Yes, betwixt the stones and in
There is built a merry din.

But not all bright and gay
Are the songs we shall hear;
For as day turns to gray
Comes a voice low and clear—
Whip-poor-will sounds his wail
Over hill, over dale,
Till the soul fills with fright.
'Tis the bird that was heard
On the fields drenched with blood
By the dark southern flood
When they died in the night.

V.

But you cannot split granite,
Howsoever you may plan it,
Without bringing blood—

(There's a drop of mine there
On that block four-square).
Certain oaths, I'm aware,
Sudden, hot, and not good,
(May Heaven cleanse the guilt!)
In these stone walls are built—
With the wind through the pine-wood blowing,
The creak of tree on tree,
Child-laughter, and the lowing
Of the homeward-driven cattle,
The sounds of gay birds singing,
Of steel on granite ringing,
The memory of battle,
And tales of the roaring sea.

VI.

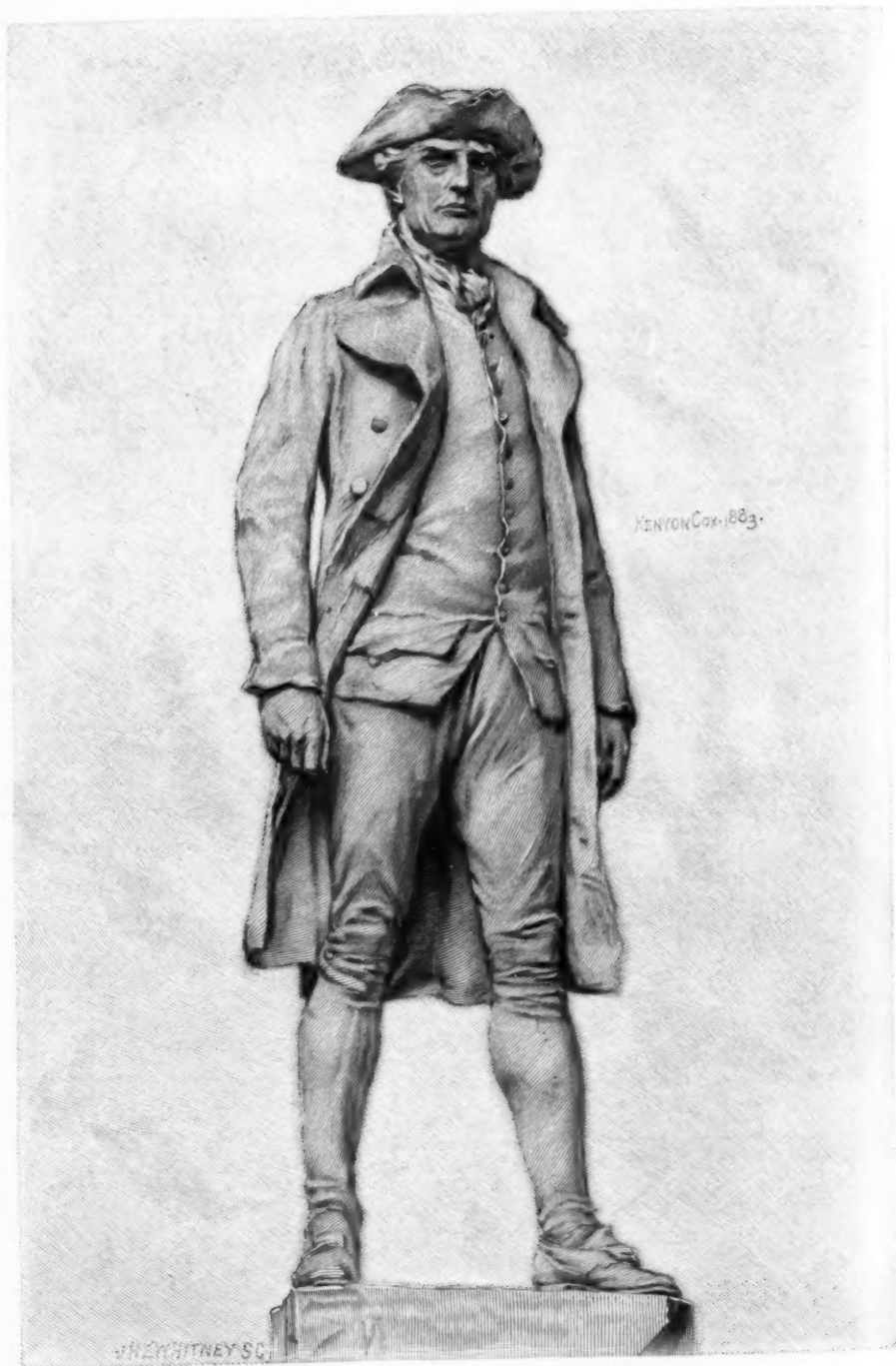
For my chimney was builded
By a Plymouth County sailor,
An old North Sea whaler.
In the warm noon spell
'Twas good to hear him tell
Of the great September blow
A dozen years ago:
How, at dawn of the day,
The wind began to play
Till it cut the waves flat
Like the brim of your hat.
There was no sea about,
But it blew straight out
Till the ship lurched over;
But 'twas quick to recover,
When, all of a stroke,
The hurricane it broke—
Great heavens! how it roared,
And how the rain poured;
The thirty-fathom chain
Dragged out all in vain.
"What next?" the captain cried
To the mate by his side.
Then Bill Ryder he replied:
"Fetch the axe—no delay—
Cut the mast quick away;
If you want to save the ship
Let the mainmast rip!"
But another said, "Wait!"
And they did—till too late.
On her beam-ends she blew,
In the sea half the crew—
Struggling back through the wrack,
There to cling day and night.
Not a sail heaves in sight;
And, the worst, one in thirst
(Knows no better, the poor lad)
Drinks salt water and goes mad.

Eighty hours wrecked and tossed,
Five good sailors drowned and lost,
And the rest brought to shore;
—Some to sail as before;
"Not Bill Ryder, if he starves
Building chimneys, building wharves!"

VII.

Now this was the manner
Of the building of the chimney.
(Tis a good old-timer,
As all the world will own.)
Old man Vail cut the stone;
Bill Ryder was the builder;
Stanford White was the planner,
And the owner and rhymers
Is

Richard Watson Gilder.



ROBERT RICHARD RANDALL, FOUNDER OF SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR.

DRAWN BY KENYON COX FROM THE STATUE BY AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS.

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